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CHALLENGING ESSAYS IN MODERN THOUGHT

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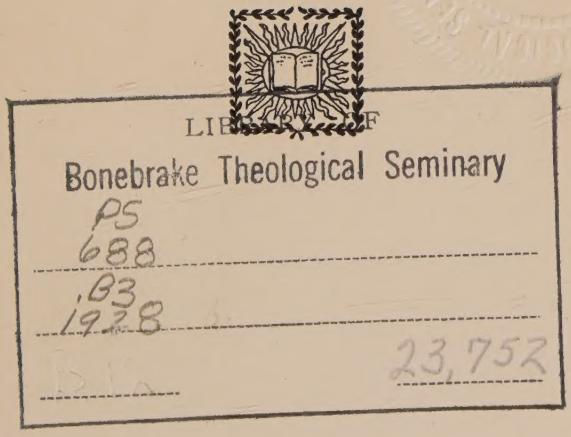

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To

RAYMOND M. HUGHES

WHOSE WISE COUNSEL AND UNFAILING FRIENDSHIP
THE EDITORS ACKNOWLEDGE, BUT IN NO
WISE REPAY, BY THE DEDICATION
OF THIS BOOK

PREFACE

It has been said often in recent years that the writing of the average college freshman is mediocre (or worse) mainly because the immature student composes in a vacuum. He writes poorly because he thinks poorly, and he thinks poorly because his unstocked mind cannot conjure up connected sequences of thought to set down in his "theme." Since the freshman's intellectual horizons do crowd uncomfortably close at times, many teachers of composition feel that it is their chief task during the freshman year to stir up, to agitate, to challenge the latent thinking powers of their students. Once an intellectual challenge is accepted there is no longer a question of subject matter for writing. The stimulation of thought and the formation of individual opinions on controversial topics lead directly to theme writing. Students are thus encouraged to *have opinions* and to *set them down* in considered form in writing: the second step is as natural as the first.

This process of pushing back the student's intellectual horizons is as definitely a part of teaching him to write well as drill in verb forms or paragraph building. That it is of general cultural value to the student, that it results in themes of intrinsic merit, and that it makes composition a course which can hold its own in any curriculum are but by-products of the method. Students write—not in a vacuum of unreality—but in a world of actuality, a world in which they begin to see clearly their own place in the scheme of things.

The thirty-two essays in this collection have all been chosen because they are challenging and provocative of discussion in the composition classroom. Every essay has been taught in class, and retained from a great body of possible material. The final choice has gone to those essays which have proved their teachability in the testing fires of actual classroom experience. The essays touch upon a wide variety of subjects. Each is complete in itself although at various points an interrelation

of thought between essays can profitably be traced. The divergence in length of the essays will provide for different types of assignments to suit the needs of the individual teacher. There is no necessity for assigning the essays in the order in which they are arranged, and omissions may be made with no impairment to the unity of the book. They have been grouped under five headings mainly for convenience. The thirty-two essays should supply varied and stimulating assignments to an average college class for a year's work, but by intensive study they can be covered adequately in a semester.

The questions on the text have been included as an aid to the student in preparing the lesson, and as a basis for class analysis of the essays. Actual practice has shown that many students read words but do not grasp the author's ideas. These questions bring out the salient points in each essay, and serve to engage the student's interest. The individual questions are mainly specific, but related general considerations are brought up to throw emphasis on ethical problems. The questions are suggestive rather than obligatory. They are meant to be stimulating, but not to restrict the teacher. Many new questions will inevitably crop out in each new discussion.

The themes accompanying the essays were written by freshmen as actual course assignments arising out of the study of these essays. They are not "show pieces" written by students of unusual ability; in most cases a theme but little better than the average was chosen. By such a selection the average student has before him a piece of writing *by a student,* which he ought to equal, or at least approximate. Exceptional students, of course, will write better themes than those included in this book. The themes have been left exactly as originally written except that faults in spelling, punctuation, and grammar have been corrected.

The theme topics are a compilation made by both students and instructors who have enjoyed these essays. Many of them came from the desire of a certain student to write on a particular trend of thought suggested by a given essay. In the main the topics are connected with the essays, but many derivative topics are included. They are highly diversified, fitting a wide variety of tastes. Controversial and literary subjects are

included. Some topics will appeal to those who think in abstract terms; others will attract those who naturally think concretely. Frequently the same student will be able to write from these suggested topics two very different themes from the same essay. In some cases topics have been repeated, in idea if not in actual wording, in succeeding essays; for it was found that a student sometimes chose, later in the course, a topic that did not appeal to him at all in the beginning. Such a choice was often tangible proof of a broadening intellectual horizon. As with the questions, the theme subjects are meant to be suggestive of many others to be supplied by the instructors and students who use these essays.

J. M. B.
R. L. H.

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COLLEGE LIFE AND ITS PROBLEMS

"UNDER GLASS" [1]

PERCY MARKS

I LEANED back in my chair, smiled my most genial now-boys-we're-all-among-friends smile, and addressed the first man, alphabetically speaking, in the class.

"Why," I demanded, "did you come to college?"

He replied with unexpected promptness: "I didn't want to come; my father made me."

There were twenty-nine men in that class, and I asked each of them the same question. I received only one other definite reply. That came from the most brilliant man in the room. He flushed a painful purple and stuttered:

"I—I don't know why I came."

The other men—and they were good students, all of them—evaded with vague generalities. One man said that he had come to get an education.

"What do you mean by education?" I asked.

"An education is—er, an education is . . ." He was getting very red. "I guess that I don't know just what I do mean by it."

After that reply no one said that he had come for an education. However, another man said that he had come to college to improve himself. Of course, I did not miss the opportunity.

"Just what," I asked amiably, "do you mean by improving yourself?"

The class waited. The class wanted very much to know. So did I.

"Why, to make me better generally."

"I don't quite understand. Can't you be more specific? I'm not sure what you mean by better. I take it that you don't mean it entirely in the moral sense."

[1] From *Scribner's Magazine*, January, 1923. Reprinted by permission.

"Oh, *no!* I mean—well, just to round me out. I think an education does that for you."

"Just how?"

He grinned. "I don't know," he said frankly, and his grin added: "You knew I didn't, too."

A few of the men thought that a college education "did a lot for a man socially," but they were hazy about what they meant by socially. Oh, not lounge-lizarding or tea-fighting, or anything like that; but it sort o' got a fellow into things like—oh, into things generally.

And so it went. They had a few fine phrases, such as: "A college education is of great value in the business world," or "A college education is a social asset," or even, "A college education is now a necessity."

Not one man was willing to admit that he had come to college because he thought that a degree would help him to make money. All of them said that that was undoubtedly true, and that was one reason why they had come, but none of them was materialistic enough to give that as his sole reason. There were other reasons—but they didn't know what they were.

I was teaching at Dartmouth College at the time I asked that question, and that class was the best one I have ever had in a good many years of teaching. There wasn't a real dud in it, and several of the men were truly brilliant, not only in my work but in all their classes. It was an exceptional group of twenty-nine undergraduates—and not one of them knew why he had come to college.

I have known hundreds, thousands of undergraduates, but I cannot think of one who actually had a clear idea of why he had come to college. I hasten to make two exceptions. Engineering students know that they have come to learn to be engineers, but they know that they must learn something more than that—and they don't know what that extra something is. The other exception is the youthful materialist. I met one of them last year. Our conversation went something like this:

"You think," I said, "that you will make more money as a result of your college education?"

"Yes; of course."

"Just why?"

"Well, a college man has a better chance than other men because he has had better training."

"The word training," I said, "is significant. You have come to college then, I take it, to be trained as a business man."

"Yes."

"What courses are you taking?"

"English, biology, history, French, and economics."

"Well, where does the training come in?"

He hesitated, made a few false starts, and then admitted that he did not know. He looked rather disgusted, too, and was visibly wondering if he hadn't made a mistake in coming to college.

Of course, that lad was getting some training for business, even if he didn't know it, but what he suddenly realized was that he was spending four years of time, several thousands of dollars, and a great deal of effort to get something which was of no "practical" value at all as far as he could see.

What I am getting at in a rather roundabout fashion is this: Nearly *every* undergraduate, materialist or dreamer, is doing just what my young materialist was, spending four years of time, several thousands of dollars, and a great deal of effort to get something—and he doesn't know what that something is. Neither do his parents. The father and mother talk proudly of giving their boy an education, and ninety-nine out of a hundred have only a vague idea, if any at all, of what they mean by the word.

And, indeed, why does a boy, or a girl, go to college? I am talking now of why he *goes,* not of why he *ought* to go. There are several reasons. His father wants to give him greater opportunities than he himself has had. (Most college boys do not have college-bred fathers.) The father knows that he has missed something, that his contemporaries who went to college have "the bulge on him" in a good many ways. He feels, perhaps, that he might have made more money if he had had a college education; at any rate, he would have had more "drag." He realizes that friends made in college often prove valuable in later years. And he feels, too, that a college degree gives one a certain, if undefined, social standing. All this, you will notice, is "practical." He has, however, one other motive: He guesses

that his boy is as good as any other boy, and if Billy Jones and Jack Smith can go to college—well, he'll be damned if his Ferdinand can't go too.

The boy himself? Well, the boy is only eighteen years old and he doesn't think much about it. He may spout grandly about "the advantages of a college education," but he really isn't interested in those advantages at all. I am talking about the average boy; of course there are boys, especially those who are putting themselves through college by hard work, who feel that an education is a serious business and that it must be taken seriously. But even that boy, who is working twice as hard as his high-school classmate who is "out in business" making money, does not clearly understand the reason for his own effort. He wants "to get ahead," and he knows that that is the best way to do it.

The average boy is fascinated by the glamour of college life, and well he may be. He wants to get into the so-called activities; he wants to make a fraternity; and—I hasten to admit it—he wants to do well in his studies, partly because he feels ashamed if he does badly, and partly because he wants his parents to be proud of him. Rarely, very rarely, indeed, does he see any real value in the studies themselves. The faculty tells him that there are certain subjects that he has to take—and the faculty probably knows what it is talking about. At any rate, it ought to, and if it doesn't, who does? Certainly the undergraduate does not pretend to know. He chooses his electives by reputation; that is, if the instructor is known to grade easily, the course is a good one; if the work is said to be very light, the course is a good one; if the instructor has the reputation of cutting classes regularly, the course is a good one; and if the course demands no final examination, it's a great one. It's a darb! Of course, an undergraduate occasionally chooses a course because the subject happens to interest him, but almost invariably the crowded courses are those known as snaps. It is a rare junior who will elect a hard course with subject matter interesting to him in preference to an easy course with subject matter to which he is naturally indifferent.

None of this is meant in condemnation of the undergraduate. Far from it. He is the salt of the earth—and I am the first to

sing his praises in public and swear at him unmercifully in private. He is human, our undergraduate, and very young. Nobody has told him what he is supposed to get out of college. His parents urge him "to do well in his studies and write often"; and his high-school principal has patted him paternally on the shoulder and told him "that the old school is expecting him to make it very proud." Both admonitions have embarrassed the boy—and that is about all the effect that they have had.

When he gets to college, he is lectured at by the members of the faculty, the dean, the president, the president of the student body, and the football coach. (I have arranged the various notables in the order of their importance to the freshman; the most important comes last.) Out of all the many opening lectures he gets just two things: he must attend to his studies, and he's got to get out and work like hell for the team. Maybe somebody tries to tell him why he is in college, but if anybody does, the effort is wasted. The freshman is too excited, worried, homesick, and thrilled to have any clear idea of what all the shootin's about.

And, pray, just what *is* all the shootin' about? Just why does a boy spend the four most wonderful years of his life going to college? Why are so many hundreds of thousands of parents making sacrifices, real sacrifices, to give their sons the so-called college education? The question is important. What is the answer?

I am reminded of a dinner at the Engineers' Club in Boston several years ago. Mr. James Phinney Munroe, a member of the Corporation of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was host to the English department, of which I was at that time a member. After we had made away with the excellent dinner, the talk, naturally enough, concerned itself with matters educational. The purpose of a college education finally became the central topic. A good many things were said, some of them foolish probably, some of them wise, but none of them to the point. The discussion was lost in a fog of phrases and, I am afraid, pedagogical platitudes.

Mr. Munroe is not a pedagogue; he is a successful business man. I do not know whether we were professionally smug or

merely exasperatingly vague. However, I do remember that something excited Mr. Munroe. He banged his fist on the table and exclaimed earnestly:

"A man does not come to college to learn to earn a living; he comes to college to learn to *live!*"

Nothing happened. Nobody got up and shouted, "You said a mouthful," or even, "That was a most extraordinarily thought-provoking remark." No, nobody was slangy or pedantic; the talk simply continued. I do not know how the other members of the department felt about it, but I was deeply impressed by two things: first, something intelligent had been said after a stag dinner; and, second, a question that had been troubling me for years had been settled with a sentence.

I never asked Mr. Munroe whether the idea was original with him or not; I really did not care. I believe that Nicholas Murray Butler said the same thing a few years later, and I do not know whether the idea was original with *him* or not, but I do know that Mr. Munroe said it first—and that, to speak unprofessionally, he said a mouthful. In fact, he said about all that needed to be said. Unfortunately, however, he said it only to the English department of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and not to the hundreds of thousands of American undergraduates—and their parents.

Please remember that I am writing about undergraduate institutions when I mention colleges—and that Mr. Munroe was talking about Technology, which does actually train its men to earn a living. As I understand him, Mr. Munroe felt that that training was of only secondary importance even at an institute of technology. Certainly it is of even less importance at an ordinary college which does not even pretend to train its men.

I wonder how many fathers realize that. I wonder how many of them understand that the colleges largely ignore the so-called "practical" phases of life. (I use "so-called" deliberately. Whether those particular phases really are the most practical is debatable.) And I wonder how many of them would hesitate longer about sending their sons to college if they were better informed about the college curricula. Very few would hesitate at all, I believe, because they know that a larger pro-

portion of men who have gone to college are successful than those who have not gone. Statistics say so!

The idea is, of course, that men are successful because they have gone to college. No idea was ever more absurd. No man is successful because he has managed to pass a certain number of courses and has received a sheepskin which tells the world in Latin, that neither the world nor the graduates can read, that he has successfully completed the work required. If the man is successful, it is because he has the qualities for success in him; the college "education" has merely, speaking in terms of horticulture, forced those qualities and given him certain intellectual tools with which to work—tools which he could have got without going to college, but not nearly so quickly. So far as anything practical is concerned, a college is simply an intellectual hothouse. For four years the mind of the undergraduate is put "under glass," and a very warm and constant sunshine is poured down upon it. The result is, of course, that his mind blooms earlier than it would in the much cooler intellectual atmosphere of the business world.

A man learns more about business in the first six months after his graduation than he does in his whole four years of college. But—and here is the "practical" result of his college work—he learns far more in those six months than if he had not gone to college. He has been trained to learn, and that, to all intents and purposes, is all the *training* he has received. To say that he has been trained to think is to say essentially that he has been trained to learn, but remember that it is impossible to teach a man to think. The power to think must be inherently his. All that the teacher can do is help him learn to order his thoughts—such as they are.

A man isn't trained in college to earn a living, for two reasons: first, there isn't time, and, second, it isn't of sufficient importance. That second statement, I know, sounds heretical, but a moment's thought will convince the reader that it is plain common sense. One cannot be a lawyer, a teacher, a doctor, or an engineer without special training, but one can be, and usually is, a business man without that special training. True, there are now graduate schools of business administration, and

the college graduate who can afford the time and money to attend one is to be congratulated; but the graduate who cannot get the training such schools afford need not be downcast. He can be a business man, and perhaps a good one, without it. It may take him a little longer—that is all.

The colleges take graduate work for granted for those men who intend to enter one of the professions. Those men must be trained, but that training is not the business of the college; it is the business of the graduate school. The college must educate the man, and that brings us to the problem of "learning to live."

I cannot solve the problem of learning to live, but I can give you some idea of what the undergraduate must become conscious of if he is ever to find any satisfactory solution for himself. And the making of the undergraduate conscious of those things is, as I see it, the purpose of a college education.

Much has been written about a college education, and most of it is ponderous and unreadable. Even such essays as Cardinal Newman's on a college education and Matthew Arnold's "Sweetness and Light," which, strictly speaking, is about culture, magnificent as they are, are deep-sea swimming for the average freshman—and he is as yet a very feeble swimmer. Arnold tells him that if he would be cultured he must learn the best that has been thought and said in the world. That is, of course, supremely true, but it is very difficult to make it seem more than a well-put statement to the freshman—and every man should be made deeply conscious at the very outset of his college career that it is his business to learn the best that has been thought and said in the world. The freshman will quote Arnold glibly in his final examination—and then cheerfully forget him. All of which is very human when one is eighteen, and very unfortunate.

Furthermore, the freshman does not see the relation between the best that has been thought and said in the world and himself. To him that best is merely information, information that is hard to get, harder to retain, and of no practical importance at all. He doesn't see what the facts about the neolithic age, the distance of Arcturus from the earth, the Congress of Berlin, Aristotle's theory of poetics, and the history of philosophy have

to do with his life, which at the time is concerned with things very different indeed.

Our freshman realizes well enough that his life is the most important thing in the world, but, like the man who was given a whale for a present, now that he has it he doesn't know what to do with it. Ask him what he wants above all things, and he will reply, sensibly enough, happiness. Every young man is essentially a hedonist, and as a rule he is a healthy, wholesome hedonist. He wants to grab happiness with both hands, but he wants the rest of the world to have at least a fingerhold at the same time.

The thing that he must be made to see, of course, is the relation between his happiness and the best that has been thought and said in the world; in other words, he must be made to realize that the past is significant to *him,* that *his* life is a continuation of all the history that has gone before, that every discovery of science has affected and will affect *him,* that every philosophical thought that has ever been expressed in enduring form has helped and is helping to create his own philosophy, and that all the poetry of the ages, whether in verse or prose, is *his* as his natural birthright, a gift of all mankind to him, and one too great ever to be received in its entirety, and too beautiful ever adequately to be appreciated.

To put it more simply, it is the business of a college education to help a man find himself in relation to the world—and I use "world" in its broadest sense. Our freshman has a life to lead, and that life of his must thread its tortuous and difficult way through the mazes of a very complicated social system. More than that, he must, if he is going to find even a little of that happiness which he so eagerly desires, acquire some understanding of himself. "Know Thyself" was the motto over the doorway of the temple of the oracle at Delphi, and, being the motto over the doorway of a temple, it quite properly expressed an ideal; that is, something unattainable.

Thomas Carlyle once wrote: "The latest Gospel in this world is, Know thy work and do it. 'Know thyself'; long enough has that poor 'self' of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to 'know' it, I believe! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself; thou art an unknowable individual: know what

thou canst work at; and work at it, like a Hercules! That will be thy better plan."

True enough! We shall never know ourselves. I think that we should probably go mad if we ever did, but the knowledge that we can never succeed will not stop us from trying to know ourselves. And to some extent we must succeed—or go mad. Above all things, the freshman is eager to gain some understanding of himself, of his ambitions, his limitations, his abilities, his passions. And his college education, if it is of any value at all, helps him to gain some comprehension of that strange being with whom he must always live, himself.

However, Carlyle was right when he said that we must know our work. But what work? That is what the undergraduate wants to know. What is he fitted for? What does he want to do? He feels that there must be some work for him somewhere, but what is it? How can he find that work without some clear understanding of himself?—and find it he must. Certainly the varied curricula of our colleges at least give him some idea of his likes and dislikes, his ability to do certain things and his lack of ability to do others. His four years at college are a breathing space while he marks time looking for his goal, that goal which seems so attainable while he is in college and so unattainable afterward.

But bigger than his work, bigger than himself, is the man in relation to his world and his God. Above all things, the undergraduate must gain some knowledge of that relationship, so sharply defined in many ways, so tragically vague in others. He must, absolutely must, find a philosophy of living. That philosophy will change as it adapts itself to the experiences of life, but without it to begin with the college graduate is as helpless as a blind man in the traffic of Times Square—and he is in about as dangerous a position.

You must understand that the average freshman has no philosophy of living. He has a code, which is a very different thing. He has been told that there are certain things that he can do and that there are certain things that a "real man" or a "regular fellow" does not do. Some of the undergraduates want to be "real men"—and some of them want to be "regu-

lar fellows." It really makes very little difference as far as any philosophy of living is concerned which our freshman wants to be; under any circumstances, his code is very simple, very positive—and very easily broken. No man can quite live up to his code, least of all a man only eighteen or nineteen years old, and the breaches that an undergraduate makes in his code seem to him very large and very serious.

Sometimes they are large and often they are serious, and they play an unnecessary havoc with the boy's life. I have known undergraduates who were tragically unhappy because they had done something which conflicted with their codes. They could not think around the infraction; they could not view it except as an infraction. In other words, they had no ideas; they merely had rules—and life is too complicated, too involved to be lived by rule; it must be thought about from many points of view.

There is no middle ground to the average undergraduate: a thing is either right or wrong, good or bad, glorious or utterly debased. Life is either all black or all white. He hasn't learned, as he must learn, that it is practically never either black or white, that it is usually some shade of gray, and that it is his business to learn to distinguish the shade.

The same thing is true of religion. Again, he comes to college pitifully equipped with ideas. In fact, as a rule he hasn't any. He has been, usually carelessly, instructed in some school of theology. It has not been his to reason why. He has accepted what he has been told—and let it go at that.

But when he comes to college he is just at the age when he wakes up, when he wants to know, when he begins to question. What is the result? Usually he throws away the theology he has been taught and is left spiritually stranded, worried, and miserably unhappy. His efforts at thinking are pathetic. He has no knowledge and no ideas. He has been told, as a rule, that he should take the Bible as a revelation of God, but he doesn't know anything about the Bible. I do not exaggerate; he doesn't know *anything* about it, not even the popular stories. I tried last term to get the story of Joseph out of a class of nearly forty—and only one man knew it. Practically none of

them has ever read either Testament. They may know a few of the stories, but as far as the *philosophy* of the Bible is concerned, or any other philosophy, they are totally ignorant.

The colleges do not give a man a religion. That is not their business; but they do give him ideas and knowledge, and it is up to him to take those ideas and that knowledge unto himself and evolve from them at least a working philosophy of living in relation to this life and whatever may come after it.

I have said, quoting Mr. Munroe, that a man comes to college to learn to live, and I have tried to give some idea of the things he must learn. Now I am about to announce in loud, raucous tones that he won't learn them. He will never learn them. No man does. It is impossible to gain even a small idea of the best that has been thought and said in the world; culture is an ideal, not a possibility. A college does not educate a man; it merely gives him an index to an education. What use the man makes of that index in later life will largely determine his success or failure.

The senior on his graduation day is not an educated man; he is an ignoramus. However, if he has learned enough to know that he is an ignoramus, some day he will probably attain something like culture, have enough knowledge to be called educated —as education in this world goes.

I have said nothing about the joy of learning, the pleasure that knowledge *per se* brings. I have tried to be strictly "practical," but I cannot resist a parting word in favor of the "impractical" value of college life. There the boy comes in contact with beauty, with the most exquisite expression of the noblest thoughts ever produced by man. He has, if he is worth teaching, been thrilled by the splendor of the past and made conscious of the gorgeous pageantry of the present. Perhaps he has learned that that thrill is as true and as fine as any he can get from, say, a financial *coup*.

If when a man graduates from college he has learned the work he is fitted for, if he has gained some ideal of beauty, if he has delved deeply enough into himself to have even a vague knowledge of his own soul, if he has learned enough of the past to understand to some small degree the present, and if he has gathered unto himself enough ideas of life to have a

workable philosophy of living, he has begun at least to learn to live. He can count his years in college well spent. He has the rudiments of an education. If he continues to work, to think, and to learn, he may, by the grace of God, become a man.

QUESTIONS ON THE TEXT

1. Why do students come to college?
2. What do students hope college will do for them?
3. Should a student come to college to prepare to make more money?
4. What do you mean by education?
5. Did you come to college because it was "the thing to do"?
6. Did your parents decide that you should go to college?
7. Does the boy who works his way through college get more out of his course than the boy who has his expenses paid?
8. What are the real reasons why students desire to do well in college?
9. Do students select courses because they are snaps?
10. Is the college student the salt of the earth?
11. Who seem to be the most important persons on the campus to the college freshman?
12. Do studies or athletics seem more important to the average college freshman?
13. Is the purpose of a college education to teach one to learn to live?
14. Is the average parent capable of judging the value of a college education?
15. Are the majority of successful men college-bred?
16. What advantages does the son of college-bred parents have?
17. What does Percy Marks mean by the phrase "under glass"?
18. Does the college-trained man make more rapid progress in business than the man who does not go to college?
19. For what two reasons is the preparation to earn a living not the function of the college?
20. What is Matthew Arnold's definition of culture?
21. Does a student at college want happiness above all things?
22. Does a college education help a man to find himself?
23. Can a person know himself?
24. Do our likes and dislikes in college indicate certain fields of life work?
25. What is your philosophy of living?
26. Why cannot life be lived by a code?
27. Is absolutism a characteristic of youth?
28. Why are college students so often spiritually stranded?
29. Is the joy of learning its own reward?
30. Is a man's æsthetic appreciation a measure of his culture?
31. Is the last paragraph of this essay an effective summary of it?
32. How early in his college course should a student decide his life work?
33. Are you going to look for a "pull" to make you successful in life?
34. Should a course be selected because of the personality of the teacher or because of the subject matter?
35. How much of your college education do you expect to use in after life?

36. What are the values of cultural training in business?
37. Does the fact of living give one a philosophy of life?

THE COLLEGE STUDENT: THE SALT OF THE EARTH

> "Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men."—Matt. 5: 13.

I believe that our beloved old parish ministers would tear their hair and throw up their hands in horror if they heard the undergraduates of the American universities of to-day called "the salt of the earth." In fact I had never thought of the comparison before I read "Under Glass," but now that I have heard it, it strikes me as being strangely significant. Most of our grandparents, too, regard us of the younger generation with doubt and even,—yes, it is true—suspicion. The college student, an irresponsible young rascal with a pipe, a flask, a collegiate suit of clothes, a "line" for the women,—can he be of any real value in the world?

Ah, but these things are only the outward expression of perpetual youth that bubbles up in all young folks of every age and generation. Life presents itself as a glorious thing for which the youth reaches out eager, expectant hands. He has not yet had to face the stern realities of life; neither have his sanguine hopes and illusions been shattered by some cruel iconoclast. The inner, deeper side of the swaggering undergraduate has a sacred reverence for the spiritual, a trust in humanity, and a firm resolve to better the world. Perhaps some of his ideas are mistaken, and his blunders offensive, but what of that? He will learn, and the universe will still move on. Meanwhile, let the older, experienced generation take charge of affairs and be the solid substance, as it were, while the youth is the salt that adds the pleasantness and spice. For "if the salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted?"

We must not forget, however, that these last words place an obligation upon us as students. We dare not lose our savor. If we waste our youthful abilities, if we throw away our sense of morality, if we early learn to look upon life with a cynical eye because we are worldly-wise to its seamy side, then we have lost our savor and are henceforth good for nothing but to be cast out under the foot of men.

H. D. V.

THEME SUBJECTS

1. The Reasons I Came to College
2. My Philosophy of Living
3. College Education as an Aid to Money-Making
4. The Advantages and Disadvantages of Working One's Way Through College
5. The College Student: The Salt of the Earth
6. A College Man and His Religion

7. Snap Courses
8. Important Persons in a Freshman's Life
9. Teachers *vs.* Courses
10. The Ground on Which I Shall Choose My Electives
11. Know Thyself
12. My Code: How It Does and Does Not Work
13. The Chaos of a Freshman's Mind
14. What Is the Function of a Library?
15. The Glamour of College Life
16. Do Students Who Make High Grades in College Outshine Others in Later Life?
17. Is College Worth the Price?
18. College—a Hothouse
19. Is Knowledge Power?
20. For Whom Are the Colleges?
21. College Traditions
22. Are There Too Many People Going to College?
23. College as Parents See It
24. Am I Getting at College What I Came For?
25. Should College Education be Popularized?
26. Education in the Social Order
27. Is Too Much Expected of the Freshman?
28. When Is a Man Educated?
29. The Advantages and Disadvantages of the Honor System
30. Vocational *vs.* Cultural Courses
31. The Value of a College Education in the Mind of the Undergraduate
32. The Value of a College Education to the Business Man
33. The Social Advantages of a College Education
34. The Value of a Changing Philosophy
35. Does College Aid a Student in Choosing His Life Work?
36. How Does College Prepare One to Meet the Difficulties of Life?

OXFORD AS I SEE IT [1]

STEPHEN LEACOCK

My private station being that of a university professor, I was naturally deeply interested in the system of education in England. I was therefore led to make a special visit to Oxford and to submit the place to a searching scrutiny. Arriving one afternoon at four o'clock, I stayed at the Mitre Hotel and did not leave until eleven o'clock next morning. The whole of this time, except for one hour spent in addressing the undergraduates, was devoted to a close and eager study of the great university. When I add to this that I had already visited Oxford in 1907 and spent a Sunday at All Souls with Colonel L. S. Amery, it will be seen at once that my views on Oxford are based upon observations extending over fourteen years.

At any rate I can at least claim that my acquaintance with the British university is just as good a basis for reflection and judgment as that of the numerous English critics who come to our side of the water. I have known a famous English author to arrive at Harvard University in the morning, have lunch with President Lowell, and then write a whole chapter on the Excellence of Higher Education in America. I have known another one to come to Harvard, have lunch with President Lowell, and do an entire book on the Decline of Serious Study in America. Or take the case of my own university. I remember Mr. Rudyard Kipling coming to McGill and saying in his address to the undergraduates at 2:30 P. M., "You have here a great institution." But how could he have gathered this information? As far as I know he spent the entire morning with Sir Andrew Macphail in his house beside the campus, smoking cigarettes. When I add that he distinctly refused to visit the Palæontologic Museum, that he saw nothing of our

[1] From *My Discovery of England*. Copyright, 1922, by Dodd, Mead & Company. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

new hydraulic apparatus, or of our classes in Domestic Science, his judgment that we had here a great institution seems a little bit superficial. I can only put beside it, to redeem it in some measure, the hasty and ill-formed judgment expressed by Lord Milner, "McGill is a noble university"; and the rash and indiscreet expression of the Prince of Wales, when we gave him an LL.D. degree, "McGill has a glorious future."

To my mind these unthinking judgments about our great college do harm, and I determined, therefore, that anything that I said about Oxford should be the result of the actual observation and real study based upon a bona fide residence in the Mitre Hotel.

On the strength of this basis of experience, I am prepared to make the following positive and emphatic statements. Oxford is a noble university. It has a great past. It is at present the greatest university in the world; and it is quite possible that it has a great future. Oxford trains scholars of the real type better than any other place in the world. Its methods are antiquated. It despises science. Its lectures are rotten. It has professors who never teach and students who never learn. It has no order, no arrangement, no system. Its curriculum is unintelligible. It has no president. It has no state legislature to tell it how to teach, and yet—it gets there. Whether we like it or not, Oxford gives something to its students, a life and a mode of thought, which in America as yet we can emulate but not equal.

If anybody doubts this let him go and take a room at the Mitre Hotel (ten and six for a wainscoted bedroom, period of Charles I) and study the place for himself.

These singular results achieved at Oxford are all the more surprising when one considers the distressing conditions under which the students work. The lack of an adequate building fund compels them to go on working in the same old buildings which they have had for centuries. The buildings at Brasenose College have not been renewed since the year 1525. In New College and Magdalen the students are still housed in the old buildings erected in the sixteenth century. At Christ Church I was shown a kitchen which had been built at the expense of Cardinal Wolsey in 1527. Incredible though it may seem, they have no

other place to cook in than this and are compelled to use it to-day. On the day when I saw this kitchen, four cooks were busy roasting an ox whole for the students' lunch: this at least is what I presumed they were doing from the size of the fireplace used, but it may not have been an ox; perhaps it was a cow. On a huge table, twelve feet by six and made of slabs of wood five inches thick, two other cooks were rolling out a game pie. I estimated it as measuring three feet across. In this rude way, unchanged since the time of Henry VIII, the unhappy Oxford students are fed. I could not help contrasting it with the cosy little boarding-houses on Cottage Grove Avenue where I used to eat when I was a student at Chicago, or the charming little basement dining-rooms of the students' boarding-houses in Toronto. But then, of course, Henry VIII never lived in Toronto.

The same lack of a building-fund necessitates the Oxford students' living in the identical old boarding-houses they had in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Technically they are called "quadrangles," "closes" and "rooms"; but I am so broken in to the usage of my student days that I can't help calling them boarding-houses. In many of these the old stairway has been worn down by the feet of ten generations of students; the windows have little latticed panes: there are old names carved here and there upon the stone, and a thick growth of ivy covers the walls. The boarding-house of St. John's College dates from 1509, the one at Christ Church from the same period. A few hundred thousand pounds would suffice to replace these old buildings with neat steel and brick structures like the normal school at Schenectady, N. Y., or the Peel Street High School at Montreal. But nothing is done. A movement was indeed attempted last autumn toward removing the ivy from the walls, but the result was unsatisfactory and they are putting it back. Anyone could have told them beforehand that the mere removal of the ivy would not brighten Oxford up, unless at the same time one cleared the stones of the old inscriptions, put in steel fire-escapes, and in fact brought the boarding-houses up to date.

But Henry VIII being dead, nothing was done. Yet in spite of its dilapidated buildings and its lack of fire-escapes, ventila-

tion, sanitation, and up-to-date kitchen facilities, I persist in my assertion that I believe that Oxford, in its way, is the greatest university in the world. I am aware that this is an extreme statement and needs explanation. Oxford is much smaller in numbers, for example, than the State University of Minnesota, and is much poorer. It has, or had till yesterday, fewer students than the University of Toronto. To mention Oxford beside the 26,000 students of Columbia University sounds ridiculous. In point of money, the $39,000,000 endowment of the University of Chicago, and the $35,000,000 one of Columbia, and the $43,000,000 of Harvard seem to leave Oxford nowhere. Yet the peculiar thing is that it is not nowhere. By some queer process of its own it seems to get there every time. It was therefore of the very greatest interest to me, as a profound scholar, to try to investigate just how this peculiar excellence of Oxford arises.

It can hardly be due to anything in the curriculum or program of studies. Indeed, to anyone accustomed to the best models of a university curriculum as it flourishes in the United States and Canada, the program of studies is frankly quite laughable. There is less Applied Science in the place than would be found with us in a theological college. Hardly a single professor at Oxford would recognize a dynamo if he met it in broad daylight. The Oxford student learns nothing of chemistry, physics, heat, plumbing, electric wiring, gas-fitting or the use of a blow-torch. Any American college student can run a motor-car, take a gasoline engine to pieces, fix a washer on a kitchen tap, mend a broken electric bell, and give an expert opinion on what has gone wrong with the furnace. It is these things indeed which stamp him as a college man, and occasion a very pardonable pride in the minds of his parents. But in all these things the Oxford student is the merest amateur.

This is bad enough. But after all one might say this is only the mechanical side of education. True : but one searches in vain in the Oxford curriculum for any adequate recognition of the higher and more cultured studies. Strange though it seems to us on this side of the Atlantic, there are no courses at Oxford in Housekeeping, or in Salesmanship, or in Advertising, or on Comparative Religion, or on the influence of the Press. There

are no lectures whatever on Human Behavior, on Altruism, on Egotism, or on the Play of Wild Animals. Apparently, the Oxford student does not learn these things. This cuts him off from a great deal of the larger culture of our side of the Atlantic. "What are you studying this year?" I once asked a fourth year student at one of our great colleges. "I am electing Salesmanship and Religion," he answered. Here was a young man whose training was destined inevitably to turn him into a moral business man: either that or nothing. At Oxford Salesmanship is not taught and Religion takes the feeble form of the New Testament. The more one looks at these things the more amazing it becomes that Oxford can produce any results at all.

The effect of the comparison is heightened by the peculiar position occupied at Oxford by the professors' lectures. In the colleges of Canada and the United States the lectures are supposed to be a really necessary and useful part of the student's training. Again and again I have heard the graduates of my own college assert that they had got as much, or nearly as much, out of the lectures at college as out of athletics or the Greek letter society or the Banjo and Mandolin Club. In short, with us the lectures form a real part of the college life. At Oxford it is not so. The lectures, I understand, are given and may even be taken. But they are quite worthless and are not supposed to have anything much to do with the development of the student's mind. "The lectures here," said a Canadian student to me, "are punk." I appealed to another student to know if this was so. "I don't know whether I'd call them exactly punk," he answered, "but they're certainly rotten." Other judgments were that the lectures were of no importance: that nobody took them: that they don't matter: that you can take them if you like: that they do you no harm.

It appears further that the professors themselves are not keen on their lectures. If the lectures are called for they give them; if not, the professor's feelings are not hurt. He merely waits and rests his brain until in some later year the students call for his lectures. There are men at Oxford who have rested their brains this way for over thirty years: the accumulated brain power thus dammed up is said to be colossal.

I understand that the key to this mystery is found in the

operations of the person called the tutor. It is from him, or rather with him, that the students learn all that they know: one and all are agreed on that. Yet it is a little odd to know just how he does it. "We go over to his rooms," said one student, "and he just lights a pipe and talks to us." "We sit round with him," said another, "and he simply smokes and goes over our exercises with us." From this and other evidence I gather that what an Oxford tutor does is to get a little group of students together and smoke at them. Men who have been systematically smoked at for four years turn into ripe scholars. If anybody doubts this, let him go to Oxford and he can see the thing actually in operation. A well-smoked man speaks and writes English with a grace that can be acquired in no other way.

In what was said above, I seem to have been directing criticism against the Oxford professors as such; but I have no intention of doing so. For the Oxford professor and his whole manner of being I have nothing but a profound respect. There is indeed the greatest difference between the modern up-to-date American idea of a professor and the English type. But even with us in older days, in the bygone time when such people as Henry Wadsworth Longfellow were professors, one found the English idea; a professor was supposed to be a venerable kind of person, with snow-white whiskers reaching to his stomach. He was expected to moon around the campus oblivious of the world around him. If you nodded to him he failed to see you. Of money he knew nothing; of business, far less. He was, as his trustees were proud to say of him, "a child."

On the other hand he contained within him a reservoir of learning of such depth as to be practically bottomless. None of this learning was supposed to be of any material or commercial benefit to anybody. Its use was in saving the soul and enlarging the mind.

At the head of such a group of professors was one whose beard was even whiter and longer, whose absence of mind was even still greater, and whose knowledge of money, business, and practical affairs was below zero. Him they made the president.

All this is changed in America. A university professor is now a busy, hustling person, approximating as closely to a business man as he can do it. It is on the business man that he

models himself. He has a little place that he calls his "office," with a typewriter machine and a stenographer. Here he sits and dictates letters, beginning after the best business models, "in re yours of the eighth ult., would say, etc., etc." He writes these letters to students, to his fellow professors, to the president, indeed to any people who will let him write to them. The number of letters that he writes each month is duly counted and set to his credit. If he writes enough he will get a reputation as an "executive," and big things may happen to him. He may even be asked to step out of the college and take a post as an "executive" in a soap company or an advertising firm. The man, in short, is a "hustler," an "advertiser" whose highest aim is to be a "live-wire." If he is not, he will presently be dismissed, or, to use the business term, be "let go," by a board of trustees who are themselves hustlers and live-wires. As to the professor's soul, he no longer needs to think of it as being handed over along with all the others to a Board of Censors.

The American professor deals with his students according to his lights. It is his business to chase them along over a prescribed ground at a prescribed pace like a flock of sheep. They all go humping together over the hurdles with the professor chasing them with a set of "tests" and "recitations," "marks" and "attendances," the whole apparatus obviously copied from the time-clock of the business man's factory. This process is what is called "showing results." The pace set is necessarily that of the slowest, and thus results in what I have heard Mr. Edward Beatty describe as the "convoy system of education."

In my own opinion, reached after fifty-two years of profound reflection, this system contains in itself the seeds of destruction. It puts a premium on dullness and a penalty on genius. It circumscribes that latitude of mind which is the real spirit of learning. If we persist in it we shall presently find that true learning will fly away from our universities and will take rest wherever some individual and enquiring mind can mark out its path for itself.

Now the principal reason why I am led to admire Oxford is that the place is little touched as yet by the measuring of "results," and by this passion for visible and provable "effi-

ciency." The whole system at Oxford is such as to put a premium on genius and to let mediocrity and dullness go their way. On the dull student Oxford, after a proper lapse of time, confers a degree which means nothing more than that he lived and breathed at Oxford and kept out of jail. This for many students is as much as society can expect. But for the gifted students Oxford offers great opportunities. There is no question of his hanging back till the last sheep has jumped over the fence. He need wait for no one. He may move forward as fast as he likes, following the bent of his genius. If he has in him any ability beyond that of the common herd, his tutor, interested in his studies, will smoke at him until he kindles him into a flame. For the tutor's soul is not harassed by herding dull students, with dismissal hanging by a thread over his head in the classroom. The American professor has no time to be interested in a clever student. He has time to be interested in his "department," his letter-writing, his executive work, and his organizing ability and his hope of promotion to a soap factory. But with that his mind is exhausted. The student of genius merely means to him a student who gives no trouble, who passes all his "tests," and is present at all his "recitations." Such a student also, if he can be trained to be a hustler and an advertiser, will undoubtedly "make good." But beyond that the professor does not think of him. The everlasting principle of equality has inserted itself in a place where it has no right to be, and where inequality is the breath of life.

American or Canadian college trustees would be horrified at the notion of professors who apparently do no work, give few or no lectures and draw their pay merely for existing. Yet these are really the only kind of professors worth having—I mean, men who can be trusted with a vague general mission in life, with a salary guaranteed at least till their death, and a sphere of duties entrusted solely to their own consciences and the promptings of their own desires. Such men are rare, but a single one of them, when found, is worth ten "executives" and a dozen "organizers."

The excellence of Oxford, then, as I see it, lies in the peculiar vagueness of the organization of its work. It starts from the assumption that the professor is a really learned man whose sole

interest lies in his own sphere; and that a student, or at least the only student with whom the university cares to reckon seriously, is a young man who desires to know. This is an ancient mediæval attitude long since buried in more up-to-date places under successive strata of compulsory education, state teaching, the democratization of knowledge and the substitution of the shadow for the substance, and the casket for the gem. No doubt, in newer places the thing has got to be so. Higher education in America flourishes chiefly as a qualification for entrance into a money-making profession, and not as a thing in itself. But in Oxford one can still see the surviving outline of a nobler type of structure and a higher inspiration.

I do not mean to say, however, that my judgment of Oxford is one undiluted stream of praise. In one respect at least I think that Oxford has fallen away from the high ideals of the Middle Ages. I refer to the fact that it admits women students to its studies. In the Middle Ages women were regarded with a peculiar chivalry long since lost. It was taken for granted that their brains were too delicately poised to allow them to learn anything. It was presumed that their minds were so exquisitely hung that intellectual effort might disturb them. The present age has gone to the other extreme; and this is seen nowhere more than in the crowding of women into colleges originally designed for men. Oxford, I regret to find, has not stood out against this change.

To a profound scholar like myself, the presence of these young women, many of them most attractive, flittering up and down the streets of Oxford in their caps and gowns, is very distressing.

Who is to blame for this and how they first got in I do not know. But I understand that they first of all built a private college of their own close to Oxford, and then edged themselves in foot by foot. If this is so they only followed up the precedent of the recognized method in use in America. When an American college is established, the women go and build a college of their own overlooking the grounds. Then they put on becoming caps and gowns and stand and look over the fence at the college athletics. The male undergraduates, who were originally and by nature a hardy lot, were not easily disturbed.

But inevitably some of the senior trustees fell in love with the first year girls and became convinced that coeducation was a noble cause. American statistics show that between 1880 and 1900 the number of trustees and senior professors who married girl undergraduates or who wanted to do so reached a percentage of—I forget the exact percentage; it was either a hundred or a little over.

I don't know just what happened at Oxford but presumably something of the sort took place. In any case the women are now all over the place. They attend the college lectures, they row in a boat, and they perambulate the High Street. They are even offering a serious competition against the men. Last year they carried off the ping-pong championship and took the chancellor's prize for needlework, while in music, cooking and millinery the men are said to be nowhere.

There is no doubt that unless Oxford puts the women out while there is yet time, they will overrun the whole university. What this means to the progress of learning few can tell and those who know are afraid to say.

Cambridge University, I am glad to see, still sets its face sternly against this innovation. I am reluctant to count any superiority in the University of Cambridge. Having twice visited Oxford, having made the place a subject of profound study for many hours at a time, having twice addressed its undergraduates, and having stayed at the Mitre Hotel, I consider myself an Oxford man. But I must admit that Cambridge has chosen the wiser part.

Last autumn, while I was in London on my voyage of discovery, a vote was taken at Cambridge to see if the women who have already a private college nearby, should be admitted to the university. They were triumphantly shut out; and as a fit and proper sign of enthusiasm the undergraduates went over in a body and knocked down the gates of the women's college. I know that it is a terrible thing to say that anyone approved of this. All the London papers came out with headings that read—ARE OUR UNDERGRADUATES TURNING INTO BABOONS? and so on. The *Manchester Guardian* draped its pages in black and even the London *Morning Post* was afraid to take bold ground in the matter. But I do know also that there

was a great deal of secret chuckling and jubilation in the London clubs. Nothing was expressed openly. The men of England have been too terrorized by the women for that. But in safe corners of the club, out of earshot of the waiters and away from casual strangers, little groups of elderly men chuckled quietly together. "Knocked down their gates, eh?" said the wicked old men to one another, and then whispered guiltily behind an uplifted hand, "Serve 'em right." Nobody dared to say anything outside. If they had someone would have got up and asked a question in the House of Commons. When this is done all England falls flat upon its face.

But for my part when I heard of the Cambridge vote, I felt as Lord Chatham did when he said in parliament, "Sir, I rejoice that America has resisted." For I have long harbored views of my own upon the higher education of women. In these days, however, it requires no little hardihood to utter a single word of criticism against it. It is like throwing half a brick through the glass roof of a conservatory. It is bound to make trouble. Let me hasten, therefore, to say that I believe most heartily in the higher education of women; in fact, the higher the better. The only question to my mind is: What is "higher education" and how do you get it? With which goes the secondary enquiry, What is a woman and is she just the same as a man? I know that it sounds a terrible thing to say in these days, but I don't believe she is.

Let me say also that when I speak of coeducation I speak of what I know. I was coeducated myself some thirty-five years ago, at the very beginning of the thing. I learned my Greek alongside of a bevy of beauty on the opposite benches that mashed up the irregular verbs for us very badly. Incidentally, those girls are all married long since, and all the Greek they know now you could put under a thimble. But of that presently.

I have had further experience as well. I spent three years in the graduate school of Chicago, where coeducational girls were as thick as autumn leaves—and some thicker. And as a college professor at McGill University in Montreal, I have taught mingled classes of men and women for twenty years.

On the basis of which experience I say with assurance that the thing is a mistake and has nothing to recommend it but its

relative cheapness. Let me emphasize this last point and have done with it. Coeducation is of course a great economy. To teach ten men and ten women in a single class of twenty costs only half as much as to teach two classes. Where economy must rule, then, the thing has got to be. But where the discussion turns not on what is cheapest, but on what is best, then the case is entirely different.

The fundamental trouble is that men and women are different creatures, with different minds and different aptitudes and different paths in life. There is no need to raise here the question of which is superior and which is inferior (though I think, the Lord help me, I know the answer to that too). The point lies in the fact that they are different.

But the mad passion for equality has masked this obvious fact. When women began to demand, quite rightly, a share in higher education, they took for granted that they wanted the same curriculum as the men. They never stopped to ask whether their aptitudes were not in various directions higher and better than those of the men, and whether it might not be better for their sex to cultivate the things which were best suited to their minds. Let me be more explicit. In all that goes with physical and mathematical science, women, on the average, are far below the standard of men. There are, of course, exceptions. But they prove nothing. It is no use to quote to me the case of some brilliant girl who stood first in physics at Cornell. That's nothing. There is an elephant in the zoo that can count up to ten, yet I refuse to reckon myself his inferior.

Tabulated results spread over years, and the actual experience of those who teach show that in the whole domain of mathematics and physics women are outclassed. At McGill the girls of our first year have wept over their failures in elementary physics these twenty-five years. It is time that some one dried their tears and took away the subject.

But, in any case, examination tests are never the whole story. To those who know, a written examination is far from being a true criterion of capacity. It demands too much of mere memory, imitativeness, and the insidious willingness to absorb other people's ideas. Parrots and crows would do admirably in examinations. Indeed, the colleges are full of them.

But take, on the other hand, all that goes with the æsthetic side of education, with imaginative literature and the cult of beauty. Here women are, or at least ought to be, the superiors of men. Women were in primitive times the first story-tellers. They are still so at the cradle side. The original college woman was the witch, with her incantations and her prophecies and the glow of her bright imagination, and if brutal men of duller brains had not burned it out of her, she would be incanting still. To my thinking, we need more witches in the colleges and less physics.

I have seen such young witches myself—if I may keep the word: I like it—in colleges such as Wellesley in Massachusetts and Bryn Mawr in Pennsylvania, where there isn't a man allowed within the three mile limit. To my mind, they do infinitely better thus by themselves. They are freer, less restrained. They discuss things openly in their classes; they lift up their voices, and they speak, whereas a girl in such a place as McGill, with men all about her, sits for four years as silent as a frog full of shot.

But there is a deeper trouble still. The careers of the men and women who go to college together are necessarily different, and the preparation is all aimed at the man's career. The men are going to be lawyers, doctors, engineers, business men, and politicians. And the women are not.

There is no use pretending about it. It may sound an awful thing to say, but the women are going to be married. That is, and always has been, their career; and, what is more, they know it; and even at college, while they are studying algebra and political economy, they have their eye on it sideways all the time. The plain fact is that, after a girl has spent four years of her time and a great deal of her parents' money in equipping herself for a career that she is never going to have, the wretched creature goes and gets married, and in a few years she has forgotten which is the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle, and she doesn't care. She has much better things to think of.

At this point someone will shriek: "But surely, even for marriage, isn't it right that a girl should have a college education?" To which I hasten to answer: most assuredly. I freely admit

that a girl who knows algebra, or once knew it, is a far more charming companion and a nobler wife and mother than a girl who doesn't know x from y. But the point is this: Does the higher education that fits a man to be a lawyer also fit a person to be a wife and mother? Or, in other words, is a lawyer a wife and mother? I say he is not. Granted that a girl is to spend four years in time and four thousand dollars in money in going to college, why train her for a career that she is never going to adopt? Why not give her an education that will have a meaning and a harmony with the real life that she is to follow?

For example, suppose that during her four years every girl lucky enough to get a higher education spent at least six months of it in the training and discipline of a hospital as a nurse. There is more education and character making in that than in a whole bucketful of algebra.

But no, the woman insists on snatching her share of an education designed by Erasmus or William of Wykeham or William of Occam for the creation of scholars and lawyers; and when later on in her home there is a sudden sickness or accident, and the life or death of those nearest to her hangs upon skill and knowledge and a trained fortitude in emergency, she must needs send in all haste for a hired woman to fill the place that she herself has never learned to occupy.

But I am not here trying to elaborate a whole curriculum. I am only trying to indicate that higher education for the man is one thing, for the woman another. Nor do I deny the fact that women have got to earn their living. Their higher education must enable them to do that. They cannot all marry on their graduation day. But that is no great matter. No scheme of education that anyone is likely to devise will fail in this respect.

The positions that they hold as teachers or civil servants they would fill all the better if their education were fitted to their wants.

Some few, a small minority, really and truly "have a career" —husbandless and childless—in which the sacrifice is great and the honor to them, perhaps, all the higher. And others no doubt dream of a career in which a husband and a group of blossom-

ing children are carried as an appendage to a busy life at the bar or on the platform. But all such are the mere minority, so small as to make no difference to the general argument.

But there—I have written quite enough to make plenty of trouble except perhaps at Cambridge University. So I return with relief to my general study of Oxford. Viewing the situation as a whole, I am led then to the conclusion that there must be something in the life of Oxford itself that makes for higher learning. Smoked at by his tutor, fed in Henry VIII's kitchen, and sleeping in a tangle of ivy, the student evidently gets something not easily obtained in America. And the more I reflect on the matter the more I am convinced that it is the sleeping in the ivy that does it. How different it is from student life as I remember it!

When I was a student at the University of Toronto thirty years ago, I lived—from start to finish—in seventeen different boarding-houses. As far as I am aware these houses have not, or not yet, been marked with tablets. But they are still to be found in the vicinity of McCaul and Darcy, and St. Patrick Streets. Anyone who doubts the truth of what I have to say may go and look at them.

I was not alone in the nomadic life that I led. There were hundreds of us drifting about in this fashion from one melancholy habitation to another. We lived as a rule two or three in a house, sometimes alone. We dined in the basement. We always had beef, done up in some way after it was dead, and there were always soda biscuits on the table. They used to have a brand of soda biscuits in those days in the Toronto boarding-houses that I have not seen since. They were better than dog biscuits but with not so much snap. My contemporaries will all remember them. A great many of the leading barristers and professional men of Toronto were fed on them.

In the life we led we had practically no opportunities for association on a large scale, no common rooms, no reading rooms, nothing. We never saw magazines—personally I didn't even know the names of them. The only interchange of ideas we ever got was by going over to the Cær Howell Hotel on University Avenue and interchanging them there.

I mention these melancholy details not for their own sake

but merely to emphasize the point that when I speak of students' dormitories, and the larger life which they offer, I speak of what I know.

If we had had at Toronto, when I was a student, the kind of dormitories and dormitory life that they have at Oxford, I don't think I would ever have graduated. I'd have been there still. The trouble is that the universities on our Continent are only just waking up to the idea of what a university should mean. They were, very largely, instituted and organized with the idea that a university was a place where young men were sent to absorb the contents of books and to listen to lectures in the classrooms. The student was pictured as a pallid creature, burning what was called the "midnight oil," his wan face bent over his desk. If you wanted to do something for him you gave him a book: if you wanted to do something really large on his behalf you gave him a whole basketful of them. If you wanted to go still further and be a benefactor to the college at large, you endowed a competitive scholarship and set two or more pallid students working themselves to death to get it.

The real thing for the student is the life and environment that surrounds him. All that he really learns he learns, in a sense, by the active operation of his own intellect and not as the passive recipient of lectures. And for this active operation what he really needs most is the continued and intimate contact with his fellows. Students must live together and eat together, talk and smoke together. Experience shows that that is how their minds really grow. And they must live together in a rational and comfortable way. They must eat in a big dining-room or hall, with oak beams across the ceiling, and the stained glass in the windows, and with a shield or tablet here or there upon the wall, to remind them between times of the men who went before them and left a name worthy of the memory of the college. If a student is to get from his college what it ought to give him, a college dormitory, with the life in common that it brings, is his absolute right. A university that fails to give it to him is cheating him.

If I were founding a university—and I say it with all the seriousness of which I am capable—I would found first a smoking room; then when I had a little more money in hand I would

found a dormitory; then after that, or more probably with it, a decent reading room and a library. After that, if I still had money over that I couldn't use, I would hire a professor and get some textbooks.

This chapter has sounded in the most part like a continuous eulogy of Oxford with but little in favor of our American colleges. I turn therefore with pleasure to the more congenial task of showing what is wrong with Oxford and with the English university system generally, and the aspect in which our American universities far excel the British.

The point is that Henry VIII is dead. The English are so proud of what Henry VIII and the benefactors of earlier centuries did for the universities that they forget the present. There is little or nothing in England to compare with the magnificent generosity of individuals, provinces and states, which is building up the colleges of the United States and Canada. There used to be. But by some strange confusion of thought the English people admire the noble gifts of Cardinal Wolsey and Henry VIII and Queen Margaret, and do not realize that the Carnegies and Rockefellers and the William Macdonalds are the Cardinal Wolseys of to-day. The University of Chicago was founded upon oil. McGill university rests largely on a basis of tobacco. In America the world of commerce and business levies on itself a noble tribute in favor of the higher learning. In England, with a few conspicuous exceptions, such as that at Bristol, there is little of the sort. The feudal families are content with what their remote ancestors have done: they do not try to emulate it in any great degree.

In the long run this must count. Of all the various reforms that are talked of at Oxford, and of all the imitations of American methods that are suggested, the only one worth while, to my thinking, is to capture a few millionaires, give them honorary degrees at a million pounds sterling apiece, and tell them to imagine that they are Henry the Eighth. I give Oxford warning that if this is not done the place will not last another two centuries.

QUESTIONS ON THE TEXT

1. How does Mr. Leacock reveal that he is writing from a humorous point of view?
2. What is Mr. Leacock's opinion of the snap judgments of famous men?
3. How do the kitchens at Oxford University compare with those of American institutions?
4. In number of students and resources, how does Oxford compare with other great universities?
5. What does Mr. Leacock say that the American college student is pre-eminently fitted to do?
6. How does Mr. Leacock poke fun at the American college curriculum?
7. What are the advantages of the Oxford curriculum?
8. What is the attitude in an English university toward the lecture method?
9. What are the advantages of the tutorial system?
10. Is the business-man type the ideal college professor?
11. Is the "convoy system of education" desirable?
12. Why is the genius better off at Oxford than at an American university?
13. Wherein is the value of the impractical, unworldly college professor?
14. Do American colleges produce men better fitted for the world's work than English colleges?
15. How does Mr. Leacock say that women have edged their way into men's colleges?
16. Does economy justify coeducation?
17. What are the arguments for the higher education of women?
18. In what kind of studies are men usually better than women?
19. What are the disadvantages to the woman student in coeducation?
20. Do girls have an eye to matrimony while in college?
21. Is marriage the best career for women?
22. If marriage is woman's natural career, what courses should she take in college?
23. What is the influence of college environment upon students?
24. Must students have communal life to get the full value from college education?
25. Would you build a smoking room as the nucleus of your university?
26. Does education mean fundamentally the study of textbooks?
27. In the future, will American colleges outdistance Oxford?
28. Are American millionaires wise in giving so lavishly to colleges?
29. Is there a danger of American colleges surrendering their ideals to wealth?
30. Would *you* go to Oxford in preference to an American university?
31. How does the Oxford student differ from the typical American student in cultural background?
32. Would American students progress in college without class attendance?
33. Would the Oxford system of education be practicable in America?

GROUP EDUCATION OR INDIVIDUAL EDUCATION

I believe the system of education that England has is best for her and the system we have is best for us.

The Englishman has a cultural background. For generations and generations the better families have been well-educated; therefore they have a cultural background. The ten per cent that go to a university for a higher education are chosen from this group. The common people who have not, and never have had, a cultural background do not get a higher education. They have to struggle along as they have had to do for many generations.

To me it seems that in England there is a monopoly on higher education and the common people are not "in on it." The ten per cent control it. I will agree with anyone that this is the way to get a group of really well-educated men. Now I want to ask you a question: "Is it best for a country to have a *large* group that is fairly well-educated?" I believe that it is best.

In America we have education for all. We believe in education for all or we would not be practising it. We do not have a picked few who have a cultural background whom we send to our colleges or universities. We believe in building our own cultural background regardless of the amount our parents may have had. Our system is democratic. Our higher education trains our sons to fill positions in all walks of life. We believe in equal rights in America; therefore we all have an equal chance and we have group education. If our system were not best for us, it would not have lasted, nor would we have progressed as much as we have in the short time that America has been known as a nation.

The common people in England as elsewhere in Europe are backward; they are slow in making progress. Understand now, I am not speaking of the group that has higher education. Their ten per cent may be way ahead of us as far as higher learning is concerned, but we in America accomplish a great deal more than they do. To believe this we have only to compare the progress of the two countries.

I believe it is far better to educate groups rather than individuals who belong to the cultured class. It is important for a country to have all of her people well-educated so that they will be able to understand questions of vital importance when they come before them. With group education we get most of the people to think along similar lines of progress.

In conclusion, I say it is far better to have group education as we have in America than individual education as England has.

N. K.

THEME SUBJECTS

1. English *vs.* American Education
2. Group Education or Individual Education?
3. Does the Tradition of a College Have Educational Value?
4. Oxford and the English System of Education
5. Are Books the Heart of College Education?
6. Student Life at Oxford
7. Is the Oxford Ideal Practicable in America?
8. The Oxford Tutor
9. The Tutorial System
10. You Get Out of College What You Put into It
11. The Inequality of Student Material in American Colleges
12. The Aristocracy of Brains

13. My Opinion of Examinations
14. Dormitory Life as a Factor in Education
15. The English Tutor and the American Professor
16. The Place of Lectures in Education
17. The Importance of Initiative in Learning
18. The Place of the Professor in American Education
19. The Advantages and Disadvantages of Coeducation
20. Marriage or a Career for Women?

STUDENT ACTIVITIES IN THE COLLEGE [1]

ALEXANDER MEIKLEJOHN

To begin, then, I am convinced, as I write this paper, that in any ideal college, student activities are of fundamental importance and that anyone who would cook up a college without them need hope to find little appreciation of his wares. I can say this with freedom and irresponsibility to-day because mine is not the task of selecting or compounding the elements. I have an article to sell and I will sing its praises long and loud. It is for the cook to decide whether or not he will have it in the dish and if he takes it in, you give it proper mingling with the other stuffs which other vendors have brought in.

The name "student activities" is intended, I presume, to express a difference or contrast. The name marks them off from the studies, those elements of college life which, by implication, are either not students' affairs or not activities. I fear that our teachers in the colleges do not like the implication. We do not like to have studies regarded as peculiarly belonging to the Faculty, nor on the other hand, do we wish them degraded to the realm of the mere passivities. And so the very name itself arouses antagonism. It suggests that here is a feature of college life which does not mix very smoothly with the others. It is not a good label if one would recommend his wares to college teachers who are eagerly striving to tempt the intellectual appetites of the boys intrusted to their charge.

If we are to include under the phrase "student activities apart from athletics" such enterprises as debating, dramatics, music, newspapers, literary magazines, philanthropic and religious organizations, as well as social functions of various types, one may express a very common faculty point of view concerning them in the words, "The less said about them the better."

[1] From *The Liberal College*. Copyright, 1920, by Marshall Jones Company. Reprinted by permission.

And with that judgment, properly interpreted, I am inclined to agree. But I should personally not intend to minimize them. It is not a safe generalization to declare that phases of human life are important in direct ratio to the degree to which they are publicly talked about. It is rather assumed amongst us that many elemental and significant features of our common life are not to be talked about at all—they are to be taken for granted, to be accepted as given in the very nature of things. And it is just this "givenness," this inevitableness of "student activities" which should first of all be recognized as we approach them. We choose to bring boys together into social groups in order that we may teach them, may train their minds, may furnish them with information. But it is an inevitable incident of such a process that the boys should find themselves together and should at once engage in common activities which seem to them attractive and at least entertaining. We keep them busy or try to do so five or six or seven hours a day; with due allowance for the separation of sleep, they have many more hours than these to spend together in enterprises of their own choosing. We did not bring them together for the sake of these activities, but from our bringing them together, these activities follow. They are, as it were, a necessary accident of the teaching process. Whether we will or not, there they are and there they will remain in some form or other so long as boys are brought together in the common life of a college campus. And yet, in the presence of these inevitable accidents of our central purpose many of our teachers grudgingly acknowledge their presence, but, resenting it, they say, "Let them alone, the less said about them the better."

Now if their attitude were not born in resentment, I should find it very congenial. The conclusion which it states seems to be excellent, even though the reasoning which leads to it is atrocious. The truth is that we talk too much about student activities, meddle with them too much, and legislate about them too much. And I say this not because they are bad, but because they are too good to be spoiled by our clumsy interferences; not because I am opposed to them, but because I should like to see them freely develop and grow as the spontaneous activities of the boys whose growth and development is our chief concern. To

tamper with them seems to be like tampering with one's complexion. In one sphere at least we are sure that the improvement of the general health gives better permanent results for the complexion than temporary tampering, however, satisfying for the moment. My impression is that the same principle holds good in the beautification of colleges; make them strong and healthy and the activities will take care of themselves.

But whether our ignoring of student activities be due to hatred or to love, there are times when even the most abstract teacher is startled into recognition of them. Last Sunday evening I heard the Dean of one of our great law schools tell about the work of his school. And almost his first remark was, "You will not find any activities at the law school; we give a man enough to do for all the time he can give to activities." And with his words, there flashed across my mind the vision of a liberal college without outside activities. What would it be like to teach liberal studies to a group of students who should give all their time to their studies, whose work should be their play, whose time should be wholly at our command? I think I have still enough of the spirit of the teacher to thrill at that vision. But as I saw it and reflected on it, there came to mind those terrible words of Newman in which he contrasts the little we can do for the student with the much that he can do for himself.

"I protest to you, gentlemen, that if I had to choose between a so-called university, which dispensed with residence and tutorial superintendence, and gave its degrees to any person who passed any examination in a wide range of subjects, and a university which had no professors or examinations at all but merely brought a number of young men together for three or four years, and then sent them away, as the University of Oxford is said to have done some sixty years since, if I were asked which of these two methods was the better discipline of the intellect:—mind, I do not say which is morally the better, for it is plain that compulsory study must be a good and idleness an intolerable mischief,—but if I may determine which of the two courses was the more successful in training, molding, enlarging the mind, which sent out men the more fitted for their secular duties, which produced better public men, men of the

world, men whose names would descend to posterity, I have no hesitation in giving the preference to that university which did nothing over that which exacted of its members an acquaintance with every science under the sun.

"How is this to be explained? I suppose as follows: when a multitude, keen, open-hearted, sympathetic, and observant as young men are, come together and freely mix with one another, they are sure to learn from one another, even if there be no one to teach them; the conversation of all is a series of lectures to each, and they gain for themselves new ideas and views, fresh matter of thought, and distinct principles for judging and acting, day by day."

Now with these words of Newman ringing in our ears, let us state and answer a fair question, "Would you, if you could, free an undergraduate college from its activities?" My own answer is flatly in the negative. I believe that whatever a liberal college may be with them, without them it would be a sorry place in which to live. And for this conclusion there are at least two reasons. First, I am convinced that the complete absorption of the student in his studies would not in most cases give the best kind of college training. Not only are we trying to give college boys acquaintance with a great body of knowledge; more important than this, they must also acquire understanding, interpretation of what they are learning, reconstruction of what they have known. And for this process there is need of leisure, of deliberation and contemplation, of a certain quiet waiting for subconscious processes to do their part. These results cannot be achieved merely by digging and grinding. In addition to the work there must be the leisure; the two must be combined if the fruits of culture and intelligence are to be reached. Again, if we view college life fairly, we dare not fail to take account of the constantly repeated statement of graduates that they count certain "activities" as having been of far greater educational value than the studies given and taken in the classroom. I am sure that this statement contains more of falsity than of truth. But there is a truth in it and it behooves us to isolate it and look it fairly in the face. As I look back on the old experience of teaching and disciplining, I seem to see what these graduates mean. I see it most clearly

when I try to single out from the long line of students some one group which shall stand forth as intellectually the best—best in college work and best in promise of future intellectual achievement. Much as I should like to do so, I cannot draw the line around my own favorite students in philosophy, nor the leaders in mathematics, nor those successful in biology, nor could I fairly award the palm to the Phi Beta Kappa men who have excelled in all their subjects. It seems to me that stronger than any other group, tougher in intellectual fiber, keener in intellectual interest, better equipped to battle with coming problems, are the college debaters—the boys who, apart from their regular studies, band themselves together for intellectual controversy with each other and with their friends in other colleges. I am not concerned to argue here the pros and cons of intercollegiate debate. It has its defects as well as its virtues, but if it be true that in this activity many of our best minds find their most congenial occupation and are furthered in intellectual growth, rather than hindered in it, here is a challenge which we cannot fail to meet in the administration of college life and study. And in some measure, though in different forms, what is true of debating holds true of dramatics, of writing, of music, and the other activities. When boys form their clubs or "crowds" for the spontaneous, enthusiastic pursuit of some chosen ideal, they gain from it a power, a liveliness of interest which can never be gained where that spontaneity is lacking.

But now I shall be asked: Would you substitute these activities for the studies—give up the classroom for the lounging room and the Union? Of course not. The very excellence of these activities is that fundamentally they are the fruits of the classroom. But the point is that by these fruits the work of the classroom shall be known. We need not forget that these activities are only accidental and that the real values lie in the studies and the teaching. But none the less, it is true that these activities reveal to us, far better than any examinations can do, the success or failure of the classroom itself. They are, as it were, mirrors in which we can see ourselves and our work. If we want to know the effects of what we are doing in the classroom, let us look to see what the students are doing outside of it, when they are free to follow their own desires. If they do

not, on their own initiative carry on activities springing out of their studies, then you may count on it that however well the tests are met, the studies are of little value. Show me a college in which literature is taught, but in which the boys do not band together to read and write and criticize, in which they do not yearn to be themselves "literary." However well literature may be taught in that college, it is not well learned. What would you say of the teaching of philosophy which did not send boys off into quarreling, puzzling groups, determined each to give to his fellows the solutions of the problems that have baffled human thinking? What will you say of the teaching of history, economics, or social science which ends in the passive appropriation of a book? Surely if it is vital, you will find the young men stimulated by it eagerly reforming and reshaping in idea the society about them, and perhaps going out to do some work to bring their ideals to fulfilment. And if in these and other cases it does appear that the studies in the classroom have no outside effect, lead to no outside activities, what expectation can you have that they will lead to activity after the college days are done? If studies do not stimulate to spontaneous, free outside activities, if they are the learning of lessons and giving them back, then the results of our training are typically small; we may send out good, well-meaning boys, who will do what they are told, and refrain from doing anything else, but we shall not send out men of intellectual power and grip who are able to learn for themselves the life which the intellect opens before them.

QUESTIONS ON THE TEXT

1. What is Mr. Meiklejohn's attitude toward the importance of student activities?
2. In what sense is the phrase "student activities" a poor label?
3. What are the educational values of outside activities?
4. Is it inevitable that the bringing together of students should create activities outside the classroom?
5. Why should authorities not meddle too much with student activities?
6. Under what conditions will outside activities take care of themselves?
7. Are certain student activities artificially sponsored? Is spontaneity valuable in student activities?
8. What would a school without outside activities be like?

9. Should a school give its students so much to do that there is not time for outside activities?
10. What was Cardinal Newman's attitude toward student activities?
11. Why would complete absorption of a student in his studies be bad?
12. What is the intellectual value of leisure?
13. What may be the fallacy of digging and grinding?
14. Is it true that students gain more in life values from outside activities than from classroom studies?
15. Is it justifiable to cut a class to participate in an outside activity?
16. What group in college does Mr. Meiklejohn choose as best in promise of future intellectual achievement? What would be your choice?
17. How are student activities a test of the success or failure of the classroom?
18. Will vital teaching always stimulate students to activity outside the classroom?
19. Does a student sometimes spoil his college career by misplaced enthusiasms?
20. Why do faculties sometimes resent student activities?
21. Should every student take part in at least one outside activity?
22. Should high scholastic standards be a prerequisite for participation in outside activities?
23. Is there danger that studies will be the "side show" of the college?
24. How many outside activities should a student carry?
25. Should the college have a policy of placing limits on the number of activities a student should engage in? Will the point system accomplish this result?
26. If it is true that the most valuable part of college life is the activities outside the classroom, could not a young man get the chief benefits of his four years' time without going to college at all?
27. Do college students learn most from teachers, from books, or from college associates?
28. Are student activities cultural or vocational?
29. Should a college student enter "activities" in order to bring prestige to his social group?
30. Have you the moral courage to refuse to enter an outside activity which might interfere with your main purpose at college?
31. Why is it fundamental that a freshman concentrate upon his studies as a basis for participation in student activities later in his college career?
32. Will a mediocre man with no activities do a better job of handling a given activity than an outstanding man with many activities on his program?
33. Discuss: The wisdom of the Rhodes Scholarship Committee, Phi Beta Kappa, and other honorary societies in taking into consideration a man's record in outside activities as well as his scholastic record.

WHY I BELIEVE IN STUDENT ACTIVITIES

Outside activities are worth the expenditure of our time and energy. The courses taken in college are naturally more important than any other

single activity, but it is an established fact that the man who makes good grades and is active in the various organizations is the one most likely to be a success in later life. In this paper I have reference only to such activities as debating, dramatics, literary and musical societies, and the altruistic and religious organizations.

The outside world judges us not only by our scholastic records; indeed, very often our activities are considered to be of equal importance by our probable employers. If a newspaper wishes to employ a reporter, the likely man for the job will be the one who has had experience with the college publications. The mere fact that this man made mediocre grades in science will not be a drawback to him in getting the position. Debating, along with other platform activities, will be of infinite aid to the student who intends to enter one of the professions like the law, which evaluate public speaking highly. If a man has been a good debater in college, that fact will more than balance his poor grade in accounting when he pleads his case before a jury. No one will question the good that a future actor or musician derives from his participation in dramatic and musical clubs.

Again I will state that I do not believe that one should allow his studies to suffer in order to engage actively in the various organizations. Many persons offer this point as their main opposition to outside activities, but in most colleges nearly the entire personnel of the various organizations is made up of the best students. Others point to the fact that activities are artificially stimulated, and therefore they are opposed to them. Former members of the group and the faculty are usually responsible for the stimulation. A misplacement of time and energy may be the result of this stimulation for some students, but the majority will be grateful for the forces that induced them to become strongly interested in activities.

In this age of specialization, it is of utmost importance to the student that he enter into as many activities allied with his future profession as he has the opportunity to. Student activities are the links between the college and the outside world which enable the student to begin to utilize his learning and resources in anticipation of entering the competitive business world—his ultimate objective.

G. G.

THEME SUBJECTS

1. My Favorite Outside Activity
2. Why I Believe (or Do Not Believe) in Student Activities
3. College Minus Outside Activities
4. The Most Valuable Outside Activity in College
5. The Inevitability of Student Activities
6. Faculty Control of Student Activities
7. First Things First in College
8. Student Activities as a Training for Leadership (as the Test of Stimulating Teaching, as a Waste of the Student's Time, as a Developer of Initiative, as a Laboratory in Which the Student Puts into Practice What He Has Learned, as a Recreation)
9. Spontaneity (or Artificiality) in Student Activities
10. Teacher and Textbook *vs.* Outside Activities

11. Should Student Activities Be Abolished?
12. The Intellectual Value of Leisure
13. Student Activities: The Measure of Good Teaching
14. A Time Budget for College Students
15. Misplaced Enthusiasms at College
16. Outside Activities and College Politics
17. Student Activities: The Avocation of College Life
18. Why Do Students Find Outside Activities More Interesting Than Their Studies?
19. Should a Standard of High Grades (or the Weighting of Activities by Points) Be Required for Participation in Student Activities?
20. Activities as a Source of Fraternity (or Sorority) Prestige
21. The Vocational Value (The Cultural Value, The Social Value) of Outside Activities
22. The Value of Student Activities in Later Life
23. The College Grind
24. The Influence of a Great Teacher—the Major Value in a College Course
25. Outside Activities: The Main Tent (or The Side Show) in College Life
26. Should Studies Ever Be Sacrificed to Student Activities?
27. How Many Outside Activities Should a Freshman (or a Senior) Engage In?
28. Books as the Greatest Teachers
29. How Much Do We Learn from Our Classmates at College?
30. Debunking College Activities
31. The All-Activity Man
32. Why I Am Glad I Took Part in Student Activities in College (from the viewpoint of a middle-aged, successful business man)
33. Is There a Substitute for College Activities?
34. The Influence of Outside Activities on Grades
35. Are There Too Many Student Activities in College?

SPORT VERSUS ATHLETICS [1]

ROBERT KILBURN ROOT

AMONG the countless thousands who flock, the nation over, on a bright Saturday of mid-November to witness a "big" football game in some nearby academic town, there must be a few who, in the interval between the halves, ask themselves, What is this amazing spectacle at which they are assisting? How vast a swarming multitude! Special trains by the score pour out their living freight; the roads of a dozen counties overflow their brims with the converging streams of motors; a battalion of special police keeps the crowds in order; countless hawkers stridently recommend stale edibles or "winning colors." And the occasion of it all is that two and twenty college youths are to play a friendly game of ball. While every autumn sets new records of congregated attendance, there is, I think, a steadily growing sense of something not altogether right and normal in the great edifice of organized college athletics of which the "big" game is the crowning pinnacle.

What is wrong? It is certainly no cause for regret that the vigorous youth of our universities likes to play manly games. Heaven forfend the contrary! If, then, I have to speak with scant respect of organized athletics, the reader will please understand from the start that I am no enemy of outdoor games. On the contrary, my chief quarrel with the existing state of organized athletics may be summed up in the fact that it is itself an enemy of healthy play. The very word "athletics" suggests such analogous formations as "mathematics" and "dynamics" and "kinematics"; and the very idea of "organization" belongs to the workshop rather than the play-field. What purports to be, and should in fact be, play and a game has been bedeviled into a scientific profession. Our national curse of commercial-

[1] From *The Forum*, November, 1924. Reprinted by permission.

ism has laid a coarse and heavy finger on it. If college records show that football tends to make Jack a dull boy, perhaps the explanation may be that football as our colleges play it, is all work and no play.

If our college athletes are only technically amateurs, and essentially professionals, something is indeed wrong.

Of professionalism in the narrowly technical sense of the term there is, in our more reputable colleges, little or none at all. The "amateur standing" of the young gentlemen who exhibit their skill for your delectation is jealously guarded by many a taboo. If the college athlete wishes to use the long summer holiday to earn money to pay next year's term-bill, he must be careful that his gainful occupation has no relation to sport. He may sell groceries or safety razors; but he must not sell golf balls or baseball bats. He may tutor a boy in Latin or algebra,—though the star athlete is not always fitted for this occupation,—but on peril of his amateur soul he must not for hire teach a boy to play tennis.

But if the amateur code forbids that the college athlete be a penny the richer for his mighty punts, it provides that he shall not be a cent the poorer. He pays neither for his railway ticket to Cambridge nor for his football, not even for the clothes in which he plays. If the gate receipts at Soldiers' Field are to amount to some hundred and fifty thousand dollars, should not these things be added to him freely at the hands of the athletic treasury? Of course, in all equity. But if so, why has he not an equal right to some modest percentage of those same gate receipts? *Nefas, nefandum!* He would at once cease to be an amateur! The code permits the one and sternly reprobates the other.

Amateurs they are according to the letter of the code, these sturdy youths of the football squad; but could there be anything less amateur in its real essence than present-day college football? Even the vast assemblage of spectators is professionalized. If you go to a big league baseball game, you know that the players are professionals, and that the whole affair is frankly and avowedly commercial; but you, the spectator, may still be an amateur. When you feel like yelling, your lungs may bellow forth as lustily as you will; when you are disposed for gloomy

silence, you may hold your peace with a clear conscience. But at a college football game your enthusiasm is organized. You cheer when you are ordered to cheer. It is a kindly tyranny to be sure; for the cheer-leader in his uniform of spotless white is a charming and engaging lad, lithe and graceful in his amazing contortions, which combine the sharp energy of a jumping-jack with the gyrations of a whirling dervish. It were sullen and churlish to refuse his blandishments,—and is it not, after all, part of the show? What a mighty frog chorus echoes from the stands, what a deafening "tiger, siss, boom, ah!" Yet it is not exactly spontaneous; and spontaneity is an essential element in the amateur spirit.

The enthusiasm of the undergraduate spectators who fill the sonorous cheering sections has for many weeks before the game been artificially stimulated by an organized system of propaganda. The college daily has solemnly preached to them the duty of being present not only at the minor games, but at daily practice also, that by their presence they may "support" the team. If on a pleasant autumn afternoon they desert the hard seats of the stadium to play a round of golf or a set of tennis,—mere selfish exercise and sport,—it is with the guilty consciousness of a duty left undone. What if through lack of "support" their team should lose the game? Are they fiddling while Rome burns? Shortly before the "big" game they are assembled in a great mass meeting rally, where captain and coaches,—and I fear sometimes even officers of the university itself,—appeal to the emotion of "college spirit" till every last vestige of any just sense of proportion is banished from their adolescent minds.

If the enthusiasm of the spectators is professionalized out of all spontaneity, what of the twice eleven players who are tensely waiting for the snap-back? That they are a pair of disciplined teams instead of merely spontaneous individuals, each on his own, is entirely right. But whence proceeds the discipline? Is it from the quarter-back who sharply calls the signals? Is it from the captain whom they have themselves elected? Only to the smallest possible extent. So far as it is feasible to make them so, they are highly trained automatons executing the will of their coaches. There are dramatic mo-

ments, when, with a fumbled ball loose on the field, an individual must use his own quick intelligence and initiative. Something must be left to the judgment of the quarter-back, since the development of radio-telephony has not yet devised a pocket receiving set which shall keep him in constant touch with the coaches, and since one cannot at every juncture of the game send in a messenger-boy substitute. But as far as possible even the emergencies have been foreseen. As for the broad strategy of the game, it has been laid out in advance by the coaches; and the tactics,—running formations, wing-shifts, forward passes,—have all been studied out and perfected, not by the boys who play, but by the council of elder statesmen who sit, as statesmen always sit, on the side-lines. The intelligence and ingenuity of a highly paid professional coach at Princeton is pitted against the skill of another highly paid professional coach at Cambridge or New Haven. And under this supreme dictator is a small army of lesser coaches; so that it is hardly an exaggeration to say that there is a coach for every one of the eleven players. Head Coach X. is playing chess with Head Coach Y. seated across the white-streaked table,—a very exciting game of chess in which the knights and rooks and bishops, splendidly chiseled pieces though they be, may, through human weakness, fail to carry out the move that has been called.

And the animated chess-men themselves, what do they think about it? They have competed with all that is in their young bodies to "make" the team. They very naturally covet the ephemeral glory they may win; they have been taught to believe that they are "doing something" for Harvard or for Yale or for Stanford, adding to the prestige of those already somewhat eminent seats of higher learning. Here they are in the Bowl, or the Palmer Stadium, the cynosure of a hundred thousand neighboring eyes. It is the "big" game; they have "made" the team. Are they not supremely happy? In the sense of ambition realized, no doubt they are. But the joy of sport, the healthy fun of playing a beautiful game and playing it well,—it is not for them. I have talked to many "varsity" players, and have never found one to whom the football season, or at any rate the closing weeks of it, was not something to be stolidly endured. They hate the daily grind of practice; they lie awake

o' nights with nervous apprehension of the fatal fumble that they may make on the Great Day, before the cloud of accusing witnesses.

And we call it a *game,* and *amateur* sport! For the spectators it is a splendid spectacle and an ecstasy of surging emotion. So, I am told, is the bull-ring at Madrid or Mexico City. So, no doubt, must have been the gladiatorial games in the great amphitheater at many a Roman holiday. I would not have these comparisons misunderstood. I have no sympathy with the assertion that football is a "brutalizing" game. You must, I understand, to play it well, feel for the time being a bitter hatred for the man opposite to you; but you must also control that hatred,—and self-control is anything but brutish. It is a rough game, to be sure, but only wholesomely rough; and it is no more dangerous to life and limb than many another activity of generous youth. The game of football as a game is a very fine game. But what you pay your three dollars to see on a crisp November afternoon is not a game, but a commercialized spectacle and an exhibition of highly organized professional skill. Is it any part of the proper function of a university to provide a great public spectacle, the providing of which tends to the complete subordination of proper university interests, not only in the players but in the whole undergraduate body? They do the thing better in Spain.

Is it wholesome that these honest lads should be made a spectacle for the gaping multitude at three dollars a seat, that their pictures should fill all the Sunday supplements, that the quivering ether,—if the physicists still believe in ether,—should be syllabling their names and blazoning their every move to the "radio fans" of half a continent? They are, moreover, innocent accomplices to a huge hypocrisy,—the pretense that all this is amateur sport. They are amateurs only to the extent that an established code deprives them of any personal share in the profits of this pitiless publicity.

But if the individual player receives no money, the athletic treasury receives a great deal. Gross receipts for the football season of one of the major teams should not fall far short of three hundred thousand dollars. Even after paying a dozen professional coaches and heavy incidental expenses, there is a

handsome profit. During the year, the athletic treasury is further enriched by a smaller profit from the baseball team, and by some net income from hockey and basketball. This very considerable income is expended to the last penny on the lavish maintenance of other forms of organized athletics which are not commercially profitable. Besides the crews and the track teams, "varsity" and freshman, there is a bewildering array of minor sports,—swimming and water-polo, gymnastics, lacrosse, soccer, golf, and tennis. At one university the number of different sports so organized is seventeen, and the number of separate teams engaged in intercollegiate contests is nearly forty. There are coaches and trainers to be hired, uniforms and equipment to be provided, and expensive out of town trips to be financed. Less profitably than football, but no less thoroughly, these sports also are professionalized.

What can be done about it? One can think of several things that might be done. One might, for example, push present tendencies to their logical conclusion, drop all pretense of amateur sport and be frankly professional. Every institution of higher learning would then hire the best players it could find, as it now hires the most skilled professional coach. The boundless enthusiasm of the sport-loving alumnus, that must now be held in check, would then have free play. He could range through all the promising athletic material of the country, and of his bounty present to Harvard or Princeton or Yale the best fullback that money will buy. When money payments no longer made a player ineligible, we should hardly debar him because of failure in the classroom. Is it not even now intolerable that every season good football players should be ineligible because they are deficient in their academic studies? Why should they even pretend to be students? If it happens that a university student can play football, the fact that he is a student need not disqualify him for the employment. He may thus earn his way through college, provided of course that he does not let his studies interfere with football. Or if, now and then, an athlete professionally resident in the university town should, through some freak of temperament, care to attend an academic lecture or two at hours which do not interfere with practice, there should be no objection. But from all the impertinences of

tests and themes and term examinations the normal athlete would be completely exempt. If after many years of association with a university he should covet such a thing as a degree, he might be made Bachelor of Athletics, *honoris causa,* and thus be able to subscribe himself B. A. The degree of B. A. can already be acquired without a syllable of Latin!

The suggestion is a fruitful one. The university which already owned a championship football team might become ambitious to attach to itself the heavy-weight boxing champion. Mr. Dempsey, with the honorary degree of B. Pug. in prospect, would not object to staining his gloves a good gory crimson. Why not a university racing stable, with Yale-Princeton meets at Belmont Park?

But enough of the *reductio ad absurdum!* Is there no remedy that one could suggest in sober earnest? One might, of course, stop by faculty decree all intercollegiate contests. This remedy has often been proposed, and was indeed for a time actually adopted by Columbia. But it would be a pity, even in a relatively unimportant realm of things, to add one more to the "Verboten" signs which are coming to be the mark of American civilization. Outright prohibition is usually an unintelligent way of reforming social abuses. If outdoor games are a desirable element in a young man's life, as everyone admits, it is a pity to deprive him of the added zest which comes from competition beyond the boundaries of the college playing fields. Only let it be an added zest rather than the one and only incentive.

One can think of a number of remedies more intelligent than outright abolition. One might begin by reducing very materially the number of intercollegiate contests in a given season. During October a dozen Yale teams might play football intramurally, and then in November the best of these teams, or some composite of the best, might meet champion teams similarly chosen at Princeton and at Cambridge. One might curtail, or abolish altogether, the professional coaching system. Suppose, for example, Harvard, Yale, and Princeton should agree to retain the skilled trainer, whose business it is to keep the players in perfect physical trim, but leave to the undergraduates themselves the devising of new formations, the training of recruits, and the strategy of the game. One might charge one

dollar instead of three for a seat, and so lessen the implication of commercialism which now pervades football, and the lesser organized sports which are its pensioners. The resultant intercollegiate games would no doubt be less brilliant exhibitions of football skill; but amateurs are usually less skilful than professionals. With such a decrease in technical skill, and the players once more amateurs in fact as well as in name, football might be somewhat less interesting to sporting editors, be less prominently displayed in the daily press, and so occupy a less exaggerated place in the national consciousness.

But I have scant faith in any program of reform, or in any easy nostrum. What we need is, in theological language, conviction of sin and a change of heart. So long as the university world and its multitudinous patrons prefer the great spectacle of professionalized athletics, there is little use in urging mitigations.

But do they so prefer? So far as one can discover, no one in particular is responsible for the present deformation of college sport. It is not the result of conscious choice, but of blind drifting. The professional coaching system, for example, has become more and more professional, more complicated and highly specialized, by the same processes which turned all Europe into a camp of competitive armaments. If one plays a game, one very naturally wishes to win; and a genuinely amateur team would have small chance to win against a professionally trained rival. So, step by step, each would-be champion meets and goes beyond its rival. The best hope for the recovery of amateur methods lies in some Washington Conference of the great athletic powers.

If the will is there, the way is easy. We may yet have a chance to see amateur sport resume the place in our university life so long usurped by the profession of organized athletics.

QUESTIONS ON THE TEXT

1. Is there a growing sense that something is wrong with college athletics?
2. Is organized athletics the enemy of healthy play?
3. To what degree has commercialism harmed athletics?
4. What is an amateur? Are college athletes truly amateurs?

5. Should college athletes receive a percentage of the gate receipts?
6. How are the spectators at a modern football game professionalized?
7. Have you felt any "artificial stimulation" to "support the team"?
8. In what sense is a spectator at a big league baseball game an amateur?
9. What is the essential element of the amateur spirit?
10. Would you play tennis during the "big" game?
11. Are football players automatons executing the will of their coaches?
12. Do you believe in professional coaches?
13. What *does* the football player get as his reward?
14. Do college football players play for love of the game?
15. Are players subjected to too great a mental strain?
16. Is football a brutalizing game?
17. How should a player feel toward his opponent?
18. Does athletics overshadow other proper college interests?
19. Is national publicity good for the university athletic star?
20. Is it hypocrisy to pretend that college football is amateur sport?
21. How are the vast sums of money made in football spent?
22. Would frank professionalism in college athletics be better than the present system?
23. Should colleges prohibit intercollegiate contests?
24. Can intramural sports take the place of intercollegiate athletics?
25. Would college athletics be helped by: Reducing the number of games? Abolishing professional coaches? Reducing the price of admission to games? Curtailing newspaper publicity?
26. What must happen before college athletics can be reformed?
27. Does betting destroy the element of sportsmanship in college athletics?
28. What detrimental effect do the alumni have upon college athletics?
29. How does physical exhaustion tend to make the football player a poor student in the classroom?
30. Are you perfectly satisfied with college athletics as the situation now stands?
31. Discuss: The uselessness of college athletics as a means of exercise in later life.
32. Are college athletes likely to be more successful than other students in later life?
33. Does college athletics train the already well-developed individual and neglect the physically unfit?
34. Should the star college athlete turn professional?
35. Can you devise a plan for the betterment of college athletics?

SHOULD PROFESSIONAL COACHING BE ABOLISHED?

This essay by Mr. Root, "Sport versus Athletics," has a great deal in it with which I disagree. It seems to me that much the same arguments have been brought up every year since any kind of organized athletics has been played in college.

The one point which Mr. Root stresses, that of doing away with professional coaches, seems to me to be unsound. If it were not for the coaches, a college football game would not even be worth the time it would take to watch it. Even a poorly coached team puts up a pitiful exhibition

of football, but one which has not been coached at all would be terrible. In the first place, individualism would run rampant, and as every follower of football knows, that is the worst possible thing which could happen to any team. The men in the line would not know what the backfield was going to do, and if they did know, the odds are against their working together. It is human nature for men to disagree, and if there were no coaches to straighten out the difficulties, there would be absolutely no team-play among certain members of the team.

Mr. Root's solution of the difficulty, that of having the seniors coach the team, would be impossible. In order to make a success of coaching, one must make a careful study of the sport and then have the ability to impart his knowledge of it to others. Rockne of Notre Dame, Zuppke of Illinois, Warner of Leland Stanford are very good examples of the type of coaches I mean. They have studied football and turn out teams the members of which work together as a well-oiled machine. If seniors were allowed to coach the team, it would grow worse every year, and each class of seniors would know less than the one before. It would be impossible for each class to learn everything the last one knew, and of course there would be little chance of learning anything new. If that were the case, the team would keep getting worse until finally they would not even be interested in themselves.

Nor should we overlook the fact that the financial side of athletics is very important. As everyone knows, the equipment of every team costs a small fortune. If the team were not properly equipped, it would not draw any crowd, and the financial returns from games would dwindle to almost nothing. As it is, each team is either self-supporting, or so nearly so that the surplus from the more prosperous sports covers the deficit.

Mr. Root also discusses professionalism in college athletics, but I do not believe that "ringers" play any important part in modern intercollegiate sport. The practice of paying the tuition of a good athlete is not used by any school which has the respect of the public. It would be impossible to keep such a practice from becoming common knowledge, and as soon as the facts were known the athletics of such a school would be boycotted.

While I sympathize with Mr. Root's intent to better the situation in college sports, I think that he has painted the situation blacker than it really is. To me, as a college student, there seems to be so much that is good in college athletics that the evils inherent in the system will gradually correct themselves.

R. W.

THEME SUBJECTS

1. College Athletics: A Normal Part of College Life
2. Why I Believe in College Athletics
3. My Solution for the Evils of Intercollegiate Athletics
4. The Harmfulness of Overstrenuous Athletics
5. Should College Teams Be Self-Coached?
6. Is the College Athlete Too Tired to Study?
7. Athletics and the Alumni
8. Playing the Game for the Love of It
9. The Amateur Spirit

10. The Future of Athletics
11. Football: The College Game
12. The Commercialization of Athletics
13. Should Intercollegiate Athletics Be Abolished?
14. The Advantages and Disadvantages of the System of Professional Coaches
15. Athletics and Scholarship
16. Does Professionalism Kill the Spirit of the Game?
17. The Grand-Stand Athlete
18. Overemphasis on College Athletics
19. Intercollegiate Sport and the Public
20. Physical Development for All: The Ideal of Athletics
21. The Professional Amateur
22. Football: A Chess Game Played by Coaches
23. Athlete *vs.* Student
24. Does Athletics Foster College Spirit?
25. Why Are Football Stars College Heroes?
26. What Abolition of Athletics Would Mean to a College
27. Should Professional Coaching Be Abolished?
28. The True Value of Athletics
29. Athletics from the Viewpoint of the Athlete
30. The Good Loser

INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETICS AND THE WAR [1]

LE BARON RUSSELL BRIGGS

WHEN America declared war on Germany, nothing, not even our money, disappeared faster than our college athletic teams. This is a war of which students are quick to see the meaning; and while certain mechanics seize the opportunity for an increased pay that shall allow their comforts to remain undiminished and shall strengthen their hold on political power, thousands of young men, with everything that would seem to promise worldly comfort, stake instantly, and as a matter of course, their hopes and their lives at the first call of the "voice without reply." And this they do for a war in which the part played by romance—as the word is commonly understood—seems unprecedentedly small. An athlete would be expected to accept, out of hand, the sporting challenge of old-fashioned warfare—to lead mad cavalry charges, to match himself like a knight of old with every newcomer as man against man; but outside of certain naval activities and aviation, that supreme test of sportsmanship in life and death, the call of this war is a call, first to the unrelieved monotony of the camp, and next, to the unrelieved horror of the machine-gun and the gas-bomb. These pampered boys, who insisted on special training-tables, who craved special or limited trains, who had to be kept good-natured and happy before big games by automobile rides and musical comedies, and who, if victorious, would have felt slighted without complimentary dinners; boys coached by men who scorned street cars and scarcely used their legs except on the field; boys waited on by a series of stewards called managers, and supported by second teams who required eatable and drinkable rewards of a service which they struggled for the honor of performing—these boys gave proof unmistakable that

[1] From *The Atlantic Monthly*, September, 1918. Reprinted by permission.

they were not spoiled, that they still were men, or, rather, were men at last; that they could leave all and follow an ideal which some of us saw in only a few of them, which probably only a few of them saw in themselves. This war has come nearer justifying our methods in intercollegiate athletics than we had thought possible.

Nevertheless, our methods had tremendous faults of which we were aware,—some of us dimly, some of us plainly,—and of which we seemed unable to rid them. Reforming athletics is about as hard as reforming society. A convulsion may reform either; and a convulsion has come. What seemed to coaches and players the biggest thing in life—so vital that every smallest part of it was of almost sacred import—is, for the time being, scarcely important enough for its own health. Coaches once moved heaven and earth to prove eligible a man whom nothing but the annihilation of four or five other candidates for the same position would tempt them to use in a big game. Now,—with every need of every man who can play at all,—eligibility has taken a back seat, where it belongs. Now, such undergraduates and coaches as remain may be conceived of as studying economy. Once, nobody was surprised if a manager contended that it was squabs and victory or chickens and crushing defeat. Now, a team is lucky if it gets the necessities of life, lucky in being a team at all, and is grateful for mere existence.

Fevers used to be treated by bleeding; if the patient survived, he had to be built up. Our patient is so reduced that he needs building up; it is for us, and for those whom we represent, to prescribe the nature and the amount of his nourishment. Some years ago, just as I was leaving Cambridge to discuss at New Haven the dates for certain games, a misguided enthusiast chased me into the street to say, "We've licked 'em; and you can get any date you want." Not we, but events, have "licked" intercollegiate athletics. We,—that is to say, our colleges,—acting together, may do with them almost as we please.

"Acting together" I have said, not in every detail, but in spirit. If we fail to learn from the war, if the great moments of the great world paralyze us, and we do nothing with the opportunities, infinitely smaller yet great in their kind, of the college

athletic world, we shall join the crowded ranks of those who, whether too inert to act or too blind to see, have "lost their chance."

What is our chance? Those of us—and this should mean all of us—who have not lost the interests of youth love sport for sport's sake, and victory as the crown of sport; we love also that personified ideal which is intensely real, the college which, either by tradition or by accident, has become our Alma Mater; and we love to see our Alma Mater upheld, not merely as an institution of learning where mature scholars may prosecute research, but as a school where boys become men through all things that fitly minister to their physical, mental, moral, and spiritual life.

Among these things is manly sport, which at college finds its supreme expression in upholding the supremacy of the Alma Mater. In the right kind of game between Yale and Harvard, for example, every player wears his college colors much as a knight in tourney wore the colors of his lady. This high and simple truth has been put out of sight,—and almost out of life,—by the parasites that have overgrown it. "Our chance" is to keep it clear in the eyes and strong in the hearts of our students, to associate athletics with honor in the best sense of the word, with honor and not with notoriety. Against us are the quick transiency of college generations, the lopsidedness of a boy's growth to manhood, the more vulgar of human ambitions, the desire of the public for excitement, and what Matthew Arnold would call the "ignobleness" of the American newspaper. All these hostile forces have united to some extent in our present coaching system, even when that system is intelligent, disciplinary, and in divers ways morally strong.

The important attacks on intercollegiate sport have come from earnest men who fail to see its meaning: rightly disgusted with its commercial aspects, feeling little sympathy with athletics except for health, they are naturally irritated by what seems to them a colossal substitution of sham for reality, prostituting what should be a means to health by making it an end in itself, and an end that defeats the end to which it should be a means, by endangering rather than insuring the health for which alone it exists. Meanwhile, they allege, it robs study,

scamps the performance of daily duty, magnifies physical prowess, nurses luxury, and is at best only an intermittent check of vice, which between periods of training rides triumphant. The very thought of thousands who squander money for tickets to games, the very sight of thousands who find games of absorbing interest in a world "so full of a number of things," bears annoying witness to the mad folly of the American public and to the pusillanimous irresponsibility of American institutions of learning that cater to this folly. Such is the feeling of those to whom the inner light of intercollegiate athletics burns dim at best, and not at all when obscured by outward circumstances. Moreover, even if these persons are, as I believe them, in great part wrong, they speak some patent truths that every responsible lover of his college cannot but deplore.

Met one by one, the obstacles that I have named seem surmountable. Though by the time one set of students is half educated, it gives place to another, this is no more the law of the athletic field than of the classroom. In the classroom also we must adapt ourselves to the lopsidedness of a boy's development. There too we see, if we have eyes, the meaner and the more vulgar ambitions in their aggressive campaign for mastery. The only athletic difficulties not familiar to college teachers are what may be called the public difficulties, the difficulties that arise from the exploiting of skill and personal qualities until football stars have as little privacy as stars of musical comedy or the film, with whom publicity means money and position. Is it strange that the possibilities of publicity in money and position should penetrate the minds of football stars?

The chief evils of athletic publicity are, as everybody knows, extravagant expenditures, dishonest proselyting, the upsetting of relative values, and the kind of lionizing that turns the heads of boys, not to speak of those girls with whom football heroes are socially superior matinée idols. Some honorable means of abolishing or greatly decreasing these evils must be found if intercollegiate athletics are to be a thoroughly wholesome part of our academic life.

A pretty good case may be argued for publicity. In place of brawls between town and gown, we now have college feeling spread for miles about. Boys get interested in the college whose

teams they see, and aspire to attend it. College games for college students only would be snobbish. College games are good recreation for any spectator; and spectators are harmless and lucrative. Privacy nobody expects in these days. Any girl who announces her engagement sees her photograph in the public prints; any society girl who sells cake at a fair for charity or bathes at Palm Beach, any young drummer who manages the floor at a lodge dance, may read all about it (with illustrations). Why should college athletes, who do skilfully what people love to see, be treated with a delicate consideration which few of them or of their friends would appreciate?

Moreover, if the corporation of a university accepts a gift for a stadium that costs three times the amount of the gift, and expects the athletic association to pay two or three hundred thousand dollars for the completion of the sum, and interest on every dollar of the principal until it can pay the dollar, the athletic association is obliged to get money. It must get money also for keeping in condition fields, buildings, and boats, and for supporting crews that cost much and bring in nothing. Given a building like the Yale Bowl,—or even like the Harvard Stadium,—with nothing to take care of it, the athletic association cannot rise wholly superior to commercial standards. You may beg, you may tax the students, and blackmail the faculty, in support of your team; or you may charge for admission and sell a great many tickets.

The responsibilities of structures designated for from five to fifteen times as many spectators as there are men in the university, are varied and great. You cannot live a cottage life in a hotel. Once in pursuit of money, you are tempted by all the devices of business. It pays to advertise; it pays to pay enough for securing coaches who will turn out teams that people will pay to see. Then, as militarism makes nations outbid one another in armament, football makes colleges outbid one another in coaching, until the various positions on the gridiron are parceled out among specialists in football, much as the various organs of the body are parceled out among specialists in medicine.

Professor Corwin reminds us that it has cost two or three thousand dollars a boy to put an eleven on the field for a Yale-

Harvard game. Even so, if seventy-five thousand tickets are sold at two dollars each, the game is good business; and at a Yale-Harvard game, the spectator sees more for two dollars than he usually sees at the theater. But whoever is in New Haven on the eve of the game and attempts roughly to calculate the total amount of money spent in getting to the game and living near it, is appalled, if not temporarily sickened. I name New Haven because the Bowl is so big; obviously the responsibility is no more Yale's than Harvard's. All the evils of publicity feed one another. The crowd needs the Bowl, and the Bowl needs the crowd. Notoriety brings good gate-receipts, and gate-receipts bring notoriety. Notoriety also begets proselyting, open or disguised. Reputable alumni of colleges often half deceive themselves when, by free tuition and pleasant perquisites, they persuade a schoolboy to honor their Alma Mater among all the venerable suitors for his athletic hand; nor is it easy for a poor and ambitious boy to put Satan behind him, when Satan assumes the guise of a reputable alumnus paying tribute of flattery and of money to his skill.

Finally, some students get better discipline and more education from athletics than from any other academic experience, thus furnishing a new argument for our methods in football, baseball, and rowing. On this singular reversal of propriety, the coach's natural comment is, "Brace up the Faculty or I shall continue to do what it can't." No doubt the Faculty needs bracing; but, as the late Professor Royce remarked, "When the band is playing for a procession to the last open practice, it is difficult to interest Freshmen in the syllogism." The fault is not wholly the Faculty's; still less is it the boys'. All of us—Faculty, alumni, and American public—had nourished a young giant until he made a grown giant's demands. Now he has suddenly shrunk; and nobody believes in overfeeding him again. Not merely the Faculty, but the great body of serious undergraduates,—even the athletes themselves, with their new light on relative values,—do not hesitate to say that things should never again be as they have been.

Yet, if this war is ever over and reasonable peace is ours, relative values may soon be upset again. One false start in one large college may knock over our new and unsteady structure like

a house of cards. No captain with money in the treasury likes to accept the danger of defeat; expert help is scarce and, according to the law of demand and supply, no coach of the first rank is paid too much. "It is a crucial season. Can't we have X. Y. for just this year?" Here begins anew the coaching system. Or, "The men cannot find room together at the big dining-halls; and some of them are irregular in their meals. Can't we have an eating-place where we can all meet?" Here revives the training-table.

It is easy to reduce income and thus to find a ready reply to such petitions. Whether we get an income from admission tickets or from solicited subscriptions, we can readily cut it down; but whether or not we cut down our income, we can and should cut down our expenses. We at Harvard, who have probably been among the worst offenders, have in late years checked the lavish and foolish multiplication of gift sweaters at the close of the season, and have been less unthrifty in certain other matters. Yet in preparing teams and crews we have spent money like water.

In reconstruction, the first obvious reform is the abolition of the training-table. In some colleges it was abolished years ago, with no obvious loss of success and with much saving of money. It used to be maintained, first as a means of furnishing suitable diet to men in training, next, as a stimulant to *esprit de corps*. Men play concertedly, it was argued, if they eat concertedly, if at table they become intimate with each other's ways of talking and thinking. The interpsychological communion thus established seems too carnal to amount to much. It is probably worth something; yet not thinking of the great ordeal every minute, not taking your shop to all your meals, is also worth something; and as for food the evidence, I understand, is in favor of a more natural diet, a diet more like other men's than that of the old training-table.

I take the training-table as an example merely. The primary need of reform is in the cost and the character of coaching. Lest you think me personal, I wish to make clear that, so far as an inexpert lover of the game may judge, Harvard has had in Mr. Haughton a coach second to nobody in skill, wise in not exacting so much work of the players as to kill all their pleas-

ure in the game, sound in teaching hard fierce play but never foul play, and generally wholesome in his discipline. "Is he not a little sulphurous in his talk to you now and then?" said a professor to a hard-working member of the squad. And the boy's answer would have warmed any coach's heart: with all the ardor of hero-worship he exclaimed, "Never, unless it is good for your character!" It is not of Mr. Haughton that I speak; it is of the system which he ably, and in no way meanly, represents, and for which neither he nor any other coach is responsible.

After the manner of the proposed League to Enforce Peace, rival colleges must agree to limit the cost of coaching, must stick to the agreement, and must not annually suspect their rivals of not sticking to it. Reduction in cost would probably mean reduction to one coach for each of the major sports, perhaps to one coach for baseball and football. Some persons favor strictly amateur coaching. Theoretically we all favor it, just as, theoretically, we all favor peace; practically, you get better results with a coach who, being paid for certain work, performs it, and, being responsible to certain persons, is ultimately controlled by them. Few suitable amateurs have both the means and the time. There is no objection to a professional as such, if he is a clean professional and knows his profession; there are many objections to transient amateurs, who, doing the college a favor, feel responsible to nobody; who may be tempted under "expenses paid" to all kinds of graft; who may entertain their friends, mentionable and unmentionable, at hotels, and send unanalyzable bills to the athletic association. Year in and year out, the amateur who has his expenses paid is more demoralizing than the professional responsible to his employers and to his job. The right kind of amateur with leisure is the best coach of all, and may from time to time be found in any one sport at any one college; but the right kind of amateur—the right kind of anything—is rarely a man of leisure; and careful direction of athletic sport takes time.

It is a sort of purple dream with some enthusiasts that a director of athletics belongs in the Faculty. I am one of these purple dreamers. In the West we should not be dreamers at all; for the dream has become a reality. So it has here and there

in the East; but elsewhere in the East the suggestion of it is derided. No first-rate man, we are told, would go into such a business as coaching for an indefinite period; nobody in the Faculty would regard a coach as belonging there. Getting used to the idea may take time; but there are men, potential coaches, who might expedite the process; and there are other men, potential Faculties, to whom the doctrine that mind and body should be trained together, each helping the other, is neither startling nor novel. These men understand that no minister and no dean begins to have the opportunity of the coach in the higher education for life, if not for learning; and they can at least conceive of an educated man, preferably with medical training, whose interest in youth and in those things to which spirited youth responds most eagerly will never die till he himself shall die; of a man who sees in the position of athletic director an opportunity, constant and far-reaching, a career of absorbing responsibility and fascinating hard work.

Such a conceivable man in such a conceivable Faculty will be a professional in the sense in which other professors are professional. He will be an educated man, working for money and for something better than money, at an institution of enlightened learning. He will not pit athletics against study or students against Faculty. For some detailed work he will hire subordinates, responsible to him and through him to the Faculty. If he is regarded as socially inferior, he will bide his time until all sensible persons see that he is not, and that there is no sufficient reason why he should be.

This idea, as I have said, is not original or even new; it is newer in the East than in the West. Eventually something like it will come to stay. A position of incomparable influence, a position that it is a high honor to fill, will not remain inferior in everything but salary. It waits only for the right man and for that recognition from the higher powers which is the first step toward getting him.

Again, this war should teach us to stop petty bickerings and to treat each other as honest gentleman. Colleges whose boys fight side by side for the mightiest cause that ever shook the world, can we live again in constant fear that someone will take advantage of us in a game unless we take advantage of

him first? When we play again, can we afford to begin except as friend and friend, as host and guest?

As to students—let us not forget that, after two or three years of a certain policy, they will gravely tell their elders that "it has always been so." Alumni are harder to convince, some even objecting to pleasant social relations between rival teams before a game as what never would have been tolerated in their day, in the golden era of bad feeling. Newspapers may be incorrigible; but reporters are human, and nearly always respond to frankness and courtesy. College teams will not play so finished a game as they played once; admission fees may be reduced for the public, possibly abolished for the students; but, with the world at peace, the time will never come when a game between such rivals as Yale and Princeton, or Yale and Harvard, or Princeton and Harvard, will not warm the blood of any graduate who has not quite forgotten what it was to be young.

Intercollegiate athletics are brought face to face with the problem that confronts America, and by the same tremendous force, the war for the mastery or the liberation of the world. Like America, they will stand or fall according as they choose between luxury and simplicity, trickery and integrity, the senses and the spirit.

QUESTIONS ON THE TEXT

1. What is the significance of the date of this essay?
2. Why did college students respond most readily to the call to arms in the World War?
3. What challenge did old-fashioned warfare have that is lacking in modern warfare?
4. In what way did the World War justify our methods in intercollegiate athletics?
5. How did the war relegate questions of eligibility to a back seat?
6. How did the war "lick" intercollegiate athletics?
7. What is Dean Briggs' ideal for college sports?
8. What agencies in the college work against the ideal situation in athletics?
9. What have modern newspapers done to degrade college athletics?
10. What are the usual criticisms leveled against college athletics?
11. What one difficulty is faced in athletics that does not exist in the classroom?
12. Is publicity good for college athletes?

13. What are the advantages of publicity?
14. Can college athletics be denied publicity when every other activity receives it?
15. What defense may be offered for making money by selling tickets to college games?
16. In what sense does the pursuit of money start a vicious circle in athletics?
17. How does the alumnus often play Satan to the ambitious college boy?
18. What is the disciplinary value of college athletics?
19. What challenge does athletics put up to the faculty?
20. How had college athletics before the World War grown to be a young giant?
21. How did the war reduce the giant to normal proportions?
22. Have athletics since 1918 gone back on the pre-war basis?
23. What are the immediate ways in which athletic training expenses can be cut down?
24. What is the first obvious reform in football according to Dean Briggs?
25. What are the arguments for and against the training-table?
26. Why is reducing the cost of coaching the primary need in athletics?
27. How can the cost of coaching be reduced?
28. Is the amateur (senior) coaching plan practicable?
29. Why is the paid coach better than the amateur coach?
30. Why should a coach be a recognized member of the faculty?
31. Has the coach a better opportunity than other teachers to train students for life? What type of man makes the ideal coach?
32. Why do faculty members consider coaches inferior to them? Is this a justifiable attitude?
33. Have Dean Briggs' suggested changes in the coaching system gone into effect as a general college policy over the country?
34. What should be the attitude of college athletic rivals toward each other?
35. How do alumni and newspapers keep college athletic feuds alive?
36. Have Dean Briggs' hopes for the new athletics been realized?
37. Do you approve of the man who stays off the team to do better work in his studies?
38. Should attendance at games be limited to the student bodies of the competing schools?
39. Would you limit attendance at games to students and alumni?
40. Should coaches be paid more than professors? More than the president of the college?
41. Should a grade standard be required for participation in athletics?
42. What do you think of the man who breaks training rules?

COLLEGE ATHLETES AND THE WAR

Many persons who have never had the opportunity of attending college are its most bitter critics. This is especially true in the case of younger men who have not lived long enough to realize what a good college can do for a student. For example, take the case of the working class of people in a small college town in their attitude toward the college students. The

students are called by this class tea-hounds, lounge-lizards, drugstore cowboys, or any number of names which are intended to label them as effeminate weaklings. One of the town cut-ups in a crowd will often deride a student for his style of walking or for the peculiar cut of his clothes, yet this same mocker, when he wants "to put on dog," will do his utmost to wear collegiate clothes or to walk with that peculiar college-boy slouch.

The accusation about the college boys' being nothing but loafers was proved altogether unfounded when this country entered the World War. The students were among the first to enlist. They threw their fond hopes of an education to the four winds and offered to sacrifice their lives for their country. They proved themselves not only sturdy soldiers, but also capable and efficient leaders. Many of our college football heroes demonstrated their superiority in the way they led our troops on the battle-fields of France.

A boy, who in later years was to become one of the nation's foremost college football stars, had just begun his academic work shortly before the United States entered the World War. This man enlisted and went over with some of the first troops. He had previously served in the state militia, and as a result was speedily promoted to commissioned rank in the army. He served with great success and honor until peace was declared. He then returned to college and made a name for himself in athletics and scholarship.

This represents the experience of only one college student, but it will without doubt tend to show that when necessity calls, the student bodies of our colleges are ready to bear their share of the burdens. Nothing could have been more noble than the way the college students answered the call when the call came.

J. H.

THEME SUBJECTS

1. College Athletics and War
2. Professional Football Players
3. The Right Way to Treat Visiting Teams
4. Athletics: A Bridge Between High School and College
5. Reforming Intercollegiate Athletics
6. Eligibility Rules in Modern College Sports
7. Athletics and Study
8. The Influence of Newspapers on College Athletics
9. The Luxuries of College Athletics
10. Why I Believe (or Do Not Believe) in the Training-Table for College Athletes
11. My Ideal Coach
12. The Disciplinary Value of College Athletic Training
13. Reforms I Would Make in the Athletics of My School
14. The Football Star and the Coed
15. The College Athlete and Publicity
16. Winning Teams: The Drawing Card for New Students
17. The Part Pep Meetings Play in Having a Winning Team
18. Do Coaches Earn Their Salaries?
19. The Excesses of Modern College Athletics

20. Legitimate Inducements to the High School Athlete to Attend College
21. Betting: A Debasement of College Athletics
22. College Athletics as Pre-Military Training
23. Publicity and College Sport
24. The "Big" Game: An Unjustified Expense
25. Athletics: The Giant on the Campus
26. Why I Believe (or Do Not Believe) in the System of Professional Coaching
27. Amateur (or Senior) Coaches
28. The Athletic Coach's Opportunity to Build Manhood
29. The College Athletics of the Future
30. The College Athlete's Reward
31. Athletics and Character
32. Coaching as a Profession
33. Is Breaking Training Dishonorable?
34. The Cost of Producing the Athlete
35. A College Without Athletics

THE FRATERNITY AND THE COLLEGE[1]

THOMAS ARKLE CLARK

WHEN a young fellow asks me to advise him whether or not he should become a fraternity man, or having himself decided that question in a general way wants me to suggest the suitable organization for him, I feel thrust into about the same position as I should be in were I asked to decide whether or not he should marry or were I delegated to choose one from a number of possible candidates for the proposed partnership. Since I have been asked at one time or another to solve both of these matrimonial dilemmas for my student friends, perhaps I should not hesitate to tackle so serious a problem as is that presented by the fraternity.

I believe that the college Greek-letter fraternity is an institution that has come to stay, and that on the whole it is a good one. Some state legislatures are attempting to decide the question as to whether or not Greek-letter fraternities shall be allowed in certain institutions, but this decision is properly a matter entirely for the educational institutions themselves. It is in no small sense an educational matter which belongs distinctly in the hands of the faculties and no more concerns state legislatures than the question as to whether students should be allowed to keep automobiles or bulldogs, or whether they should be allowed to board at lunch counters or to live in private dormitories.

It is a natural tendency for young people, and especially for young men, to join more or less closely into groups for the furtherance and the development of mutual interests, and it is a tendency which we should expect and foster in college as elsewhere. Far back in my youth in the country neighborhood in which I lived it was the habit of a special group of boys with

[1] From *The Fraternity and the College*. Copyright, 1915, by Geo. Banta Publishing Co. Reprinted by permission.

whom I associated to meet at more or less regular intervals under the "Iron Bridge" or up in the hayloft to discuss plans and projects of mutual interest. We, too, had our secrets and our signs almost as serious and as significant as are those of the college fraternity to-day. I knew by the peculiar note which he uttered as he passed our door when Bill Boys was going home at night, and I learned to convey unwritten volumes across the schoolroom to Taylor Curtis through the mystic symbols of our order. Even to-day, at middle age, I have my pals, and we meet together at intervals and are bound together by bonds not unlike those which gripped me to those companions of my childhood. In a similar way, though now in a more tangible and a more business-like way, the members of a college fraternity are bound. If the young man can afford it, for like everything else worthwhile the fraternity costs something, if such an organization appeals to him, if he can fall in with a group of men who are congenial, and if he is willing to make the sacrifice of time and the readjustments of habits necessary to live with such a group successfully, I usually advise him, if he is asked, to join a fraternity.

I am quite familiar through intimate association with my colleagues and through general reading, with the many and serious objections which have been urged against fraternities. Every year I meet fathers and friends of college students, for the most part men who have never been to college or if they have been who know little or nothing first hand about fraternities, who believe these organizations wholly undemocratic and wholly bad, and who give credence to what they hear about fraternities, as they have faith in the stories published in city papers concerning the riot, rapine and wholesale destruction ordinarily supposed to be waged at the usual student celebration. There has been extant for some years, I know, the general impression that the young men being educated at the institution with which I am connected are accustomed to burn down or demolish a theater or two following each athletic victory of the various teams, when in point of fact the entire destruction caused by the escapades of five thousand students and their followers in twenty years has not exceeded two hundred and fifty dollars, and there is excellent evidence to show that a

considerable portion of this was caused by the rabble which is unconnected with the institution but which follows in the wake of these celebrations. So I believe it could be shown if someone would take the pains to investigate that many of the delinquencies which are laid at the doors of fraternities are placed there unjustly and might better be distributed evenly throughout the student body.

Having said so much, however, I am willing to grant that many of the charges which have been urged against fraternities are not without some foundation. Fraternities and fraternity men can easily be found that illustrate the charges of extravagance and dissipation, and snobbishness, and loafing. But the age at which young men go to college is an age when they most easily fall a prey to the temptations to these habits and illustrations are not confined to fraternity men. I could name on any day of the week during the college year men in organizations and out of them and men even in the church of which I am a member who are snobs wasting both their time and their money; but the Presbyterian Church is still a pretty respectable organization. The charges which, a few years ago, were made by Mr. R. T. Crane of Chicago against college men were in no small degree true. Mr. Crane's error was not so much in preferring these charges as in failing to observe that the extravagance, and moral irregularities of which he accused college young men are in a much larger degree true of young men who do not go to college. It is true no doubt that fraternity men have in many cases been extravagant and dissipated and lazy, but it can be shown that in every institution where these fraternity derelicts are found as in every town or community there are plenty of men outside of the fraternities who with an equal amount of money at their disposal and equal opportunity are equally sinners.

The indiscretions of a man who belongs to an organization attract more attention and arouse more comment than do those of the individual not so connected. When a fraternity man errs, the character of all his brothers suffers just as when one man in a group coming home late at night is drunk the whole crowd is said to be "stewed." A good many years ago an alumnus of a fraternity with which I am acquainted, during a summer vaca-

tion, planned and carried out a party in the chapter house at which some of the men were disgracefully drunk, and the matter became known. He was the only member of the fraternity present, the affair was contrary to the rules of the organization, it was without the knowledge of anyone in the active chapter, and the man was severely disciplined. Wise objectors to fraternities remember the event still, and I think honestly believe that the same sort of orgies yet go on regularly in this house, though it is in fact one of the best conducted at the institution where it is established, and the charges made against it are entirely false. One spendthrift, one gambler, one unclean or intemperate member in a group is likely to give his reputation to the whole fraternity, and the organization and fraternities in general suffer as a result. At a large fraternity gathering which I attended not long ago one representative of a western chapter became intoxicated and made a public fool of himself. The chapter of which he was a member and all the representatives of it suffered in reputation and in influence through the exhibition of the weak character of this one man. On the other hand, one such man unconnected with an organization passes practically without comment and has little effect upon the general reputation of the student body. My experience has been that the faults and dissipations attributed to fraternities exist in much smaller degree than is generally supposed, and not proportionately in any materially greater degree than would on investigation be discovered in the general student body. As a disciplinary officer in an institution which numbers approximately five thousand young men, most of whom I know personally, I have had ample opportunity during the last dozen years to make daily observations, and I have drawn the conclusions just stated with a good many detailed facts in mind.

So far as I know the irregular conditions which exist in fraternities in one college or another are characteristic of the general student body in which they exist, and may be attributed either to indifference on the part of the members of the faculty, lack of sympathy for student matters, or actual inefficiency as regards student discipline and control. It would not be either good taste or good judgment for me to name specific instances to substantiate these statements, but if I were per-

mitted to do so it would not be difficult to cite many illustrations. Sometime ago I visited one institution, for example, where objectionable fraternity conditions have been widely advertised. The fraternity men are here said to be given generally to drinking and dissipation and perhaps truthfully so; but it is true, also, so far as I could see from a pretty careful observation of conditions covering a period of several days at two or three different times, that members of the general student body are equally given to these irregularities and further than this, that many members of the faculty are not free from criticism. At this institution I was invited freely to the homes of members of the faculty and I have no recollection of being at any such house where liquor of some sort was not served, and this whether students were present or not. At the faculty club there was general drinking, and at times to such an extent as quite perceptibly to increase the drinker's spirits. I recall having been at a dinner here attended by perhaps seventy-five students and members of the faculty at which drinking was general, and the members of the faculty present showed quite as much color and undue exhilaration as a result as did any student. A considerable amount of drunkenness among the students was evidenced at the end of the week, and when I inquired from a prominent member of the faculty what was done in such cases, I discovered that no one assumed any responsibility for these things, and no official notice was taken of them.

One member of the faculty said that he did not wish to know what students were doing and when business called him to pass through the locality where students were likely to be seen in an intoxicated condition, he managed if possible to take a roundabout road. Not only was no intelligent attempt made to regulate these matters in the fraternities, but the general student body followed its own sweet will, and the members of the faculty in their own homes and in their club houses set the students an example of drinking which these same students, being young and without the mature judgment of their elders, followed often neither wisely nor well. For an objectionable custom which, it seemed to me, was quite general, the fraternities got the advertising and the criticism. The only difference which I can see in these cases between the fraternity man who

drinks to excess and those outside of such organizations who do the same thing is that the fraternity man goes to destruction with his friends about him, while the other men have perhaps a less sociable but an equally destructive experience. In this institution to which I have referred I believe the faculty was wholly to blame for conditions. It set the students an example publicly and privately, it took no responsibility and exercised no disciplinary control, but weakly allowed to continue a practice which can only be subversive of all that tends to the development of good citizens.

My visit to other prominent institutions where fraternity difficulties have arisen and where there has been general criticism of the habits and life of the men in these organizations has led me to the conclusion that in most if not in all cases the conditions in the fraternities are only a slightly exaggerated instance of what may be found generally among the student body. For these conditions, whatever they may be, I do not believe the fraternities or any other undergraduate organizations can be or should be wholly blamed. My experience for twenty-five years with thousands of undergraduate men leads me to the conclusion that the undergraduate student is on the whole a fair-minded, reasonable being, who is not beyond control, who wants generally to do right, and who whether in fraternities or out of them, is pretty likely to respect a reasonable college law. If colleges have had difficulties, I believe the trouble lies mainly with the faculty, who have not kept awake to student conditions or exercised control or who have been too weak or too indifferent or ignorant to discipline flagrant offenders. The same reason exists too frequently now as existed in the institution in which I was an undergraduate; those members of the faculty who knew of the devilment which was going on did not care, and those members who cared did not know, and so the difficulties increased and insubordination ran riot.

I have not intended this paper primarily as a defense of fraternities, though I think such a defense could without difficulty be made. I have meant it to show that Greek-letter fraternities are not in themselves more artificial than are the ordinary conditions of living in college; they are the outcome of a tendency of young people and old in all conditions and walks of life to

form into groups for mutual pleasure and advancement in one line of endeavor or another. If fraternities have not been a source of strength and help in college, it is not the fault of the fraternities but the fault of the college authorities who have not set the proper example or shown the proper interest, or exercised the proper supervision or control over their undergraduates—who have in short let the student body run away with them, and who are to blame for it.

In the remainder of this paper I want to show how, in an institution of more than five thousand students during a period of nearly fifteen years, fraternities and similar organizations have been a real help to me. As an undergraduate student in the University of Illinois I had no connection with Greek-letter fraternities and no first hand knowledge of them. They were not permitted at that time in the institution, and I was led to believe that they were altogether objectionable. They were later allowed to reorganize in the University, and as an executive officer charged with the supervision of student conduct, student problems, and student activities, I became very intimately associated with these and other similar student organizations. The fact that shortly after leaving college I became a member of a Greek-letter fraternity, I believe has not in any undue degree prejudiced me in their favor.

One of the most practical things which the fraternities have done for the University of Illinois within the last fifteen years is materially to help in taking care of the problems of housing students at a reasonable rate. The fact that eleven of our fraternities have built and own their houses and that most of the others have interested property owners and real estate men to build for them proper homes has helped in a small place where there are no dormitories and where good lodging houses are only too rare, to provide comfortable homes for fully a thousand men. The conditions under which these students in fraternity houses live are on the whole satisfactory. The study rooms are quite as convenient as they could get outside of these houses, the bathing and toilet facilities are more than ordinarily adequate, and such students besides have the run of an entire house. The board furnished is not more expensive than that to be obtained at most regular boarding-houses about the

campus, and in almost every case it is of better quality, is better cooked and far more carefully served. The opportunities for work and study in these houses are as good for those who really want to work as they are anywhere. All the organizations have definite house rules as to hours of study, and all of these rules prohibit drinking and gambling in the houses. It is a satisfaction to be able to say, also, that in a very large majority of cases these rules are seriously enforced.

With an indifferent landlady and lax house rules or no rules at all the student who lives outside of a fraternity house may have much less careful supervision than does the fraternity man, and his irregularities of life are much less likely to be detected and corrected than are those of the fraternity man. It is a great gratification to me, therefore, to know where all these men live, how they are taken care of, and the conditions under which they do their work. With us at least it is not true that fraternity men live in surroundings more luxurious than those to which they are accustomed at home and those to which they are likely to be accustomed when they leave college. Some of the houses, it is true, are beautiful and a few of them have cost a considerable sum of money, but the rooms in which students live are in no case luxurious, and in most cases are quite as humble in their furnishings as the student has been used to or will find when he leaves college. Usually the first floor rooms of a fraternity house are well furnished, but even these have little of actual luxury. In order that these statements may not be wholly theory, I make a practice of keeping regularly in touch with some of the older men in each one of the organizations, and at some time during the year I manage to visit and take a meal with them. I have been from cellar to garret of most of the fraternity houses of which I have spoken. The total living expenses for each student in these houses, including board, lodging, and the general running expenses of the house, average about thirty-three dollars a month.[1] Some organizations who live in small houses keep their expenses below this amount and some run above it, but the variation is not great in either direction, and is little or no more than a student

[1] These figures, of course, refer to living conditions in 1915.

would have to pay for similar accommodations outside of a fraternity house.

The control of students living in fraternities is likely to be more satisfactory than of those living in dormitories controlled either by private individuals or by the University, for the students living in a fraternity house are controlled by officers whom they have elected and are under rules which they have themselves devised and approved. Fraternity freshmen sometimes, it is true, try to evade rules and succeed in deceiving the fraternity officers, but the spirit in which regulations are regarded and discipline is received is altogether more kindly than is true of such things in a private or an institutional dormitory. I have found, also, that these officers ordinarily take their responsibilities more seriously than do the officers in a private dormitory, and get satisfactory results more easily. I generally find that a fraternity officer can enforce the regulations in the chapter without much difficulty, and this is not always equally true in the dormitory. The man in the dormitory can move if he is dissatisfied; the fraternity man cannot, and so learns to take his medicine without serious protest.

In the correction of the habits or the conduct of individual students or in the stimulation of lazy or indifferent students to better scholastic work, I have regularly found the fraternities helpful. I have made it a point to know the men in each chapter, and to coöperate with the officers of the fraternity in every way possible in developing these men in the best way. Our records for some time past have shown that the freshmen living in fraternity houses have a higher standing than have those freshmen who live outside of these houses. If a fraternity man is behind in his college work or is developing into a loafer, in addition to the influence which I as a college officer can have upon him I have learned that if I have a talk with the president of his fraternity and place the situation before him, I can have added to my own influence the influence of the whole fraternity, which in many instances is much more potent than my own. If fraternity men are developing bad moral habits I am always able to find some influential upper classman in the organization who will take the matter in hand and help to correct it. Over and

over again fraternity officers come to me in confidence and ask me to help them to correct the habits or the conduct of erring brothers. Often they tell the man concerned that they are intending to elicit my aid and the whole thing is quite open and frank.

Only last spring two fraternity officers came to me and said, "'Two of our sophomores are developing bad associations down town; they are learning to drink, and they have more than once come home drunk. We have done what we could, but the conditions are not improved. We want you to help us." I called the men, we talked it over, they promised to break away from their harmful associations, and they have kept their promise. This fraternity was not an unusual one nor was it a particularly "Sunday School" organization; in fact it was quite the contrary, but it had standards of conduct and of scholarship which these men were violating, and they were thus helping to lower the standing of the fraternity. The case of another student is interesting. He is a boy of excellent mind but of weak principles. He had been guilty during his first two years in college of a number of derelictions of which I had talked seriously to him. His influence, I felt, was growing bad. He was a ready promiser who admitted usually more than I accused him of and offered immediate and complete reformation. His reform, however, was usually short lived. I was convinced that he ought to be sent away from college, but before having him dismissed I called the president of his fraternity and put the facts before him. He asked to be given a final chance at the man and I consented, with the understanding with the man and his fraternity officer that if his conduct in the future should prove objectionable, I should be informed and the man should sever his connection with the institution. Only a short time ago the president of the fraternity came to me again and said that he could do nothing with the other man, and expressed a willingness in the interest of the progress and the moral standing of the fraternity to have him go. The student was given a chance to withdraw and did so. I could multiply these illustrations indefinitely as to the help which fraternities almost daily give to me in their desire to strengthen their individual members and so to raise the standing of their chapter and of the University.

Perhaps no one undergraduate custom has done the University more harm during the last ten or fifteen years than the practice of hazing. It developed rapidly, the student escapades were grossly exaggerated by the newspapers, and it bade fair to injure the institution seriously. During the last three years there has been practically no hazing, and during the present year I do not know of a single case. This changed condition cannot be attributed directly to fraternities, for the college authorities used every effort to stamp out the practice and disciplined those men who were detected in it, but it can be said truthfully that only rarely were fraternities seriously mixed up in the custom, and that there grew up in these organizations a general sentiment against it. Even at the outset when fraternities were not actively opposed to hazing they were only to a very limited degree engaged in it, and later they came in a more active manner to frown upon it. Because of their failure as organizations to participate actively in the practice and because of the active work which many of the leading fraternity men did in opposition to hazing, the fraternities have helped us materially in stamping out the practice.

The two towns between which our University is located have had during the past few years some very severe and interesting fights on the local option question. When the towns voted for temperance regulations a few years ago it was virtually the work of the students which brought this condition about, and the men at the head of the organization which accomplished the business were largely fraternity men. Because they were already in organization it was easier for them to organize. It must not be supposed, either, that those who worked the hardest for local option laws were themselves men who never drank. Many men said to me that although they were in no sense total abstainers, they felt that it was for the best interests of the towns that they should go dry, and so they were glad to use their influence to bring this condition about.

In the development of principles of honesty and in the discouraging of cribbing, fraternities have generally used their influence in the right direction. Here again the influence of leadership counts. I was discussing only recently with one of our freshman fraternity men the question of dishonesty in

examinations. "We have had pretty definite directions at our house," he said, "as to what we should do. Our president called us together before examinations began and gave us a straight talk about being square and honest and above board during the examinations." It is by such methods as this that the fraternities may help and have helped to encourage honesty in classroom work.

The fraternity sets before its members, also, certain standards of manners, the effects of which can be seen everywhere. The fraternity man who is crude, or coarse, or impolite, or ill-trained has someone to correct him, has someone usually to set a good example before him. The man outside must work these things out for himself, as he very frequently does, or remain as he is. Whether one eats with his knife, or sits when a lady comes into the room, or keeps his hat on when he talks to her on the street, or fails to call on the hostess who has entertained him at dinner, or sidesteps the reception line at a dance, may be in themselves trifling, but they may show the difference between good and bad manners. The fraternity man usually finds someone willing to point out to him these errors if he makes them, while the other man may stumble on indefinitely in a condition of ignorance. The real fraternity is a home, and those living in it usually get a good deal of the social training that one may rightfully expect to receive in a home. Careful dress and nice manners are learned largely by example and associations, and this example and these proper associations one is very likely to find in the fraternity house. I do not underestimate the value of sterling worth, but it counts for much when linked with courtesy and a neat appearance.

The fraternity as an organization helps materially in the training of college leaders. The man who can successfully stand at the head of a group of twenty-five or thirty men, who can manage a household as it were with all the multifarious things that such management implies, is usually well fitted for leadership in other ways. Fraternity men manage their own house servants, oversee the care of their houses, care for the finances of these houses, and take many serious responsibilities which men outside of these organizations may evade. The men at the head of things in our University are for these reasons usually

fraternity men, not because they are naturally more capable or more reliable than are other men, and not because fraternities by their political influence put their men at the head of affairs, but because they have had more experience and because they have at the outset an organization to help them in whatever they are undertaking.

Every college or university must depend upon its alumni for the accomplishment of certain work for its advancement. There are of course some alumni whose influence is not all that could be desired, but the live, right-minded alumnus, especially the alumnus of a state university, can do much to keep the institution in a right light before the citizens of the state upon which it must depend for its support. He is in a sense its advertising agent. If he gets out of touch or out of sympathy with his alma mater, she thereby suffers a great loss. The fraternity more than any other agency that I am acquainted with helps to tie a man to his old associations and to anchor him to the college. The fraternity after the undergraduate has finished his course and leaves college furnishes him a place to come back to; when he drops into the fraternity house after an absence of a few years there is still someone there who knows him, there are many more who have heard of him, and all are glad to see him. He still has a home at the old place into which he can fit as easily, usually, as when he was an undergraduate. Of the thousands of men who last fall returned at the time of our annual Home-coming a very large per cent were fraternity men, and this was true because these men had had some very definite interests when they were in college, they had someone on the ground to call them back, and they had a place to go when they got back. Their return even for the pleasure only of renewing old associations still binds them more closely to the University and makes their coöperation more certain when it is needed.

My experience as an executive officer, then, is that Greek-letter fraternities and similar organizations in college have been to me of the greatest service in advancing the best interest of the University as I believe they may be to other college officers in a similar situation, if they will but study how best to utilize them. Instead of working to get rid of these organizations as

some college officers seem to desire to do, I am glad to encourage their development because in them I see an easier control and direction of student enterprises, student activities, and student thought, and an easier development of the right sort of student morals and ideals.

QUESTIONS ON THE TEXT

1. How, according to Mr. Clark, is joining a fraternity like entering into matrimony?
2. Do you think fraternities have come to stay in colleges?
3. To whom belongs the right to say whether there shall be fraternities in colleges?
4. Why are fraternities a natural outgrowth of college life?
5. What points should a man consider in selecting a fraternity?
6. Is popular misinformation responsible for much of the hostile attitude toward fraternities?
7. What readjustments in his life must a man make in joining a fraternity?
8. Are fraternities really undemocratic?
9. Do college men get the credit for pranks which they never commit?
10. Do college men outside fraternities have the same vices as those inside?
11. Does the argument about the corresponding sins of outsiders prove anything about the value of fraternities?
12. Why do the indiscretions of fraternity men attract more attention than those of men outside the fraternity?
13. Is Mr. Clark right in saying that fraternities mirror the spirit of the school?
14. Should members of the faculty be simply intellectual feeders of their students?
15. Is it the duty of a member of the faculty to consider himself a model of correct living for his students?
16. Who is primarily to blame for lack of college discipline according to Mr. Clark?
17. How can fraternities help solve the housing question?
18. Is the charge of luxuriousness often made against fraternity houses justified? Are fraternities too expensive?
19. Are living conditions in fraternity houses satisfactory?
20. Is student life better controlled in fraternity houses than in college dormitories?
21. Does a fraternity exercise autocratic control over its members?
22. Is the fraternity an aid in the correction of moral habits and in the stimulation to study? Are fraternity rules enforced?
23. How has Mr. Clark found that fraternities are meeting the hazing problem?
24. Do fraternities accomplish a worthwhile end by physical mistreatment of freshman pledges?

25. What has Mr. Clark found the influence of the fraternity to be on cheating?
26. Do fraternities improve the manners of their members?
27. Is the fraternity the only agency at college teaching politeness?
28. Is the fraternity house a home? What is the influence of a housemother in a fraternity house?
29. Does the fraternity develop leadership? Why are fraternity men likely to be campus leaders?
30. Does the fraternity anchor an alumnus more closely to his school?
31. Has Mr. Clark's article convinced you of the value of fraternities?
32. Is Percy Mark's picture of fraternity and college life in *The Plastic Age* a true one?
33. Are students justified in setting higher ideals for their teachers than for themselves?
34. Is a man justified in resigning from a fraternity if he finds he does not fit in with the group?
35. Does failure to make a fraternity help to account for the fact that many freshmen do not return for their sophomore year?
36. Is it possible for a fraternity in a short rushing period to form a correct estimate of the worth of a freshman?
37. Do fraternities repress the individuality of their members? Is the fraternity man a "type"?
38. Is there danger that the fraternity man will acquire a "superiority complex"?
39. Is it wise for a fraternity man to form his associations entirely within his fraternity?
40. Would Abraham Lincoln, aged eighteen, have made a fraternity if he had come to your school this last September?

ARE FRATERNITY HOUSE CONDITIONS CONDUCIVE TO STUDY?

Being a fraternity man, I might be tempted to say that fraternities aid greatly in raising the scholarship of a school, but if I did, I would be making a statement foreign to my belief. It is true that the fraternities and the schools have worked and coöperated with each other in setting a standard grade which a pledge must attain before being initiated into a fraternity; and it is true that every pledge will strive to make the initiation grade, but at the same time I feel that a fraternity is a big handicap to the student in making high grades. The high-pressure methods of study used to establish the initiation requirement are not a sustained part of the work of most fraternities, and after the student is in the fraternity he is allowed to be whatever kind of a student he wants to be.

Let us picture the usual conditions of study in any fraternity house. In one room, we find an excited gathering of students surrounding an orthophonic victrola, singing, shouting, practising the latest dance steps, and making a great deal of noise in general. In another room, we find a bridge game in full progress, the motley participants arguing and making an unearthly racket. In another room, bent over a study lamp, we find some poor unassuming mortal, with nervous mien and perspiring brow, making

a sad but futile attempt to study a coming assignment. Under such conditions his chances of study would be better if he were in the midst of the Hottentots in Africa.

In spite of the fact that a fraternity is a deterrent to serious study, there is much to be gained from its social atmosphere that can be obtained nowhere else. If the fraternity did nothing but promote scholarship, what a sad organization it would be. Though it fails to make high-grade students, there is something that can be obtained from its personal contacts and "bull" sessions that will be of great help to the student's later life experiences. The business world of to-day demands a person well-versed in general information and the ways of the world. I challenge any man to gain this knowledge through books alone. If anyone were to ask me if the fraternity lowered the grade of a striving student, I would answer, "Yes, the fraternity lowers the scholarship of its members to a considerable degree." The fraternity, however, has its compensation; though its members may not represent the acme of scholarship, they are likely to be well-rounded men.

F. D.

THEME SUBJECTS

1. Why I Do (or Do Not) Believe in Fraternities (or Sororities)
2. The Proper Control of Fraternities by College Authorities
3. A Substitute for Fraternities
4. Fraternities and the Hazing Problem (Athletics, Cribbing, Manners, Outside Activities, Campus Politics, the Alumni, the Housing Problem, Scholarship, the Liquor Question)
5. Sophomore Initiation to Fraternities
6. Would You Introduce Fraternities into a School If They Did Not Exist There?
7. The Ideal Fraternity Man
8. Are Fraternity Men Likely to Be Snobs?
9. The Fraternity House *vs.* the Dormitory
10. Fraternity Rules
11. The Future of Fraternities
12. How a Fraternity May Make (or Break) a Man
13. Can a Non-Fraternity Man Be a Leader in a Fraternity College?
14. Would You Attend a Non-Fraternity College?
15. Fraternities *vs.* Literary Societies
16. Fraternity Initiations
17. The Basis upon Which a Man Should Choose His Fraternity
18. Are Fraternity House Conditions Conducive to Study?
19. The School First—the Fraternity Second
20. Why Fraternities Should Welcome College Control
21. The Fraternity: A Natural College Organization
22. The Fraternity House-Mother Plan
23. Are Fraternities Worth Their Cost?
24. The Social Value (or Cultural Value) of Fraternities
25. Fraternity Rushing as a Part of College Life
26. Is Fraternity Membership Likely to Be an Advantage in Later Life?
27. Fraternity Men and College Leadership

28. Debunking the Fraternity System
29. Do Fraternity Men Tend to Lose Their Individuality?
30. Is Ill-Feeling Between Fraternity Men and Non-Fraternity Men Inevitable?
31. Coed Worship of the Fraternity Pin
32. The Freshman and His Fraternity
33. Are High School Fraternities a Mistake?
34. Faculty Morale as a Factor in Student Habits
35. Is the College Professor's Task Intellectual Only?
36. Fraternity Chapters as the Creators of Good-Will Between Colleges

AMERICA'S YOUNG RADICALS[1]

George Santayana

When I was a college professor, I sometimes wondered why there was no socialism among the sophomores. Now that I am not there to welcome it, the thing seems to have come.

I say *to welcome it,* because although I am a high Tory in my sympathies, I recognize that different hearts must be set on different things, and I like young people who have hearts, and who set them on something. It is a great pity if, for lack of self-knowledge or a congenial environment, they set them on the wrong thing, and miss their possible happiness, or miss even the noble martyrdom of knowing why they are unhappy. But they will not have set their hearts on the wrong thing simply because that thing may be indifferent or disagreeable to *me.* My personal feelings have nothing to do with the genuineness of their ideals, or with the worth of their happiness, if they are able to attain it. At most, my experience may make me suspect that these ideals may be unattainable, or that in choosing them these young men, in some cases, may have misunderstood their own nature, and may be pursuing something which, if they got it, would make them very sick. When that is so, a word of warning from an outsider may not be entirely useless.

The reason why it is easy to mistake the demands of one's own nature is that human instincts are very complex and confused, and that they mature at different times, or are suppressed or disguised altogether; whereas the fancy is peopled only by the shallow images of such things as we happen to have come upon in our experience. We cannot love, nor warmly imagine, what we have never seen; even when we hate things as we find them (as every fresh soul must in a great measure) our capacity to conceive better things is limited to such hints

[1] From *The Forum,* May, 1922. Reprinted by permission.

as actual things have vouchsafed us. We may therefore have no idea at all of what would really satisfy us; even if it were described to us in words, we should not recognize it as our ideal of happiness. It would seem cold, exotic, irrelevant, because nothing of that sort had as yet entered our experience, or lay in the path immediately open before us.

I was accordingly not at all surprised that the life of the ancients, although alone truly human and addressed to a possible happiness, should not appeal to young America. It is too remote, too simple; it presupposes the absence of this vast modern mechanical momentum, this rushing tide of instrumentalities on which young America is borne along so merrily. What surprised me a little was that everybody seemed content to go on swimming and swimming: for even when a man grumbled and worried about his difficulties or mishaps—athletic training, college clubs, family friction, dubious prospects, unrequited love—he yet seemed to be entirely at peace with the general plan of existence as he found it; not at all oppressed by the sense of any surrounding ugliness, vulgarity, vanity, servitude, or emptiness. Was there in these youths, I used to ask myself, so engaging often in their personal ardor, no human soul at all, but rather the soul of some working ant or unquestioning bee, eager to run on its predetermined errands, store its traditional honey, and build its geometrical cell, for the queen of the hive, the future Mrs. Ant or Mrs. Bee, to lay her eggs in? I am far from regarding romantic man as necessarily the best of animals, or a success at all, so far; and I am quite willing he should be superseded, if nature, in America or elsewhere, can evolve a superior species to take his place; but this sudden extinction of human passion seemed a little strange, and I doubted whether perfect happiness in mechanism was as yet possible even for the healthiest, busiest, most athletic, most domestic, and most conventional American. Might not the great American panacea for human wretchedness, Work, be not so much a cure as an anæsthetic?

And now, apparently, the awakening has come, at least to a few, and the sophomores (who are many of them out of college) have discovered the necessity of socialism. I call it socialism for short, although they are not all advocates of social-

ism in a technical sense, but style themselves liberals, radicals, or (modestly) the *Intelligentsia.* The point is that they all proclaim their disgust at the present state of things in America, they denounce the Constitution of the United States, the churches, the government, the colleges, the press, the theaters, and above all they denounce the spirit that vivifies and unifies all these things, the spirit of Business. Here is disaffection breaking out in which seemed the most unanimous, the most satisfied of nations: here are Americans impatient with America.

Is it simply impatience? Is it the measles, and by the time these sophomores are reverend seniors will it have passed away? Or is it a tragic atavism in individuals, such as must appear sporadically in all ages and nations, an inopportune sort of nature, hatching a bird of paradise in the arctic regions? Even in this case, pathetic as it is, nothing can be done except to wait for the unhappy creatures to come to a fluttering end, for lack of sunshine and appropriate worms. Untoward genius must die in a corner. I am ready to believe that these young radicals are geniuses and birds of paradise, as they evidently feel themselves to be; if so, their plaints ought to make a beautiful elegy; but it would still be a dying song. Or is it possible on the contrary, that they are prophets of something attainable, boy-scouts with a real army behind them, and a definite future?

I have made a severe effort to discover, as well as I may from a distance, what these rebels want. I see what they are *against*—they are against everything—but what are they *for?* I have not been able to discover it. This may be due to my lack of understanding or to their incapacity to express themselves clearly, for their style is something appalling. But perhaps their scandalous failure in expression, when expression is what they yearn for and demand at all costs, may be a symptom of something deeper: of a radical mistake they have made in the direction of their efforts and aspirations. They think they need more freedom, more room, a chance to be more spontaneous: I suspect that they have had too much freedom, too much empty space, too much practice in being spontaneous when there was nothing in them to bubble out. Their style is a sign of this: it is not merely that they have no mastery of

the English language as hitherto spoken, no clear sense of the value of words, and no simplicity; that they are without the vocabulary or the idiom of cultivated people.

That might all be healthy evolution, even if a little disconcerting to us old fogies, who can't keep up with the progress of slang. America has a right to a language of its own, and to the largest share in forming that pigeon-English which is to be the "world-language" of the future. But it is not comparatively only that the style of the young radicals is bad, nor in view of traditional standards: it is bad intrinsically; it is muddy, abstract, cumbrous, contorted, joyless, obscure. If their thoughts were clear, if the images in their minds were definite and fondly cherished, if their principles and allegiances were firm, we should soon learn to read their language and feel it to be pure and limpid, however novel its forms. Dante wrote in a new dialect, provincial and popular; yet how all his words shine like dew on a sunny morning! But Dante had looked long and intently; he had loved silently; he knew what he felt and what he believed. No: it is not more freedom that young America needs in order to be happy: it needs more discipline.

QUESTIONS ON THE TEXT

1. Is socialism to be expected among the sophomores?
2. What is the advantage of having our hearts set on something, even if it is the wrong thing?
3. Why is it easy to mistake the demands of one's own nature?
4. How are we limited in our loves and hates?
5. Why do we frequently feel dissatisfied and yet have no idea of what we need to make us happy?
6. Why was the author not surprised that the life of the ancients did not appeal to young America?
7. How are Americans essentially unromantic?
8. Is work a panacea or an anæsthetic?
9. Are the Intelligentsia right or wrong in their wholesale disgust at American institutions?
10. Are the young radicals futile dreamers or the prophets of a new day?
11. Is constructive liberalism too much to hope for?
12. Does the young radicals' failure in expression indicate that they have nothing worthwhile to express?
13. What is the failure in their style of expression?
14. What does young America really need to be happy?
15. Is shallow intellectualism dangerous or merely silly?

16. Are America's young radicals thinking with their hearts or with their heads?
17. Is it better that a person have immature or wrong ideals rather than none at all?
18. Will a sincere desire to know bring a person ultimately to the truth?
19. Is the right to think for oneself better than being told how to think right?
20. Which do you think are the more conservative—young people or mature people?
21. Has a person ever the right to tear a thing down unless he can put something as good or better in its place?
22. What things in the world do you particularly want to change?
23. Do you prefer to be happy in accepting things as they are, or to be made unhappy in trying to change them?
24. Do you admire a person who fights for an ideal more than the soldier who fights in a battle?
25. Are great causes strengthened by persecution?
26. Do many people express radical ideas merely to be shocking?
27. Do sensible persons avoid extremes of either radicalism or conservatism?
28. Are the radicals of to-day likely to be considered the conservatives of to-morrow?
29. Why have the leaders of thought always been scorned in their own age?
30. Have the reformers usually been men with single-track minds? Why has this necessarily been so?

DIVINE DISCONTENT

Browning has said: "Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know being old." This is a rather comforting assurance to those who doubt youth's ability ever really to know anything, to have a usable philosophy of life, not merely a restless dissatisfaction with everything in general.

There are two types of youth. First, there are the young persons who accept, dully and unquestioning, all that is offered them in the way of doctrines, theories, creeds, even prejudices. There is always a reason for such blindness. Either their families have never permitted them to think for themselves, or they are unable to do so, or they have never been away from the influence of their elders long enough to *have* to think for themselves. They are missing all that is worthwhile—the great joy of self-discovery, of carefully weighed moral problems. They are those who, never disputing in youth, never know anything at any age. They are the phlegmatic, dull people who are old long before their time and eventually die of mental anæmia.

Then there is the second group, the sort who worry fond parents. They are sternly critical, rather egotistical, self-reliant, and dissatisfied. But for all that, they are eager, alert, and intense. Their ideas and ideals shift rapidly, but there is a steady progress toward a goal. They are the people who form the midnight discussion clubs, decide that there is no God, feel

that it is morally wrong to wear a tie just because convention decrees it, and agree to live in Bohemian fashion always.

Ultimately the growth of this second group must reach the point where they really understand themselves, and the most of them will become quite respectable citizens, retaining, however, their interest in life.

The person who has gone through this sort of process in his youth is much less likely to be radical in middle age than one who stumbles unseeingly through his earlier years and ultimately comes face to face with real thought. This latter person feels that much of the world is unaware of the things he has discovered and so he takes it upon himself to enlighten others. His is a much more serious case than the radicalism of youth.

The world should be glad that its youth is still divinely discontented, for back of the discontent is idealism.

L. J. G.

THEME TOPICS

1. Why I Am a Liberal (or a Conservative)
2. The Value of Setting Your Heart on Something
3. Things I Would Change in the World
4. The Value of the Skeptical Attitude
5. Socialism and the Sophomores
6. Divine Discontent: A Blessing to Mankind
7. Emotionalism *vs.* Intellectualism
8. Do the Intelligentsia Need More Freedom or Less?
9. Clear Thinking—a Prerequisite of Clear Writing
10. Radical Thought in America
11. Work: Cure or Anæsthetic?
12. The Unromantic Young American
13. What Are America's Gods?
14. What Is Socialism?
15. Fanatics: The Men Who Have Moved the World
16. The World's Neglect of Geniuses
17. Ideas: The Greatest Force in the World
18. Noble Lost Causes
19. Are Our Own Experiences the Greatest Thing in Life?
20. What Do the Young Intellectuals Want?
21. Practical Idealism
22. The Joy of the Pioneer
23. The Road-Breaker, the Road-Maker, the Road-Taker
24. The Ugliness (Vulgarity, Vanity, Emptiness) of Life in America
25. The Beauty (Comfort, Healthfulness, Joyousness) of Life in America
26. Only Constructive Radicalism Is Justifiable
27. Hitching Your Wagon to a Star
28. Insincerity: The Greatest Danger in Radicalism
29. Young Intellectuals in a Mechanical Age
30. Happiness—the Will o' the Wisp
31. Shallow Thinking
32. Intellectual Discipline Needed in America
33. Radical Ideas in Religion (Politics, the Press, Medicine, Science, Education, Painting, Business, Music, International Relations)

34. Some Things about Which I Am Radical
35. Conservative Ideas That Annoy Me
36. Radical College Professors: A Stimulus or a Menace?
37. Free Speech on the Campus
38. Should America Deport Alien Radicals?
39. Why Do All Great Leaders Seem to Be Radicals?
40. Parlor Radicals
41. Liberty *vs.* License
42. The Mental Stimulus of the Weekly Journals of Opinion
43. The Radical: A Self-Made Martyr
44. The Tonic Effect of Socialism in American Politics
45. Famous Radicals
46. Individualism: A Protest Against the Majority
47. How Far Should One Force His Ideas on Others?
48. Youth—the Knight Errant
49. The Future Liberal
50. Why I Believe the World Is Getting Better (or Worse)

WOMAN'S PART IN THE NEW RENAISSANCE[1]

LUCIE A. ZIMMERN

DESPITE the disturbing condition of world politics, there is a widespread consensus of opinion that we are perhaps on the eve of a great spiritual and intellectual change. Signs of it are abundant in many diverse fields. The politicians and the scientists, the captains of industry and the artists, the younger school of writers and the younger school of preachers, all feel that what our society is in need of is a great inward transformation, and that men's minds are awakened to the need. And it is not these open and articulate expressions which are the most significant; it is the response that they arouse from readers and audiences, from sections of opinion and centers of sentiment, which could not have framed or formulated the expression themselves. It is the plain people, the humble, unintellectual multitude, which is most aware of the failure of the isms and ologies, of the outward remedies and systems, and which welcomes most eagerly the idea that the big movement of the coming generation, the rebirth of our troubled society, must proceed from within; that it is not now a matter of reforming society in order to liberate the individual, but of helping individuals to liberate themselves, in order that they may be the nuclei, the radiating centers, of a free and joyous society.

Yet in all this discussion, in all this literature of hope and encouragement, there has been one significant omission. One vital element in the problem has been, if not forgotten, at least ignored. We have been told to go back to the individual, but we have not asked ourselves who "the individual" is. We have not sufficiently faced the fact or the implications of the fact that the individual is no longer, as was the tacit assumption of reformers in previous ages, *man,* but *man and woman;* and we

[1] From *The Century Magazine,* April, 1923. Used by permission of the publishers.

have failed to allow for the influence which this elementary, but all important, fact must exercise upon our plans and visions of a new society. . . .

The nineteenth century brought a great outward change in the place of women. The industrial revolution, by destroying domestic industries, deprived woman of much of her household occupation. In many cases the result was that Martha followed her work to the factory. Woman became engulfed in the vortex in consequence of industrialism.

This brought with it new social and political relationships, culminating in the grant of woman suffrage in most industrial countries. But the equality thus conceded was more apparent than real. No one surveying either the political or the industrial system of the countries in which women have voting rights could detect there any signs of real sex equality arising out of that fact. The truth is that men have allowed women to share in industrial work as a convenience, because they needed them, and have granted them the vote as the best means of dealing with the difficult and equivocal situation thus brought about. Despite women workers and women voters, disharmony and disorder still prevail, and man still dominates the social scene.

What can be done to bring order out of this disorder? How can women be enabled to make their contribution to the new renaissance? What must we do to secure that this impending movement shall not be onesided, arrogant, and ultimately, sterile, like so many of its predecessors?

The answer seems easy. We must treat women as women, as the equals, not the inferiors, the collaborators, not the instruments, of men. Men must treat them as such, and women must think of themselves and of other women as such. We must aim at a society which will be a diversity, not a uniformity, a harmonization, not a standardization, an orchestra, not a masculine solo. We must find room in our social arrangements and in our hearts and minds for the distinctive gifts and qualities of women, for their quick intuition, their eye for character and individuality, their sense of the shades and nuances, the priceless details and delicacies, of life, for their power of harmonizing and adjusting the big rough blocks which masculine

energy is forever rolling pell-mell on the stage, and leaving there in bewildering disarray. We must allow woman to play on equal terms, unimpeded by masculine condescension and interference, her part as wife and mother, as hostess and diplomat, as talker and letter-writer, as artist and intellectual, as a lover of ideas and of truth, as a lover of ideals and of the good, above all as a lover of that outward and inward beauty which man in his love for wealth and power, for size and statistics, has well nigh exiled from this poor man-handled world.

All this is easy preaching and will win easy assent, but what does it mean in the concrete? It means, in the first place, a revolution in the character of women's education, at least as it is in Great Britain and North America. During the course of the nineteenth century, when women began increasingly to engage in occupations outside the home, the pioneers of girls' education, anxious for academic equality for their sex, developed systems and curricula, and sometimes even recreations and amusements, which were a conscious imitation of the traditional arrangements for boys and young men. In England the higher education of women may be said, broadly speaking, to be carried on by spinsters on lines imitated from the men's public schools and universities, and sometimes, as in the women's colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, in actual collaboration with them. In the United States and Canada the movement has gone further, and actual coeducation, both in the secondary school and the college stage, is rather the rule than the exception. The result in both countries has been, again speaking broadly, disastrous. The English system has produced the "hockey-girl" and the high-school teacher or academic bluestocking, both of them types diverging palpably and unpleasantly from the normal perfection of their sex. The American system has produced the peculiar combination of feminine seductiveness and masculine efficiency variously known as the "coed," the office girl, the bachelor girl, and the flirt. Let it be added, in fairness to women on both sides of the Atlantic, that side by side with these novel types, products of a novel system or of novel conditions, there are innumerable examples which testify to the living power and enduring qualities of British and American womanhood. But in too many cases these are not products

of the new system of women's education, but have grown up despite it. How often, in analyzing such cases, is it discovered to be due either to special home influences or to some older and wiser system of education!

The higher education of women in Great Britain, in the existing state of sex relationship in that country, tends to blunt the edges and sensibilities of the feminine intellect and to repress the natural development of the life of feeling. The academic developments of the last fifty years have, it is true, led to certain improvements in the state of the law as regards the property and dignity of woman, but as regards the central problem, the sex relationship itself, they have done little or nothing. It is not the college woman, but women writers and artists and other rebel folk, most of them not college-bred, who have tried to face these questions and to let the sunlight into the dark places, while their better-educated sisters have been restrained by traditional inhibitions that their education has only served to reinforce. No observer of English life, aware of the grim significance of the fact that there are nearly two million more women than men, can help shuddering over the vast amount of suppressed and silent suffering, of sex starvation, embitterment, ill health, and unhappiness which post-war Great Britain is harboring at the present time. In such an atmosphere women are either driven in upon themselves or driven out to feverish and distracting activities, to committees and philanthropies and efficiencies. But both these modes of living are equally far from the rule of life contemplated by Him who came to show men and women how to live and to live more abundantly.

In America the atmosphere is freer, brighter, and, on the surface, opener. There are fewer inhibitions and suppressions, less stagnant, untouched nastiness. Men and women talk more, and allow themselves to think more on sex questions, and there is a greater recognition of the essential differences between men's and women's qualities. But though differentiation is the basis of equal collaboration, it does not presuppose its attainment; and no visitor to the United States can help being struck by the fact that the boys and girls, the young men and women, who grew up at school and college together,

pursue their lives, as married men and women, more independently and in greater mutual isolation than is the custom for married couples in any other modern country. Marriage in America, so far from being a partnership of soul, body, and mind, is too often merely a convenient nucleus for separate interests, separate activities, separate ways of thinking and feeling—in a word, for two separate ways of life. The difference between marriage and divorce is not the difference between union and separation, but between lives running parallel and lives divergent.

If women are to play their part in our renaissance, they must play it as women, not as the nerve-racked, restless, hysterical half-women who fill a large place in our contemporary movements, or as mere skilful, but unconvincing, imitators of men. Women are physically, intellectually, even spiritually different from men; that is why they need a different education, if not in subjects, at least in methods of approach. And that is also why men need to make an effort to understand the mind and quality, the distinctive soul and personality, that is too often left hidden beneath the pretty exterior which is all that a man has accustomed himself to look for. True collaboration between man and woman is not easy; if it were, it would not remain over as the last outstanding task of civilization. But if it is not easy, it is vastly worthwhile; it is the greatest single source of human happiness, and the very cornerstone of a stable human society.

Let us attempt briefly to trace the movement of this new principle of sex collaboration along the pathway of modern life. Not long ago a baby girl who had come into the world in a lying-in hospital near New York was rejected by her parents, who declared that it was a boy that they wanted and that they were sure it was a boy that had been born to them. On the threat of legal action they agreed to acknowledge the child, but what a life lies before this infant whose very cradle has been embittered by the stigma of sex inferiority! Yet the incident is only a frank revelation of a traditional and still prevalent attitude. The Greeks exposed their unwanted baby girls; we cover them with a hypocritical and condoling condescension. It seems as though our unduly concrete minds could not

get over the fact that the central figure in the Christmas story which embodies for us the glory of babyhood is a *bambino* and not a *bambina*. In a truly civilized society the infant girl would rank from the first moment of her conscious being as the equal of the infant boy. Mothers take good care to discover the suitable color and adornment for their little ones, blue for the little boy, pink for the little girl, but the care bestowed on this outward differentiation is too seldom extended to the tasks of inner understanding and harmonization.

The same condescension and neglect are to be found in the school to which the six-year-old infant proceeds. On the plea that twice two makes four for a girl just as it does for a boy, the teaching art has been blunted and standardized without reference to the needs and desires, the peculiar receptivities and characteristics of all the blossoming variety of girlhood and boyhood stiffly displayed upon the school benches. The baleful science of pedagogy, that compost of stale "tips for teachers" and of old-fashioned and wooden psychological formulæ, has degraded teaching to a dreary, undiscriminating routine, chilling to boys and girls alike, and pedantry and poor prospects combined have kept away from the teaching profession, both in Great Britain and the United States, just that family of spirits, those lovers and born teachers of human kind, who are needed in our schools if school is to supply, as it can and should, the deficiencies of the modern home.

What is needed to improve our schools for young children is no ingenious tinkering with the curriculum, no patching with this or that fashionable fad, but simply better teaching, or, in other words, teachers who are live, observant, and sensitive human beings, working under conditions in which their natural insight and love of their pupils can bear fruit; teachers to whom each child, boy or girl, Anglo-Saxon, Slav or Latin, Jew, Greek, or colored barbarian, is a treasure-house to be unlocked, a riddle to be solved, a unique human soul to be loved.

At the adolescent stage, however, the plot thickens. Coeducation, far from solving the problem, intensifies it. If the needs of a little girl are different from the needs of a little boy, the needs of adolescents of the two sexes are still more difficult

to harmonize. Sex begins to enter in, vivifying and energizing, yet at the same time ebullient and confusing. To ignore it, to try to keep the atmosphere "healthy" by "counter-attractions," by sport and gymnastics and even by dancing, is to bury one's head ostrich-like in the sand. Far better frankly to recognize that during these difficult years all intellectual work is pursued under an inevitable disadvantage, and that intellectual collaboration between the sexes is embarrassed by their unequal rate of growth. Coeducation carries with it, no doubt, certain "social" benefits; but it is precisely in the classroom that it is seen at its weakest, as any sincere teacher who has tried to teach mixed adolescent classes will admit. When our teachers and ministers are frank enough to acknowledge, and to draw the inevitable conclusions from, the physical facts of the adolescent period for boys and girls alike, the atmosphere of our schools will be less unreal and more edifying, and the old ceremony of confirmation may once more be worthy of a name that has been abused by many generations of flabby pastors.

The sex problem at our universities is familiar ground. Everyone knows, although few will admit, that coeducation and collaboration are far from synonymous terms; that college, while tending to bring the sexes together for the pastimes and dissipations of idle hours, has done little to promote that true marriage of minds for which common arrangements for study were presumably devised, and that, as has already been said, the most obvious result of the bringing together of the two sexes at college, apart from the happy exceptions who conspicuously illustrate the rule, is the persistent division between the activities of college men and college women in after life.

Here, again, the remedy is not hard to find. Smaller classes, more discriminating tuition—in a word, *real teaching* is the solution. The subjects of university study are the same for all, but this does not mean that their handling must be the same. Just as there is an English approach to Hellenism, and a German approach and an American approach, so also there is a man's approach and a woman's approach. Collaboration between the sexes, as between scholars of different nations, is the natural culmination of sincere and sustained study, not its inevitable accompaniment. If our existing coeducation were

successful, we should witness its fruits not so much in the classroom or in the degree lists, where in any case no mature fruits are to be looked for, but in the after careers of the students and, above all, in the homes of the professors themselves. But, let it be added in passing, if the case of M. and Mme. Curie is exceptional in academic life, the fact that a low salary scale has turned the professor's wife into a domestic drudge must not be overlooked.

After school and university comes the school of life. What of the sex relationship to-day in that wider sphere? Has not the problem been solved once and for all by the passing of the nineteenth amendment? So we might believe if we accepted the standards and attitudes of the conventional drawing-room and tea-table, closing our eyes and ears to the sex disturbance that surrounds us, and refusing, above all, to reflect on the record written within our own hearts and minds. . . . It is through sincere self-analysis and sincere observation, through clean thinking as the source of clean living, through the courage to set the big and the little things of life in the right perspective and proportion, to set love, for instance, above convention and happiness above riches, that modern men and women can find the way out of our present perplexities; and it is through the enlistment of courageous pioneers, men and women alike, into the army of teachers, those teachers who, despised like the British Contemptibles of 1914, are yet the crucial factor in the situation, that men and women of the coming generation, heirs of the knowledge and the self-knowledge of the ages, will at length be enabled to establish that equal and harmonious relationship that is the only enduring foundation for the good life for men and nations.

QUESTIONS ON THE TEXT

1. From what class of people, according to Mrs. Zimmern, will the rebirth of society come?
2. What is the place of the individual in the big forward movement of the coming generation?
3. Whom should "the individual" include in the renaissance?
4. Has the granting of universal suffrage given women equality with men?

5. For what distinctive gifts of women must we find room in our social arrangements?
6. In what particulars have men especially failed in their handling of the social order?
7. What has been wrong with the education of women in England and in America? What unhappy results has this education produced?
8. What does the author consider the central problem in the equality of men and women? What class of people have done most in focusing attention on this problem?
9. What is the status of women in post-war Great Britain? In America?
10. Has coeducation in America made of marriage a true partnership between men and women?
11. Do you agree that women are essentially different from men?
12. What differences would *you* make in the education of men and women?
13. Why has true collaboration between men and women remained the unsolved task of civilization so long?
14. Have you observed a spirit of condescension toward girl infants?
15. What kind of teachers are needed to improve our schools?
16. What problems enter into the harmonizing of the lives of adolescent children?
17. What proof is there that coeducation in college does not bring about a true marriage of minds?
18. What effect do you think the nineteenth amendment has had in making men and women equals?
19. How can men and women find their way out of their present perplexities?
20. Discuss: Women proclaim the superiority of men in slavishly imitating everything that is masculine.

THE KIND OF GIRL BOYS LIKE

Most girls are cleverer than boys, and the cleverer they are the more they acquiesce in masculine superiority. It doesn't take long for a girl to learn that she must look up to the mighty male; that is, she must look up to him if she does not want to shoo him away. She must let him be witty, even at her expense, and never cut back at him with as good as he has given; she must smile at his attempts at brilliance, however clumsy they may be; she must stand amazed at his profundity when she secretly knows that his thinking is banal and commonplace. It is all well enough for Lucie Zimmern to write about the union of the minds of men and women, but how can there be any union of minds when the only thing a man is wedded to is his own vanity and egotism?

Now I am not blaming fellows for the way they are. A conspiracy of civilization has been on their side. From the time they could toddle across the floor their mothers have paid them an adoration as something set apart to rule the universe; grandmothers have beamed upon them and gurgled over them; and fathers have strutted with pride at the thought of their sons who would carry on the family name to future generations. Sisters —I know, for I have been one—must play second fiddle in every household; they must surrender to "little brother" every toy that he wants; he

must have the choice room in the house for his very own; and she early gets her training in female inferiority by having to pick up his clothes and belongings and put them in their right places for him. If she objects to this inequality, mother takes a hand in the matter; and rather than add to the family dissension the girl, too, lets her life flutter around the little master of the house. I am not amazed that men are as selfish and complacent as they are; the wonder to me is that they are not a great deal worse than they are!

College girls vie with each other for the favor of these "lords of creation." Each girl wants to be invited to the dances and parties. She must pay for these privileges. She must dress with a dash of style, not because she cares especially about clothes but because *he* demands that *his* girl outshine all others. She must be as pretty as possible, and pretend that her life is centered in a vanity-case. Not that she is engrossingly interested in her nose, but she wants him to see that she is powdering her nose for *him*. Then, too, she must be a good listener. If she talks too much or too cleverly, he will be ill at ease and invite a "dumb" belle next time. The traditional fish out of water is not more uncomfortable than a man in the presence of a superior woman. And above all, she must tacitly let him infer that there has never been another man quite his equal since the world began. Maybe, if she plays her cards well enough, he will condescend to "plant" his fraternity pin with her. Anyway, she will be the kind of girl fellows like, and she will be in the swim.

Yes, you have guessed it—I play the game. Only a few weeks at college showed me that the smartest, cleverest girls are most often left in the halls on Saturday nights. Some of them won't play down to the boys; most of us who have a monopoly on the dates do. Most of us, I expect, will later play down to our husbands. And the only contribution I will make to Lucie Zimmern's equality of men and women will be to bring up my son to respect the rights of his sisters; and if he won't, I will see what effect a few sound spankings will have.

H. R. T.

THEME TOPICS

1. What I Think True Equality of Men and Women Means
2. Why I Believe (or Do Not Believe) in Woman Suffrage
3. Women's Distinctive Contributions to Social Progress
4. Women in the Professions (in Business, in Industry)
5. Why I Believe (or Do Not Believe) in Coeducation
6. Women as Imitators of Men
7. The Rising Tide of Feminism in the World
8. The Position of Women in China (in India, in Latin Countries)
9. Changes I Would Make in Education for Women
10. The Ideal Teacher
11. Women's Clubs
12. "Woman's Place Is the Home"
13. Why I Uphold the Modern Woman
14. Foolish Extremes in the Modern Freedom of Women
15. Victorian Convention *vs.* Present-Day Freedom
16. Why I Like the "Old-Fashioned" Girl

17. The Kind of Girl Boys Like
18. Why I Approve (or Disapprove) of Women Smoking
19. Frankness—the Outstanding Characteristic of Modern Youth
20. Has the American Home Disintegrated?
21. The Kind of Person I Want My Husband (or Wife) to Be

SOME LIBERAL IDEALS OF EDUCATION

CASTLES IN SPAIN[1]

JOHN GALSWORTHY

WE of the modern world, what do we dream of? What are our castles in Spain?

The thought came to me in Seville Cathedral, the stone fabric of man's greatest dream in those ages to which we have been accustomed to apply the word "dark." They who, traveling in Spain, consult their guide-books, may read these words: "On the eighth day of July in the year 1401 the Dean and Chapter of Seville assembled in the court of the elms and solemnly resolved: 'Let us build a church so great that those who come after us may think us mad to have attempted it!' . . . The church took one hundred and fifty years to build."

Men dreamed in those "dark" days, and carried out their dreams. In that silent building, incredibly beautiful, in that grove of sixty great trees of stone, whose vast trunks are jeweled by sunlight filtering through the high stained glass, in that stupendous and perfected work of art, raised by five succeeding generations to the glory of themselves and their God, one stood wondering wherein lay the superiority of ourselves, Children of Light, over those Sons of Darkness.

We, too, dream. I have seen some of the results—the Great Dam at Assuan, the Roosevelt Dam in Arizona, the Woolworth Building, the Forth Bridge, the Power Works at Niagara—not yet the greatest of them all, the Panama Canal (which actually took one-tenth of the time it took the Sons of Darkness to achieve Seville Cathedral). But all these were dreamed and fabricked out for immediate material benefit.

The builders of the giant mosques, the Temples of the Sun, the marvelous old churches, builded for no physical advantage

[1] Reprinted from *The Yale Review*, October, 1921. Used by permission of the author and of *The Yale Review*.

in this life. They carved and wrought and slowly lifted stone on stone, to remote, and, as they thought, spiritual ends.

We moderns mine and forge, and mason up our monuments, to the immediate profit of our bodies. Have we raised anything really great in stone or brick *for a mere idea,* since Christopher Wren built St. Paul's Cathedral?

Now, the Sons of Darkness and the Children of Light, both, I think, have worshiped a half-truth. In the streets of Spain, in the Indian or Egyptian village, to this day you may see the shadow of these ancient great buildings fall as if with dark weight on a miserably poor humanity. The ancients builded for to-morrow in another world; they forgot that all of us have a to-day in this. They spent riches and labor to save the souls of their hierarchy, but they kept their laborers so poor that they had no souls to save. They left astounding testimony to human genius and tenacity, majestic creations which can uplift the spirit of anyone who has eyes to see; but with all their dreams in stone to the glory of their gods, they kept simple man a beast of burden. And it never seems to have ruffled their consciousness that they purchased much of that ideal beauty with slavery, misery, and blood.

We moderns have gone another way to work, worshiping our half-truth. In place of those ideals for which the ancients worked—art, and the future life of their princes, politicians, and prelates—we moderns pursue what we call "progress." All our stupendous achievements have this progressive notion at their back. We worship industry and trade. We think that if we make the wheels go round fast enough, mankind is bound to rise on the wings of wealth. Look after the body, we say, and the spirit will look after itself. Whether we save a greater proportion of our bodies than the ancients did of souls, is more than doubtful. But no such trifling doubts shake our belief in "progress."

Our modern castle in Spain is, in a word, "production," and we have no other. It terrifies us, it paralyzes us, it is like a snake in front of a rabbit. It is like that Chinese general at whose name a million trembled. And what was his name? "Wu."

It is machinery, of course, which has divided us from the ancients, given us a new culture and ideal.

Machinery has quietly and gradually shifted the central point of man's philosophy. Before the industrial era set in, men used to make things by hand; they were in some sort artists, with the artist's—or at least the craftsman's—pride in their work. Now they press buttons, they turn wheels; they don't make completed articles, they work with monotony at the section of an article, so many hours of machine-driving per day, the total result of which is never a man's individual achievement. "Intelligent specialism," says an English writer, "is one thing. It consists in one man learning how to do one thing specially well. But the sort of specializing which consists in setting thousands of human beings during their whole working lives to such a soul-destroying job as fixing the bristles into a hair-brush, pasting labels on jam-pots, or nearly any one of the varieties of machine minding, is quite another thing. It is an utter negation of human nature."

A man's real interest in life is now not in his working day, but outside of it. The old artificers drew in their culture, such as it was, from their work; in these days culture, such as it is, is grafted on to the workman in his leisure, as a sort of antidote to wheel driving. I don't want to exaggerate—hewers, delvers, drawers of water could never have taken much pride in their work, and, on the other hand, we still have many among us to whom their work is of absorbing interest. The modern architect and engineer, for example, have a great deal of the artist in them—they have a passion for the perfection of their job, which they communicate to many of those working under them. But though they may raise in Brooklyn Bridge, or the Woolworth Building, a marvel of efficiency, which in certain lights is also a thing of beauty, Society did not commission them to erect these wonders primarily for the sake of their beauty, or in order that Presidents Wilson and Harding might go to heaven. And, on the whole, I think there has been a great change; pride of quality has given way to pride of quantity. Men used to make things as well as they could for the pride they took in making them (and because they sometimes used the thing themselves). Now it is to their interest to turn out the cheapest, most quickly made, and lowest form of article that the public will take; and we have to rely for quality, not

on the maker's pride of work, but on a grafted culture which keeps the public up to demanding a better sort of article. In old days the good thing was naturally supplied, nowadays it is artificially demanded.

Of course there is much truth in the vague modern notion that if you take care of the body the spirit will take care of itself. Only, you must really take care of the body, and not just pretend to. And the trouble about this progress of ours—which is supposed to take care of our bodies, and of which machinery is the mistress—is that it doesn't progress. We used to have the manor-house, with half a dozen hovels in its support. Now we have, say, twenty miles of handsome residences, with a hundred and twenty miles of ugly back streets, reeking with smoke and redolent of dullness, dirt, and discontent. Proportions are unchanged. The purple patches of our great towns are too often as rouge on the cheeks and salve on the lips of a corpse. Real progress would level up and gradually extinguish the disproportion between manor and hovel, residence and back street.

Let us be fantastic for a moment and conceive the civic authorities of London on the eighth day of July in the year 1922, solemnly resolving: "We will remake of London a city so beautiful and sweet to dwell in that those who come after us shall think us mad to have attempted it." It might well take five generations, but it would be real progress. Alas! Our civic authorities have not been brought up to care a button for anything so unpractical as a castle in Spain. And say what you will in favor of democracy, there is always the trouble of getting any far-sighted and unbroken policy pursued. If anyone can furnish an antidote to the wasting tendency of short immediate policies, inherent in the system of government by bodies elected for short terms, he will be the greatest benefactor of the age. The life of a civic body is, I believe, about four years; we should want a procession of civic bodies who steadily loved castles in Spain, to make of London a stainless city of Portland stone, full of baths and flowers and singing birds—not in cages.

But, seriously, we are very unfortunate in letting our civic life be run in the main by those who were born seeing two

inches before their noses, and whose education, instead of increasing, has reduced those inches to one. It seems ungrateful to criticize the practical business man whose faculties and powers, stamina and energy, make the more imaginative person gasp. One owes him, in fact, so much, that one would like to owe him more. But does his vision as a rule extend beyond keeping pace with the present? And without vision the people perish! Why, the age is so practical that the word "visionary" has actually a slighting significance. And yet the really great practical administrators have all had vision—men like Cæsar, Chatham, Lincoln. And great men apart, there are really many naturally both practical and visionary. But in an age of specialism our method of education ever tends to develop one side of our natures at the expense of the other.

If we can't incorporate beauty in our scheme of life to-day, and foster the love of beauty in our children, the life of to-morrow and the children thereof must necessarily be as far from beauty as we are now. Surely it is strange to set men to direct the education, housing, and amusements of their fellow citizens, if they haven't a love of beauty, and some considerable knowledge of art! And is it really going too far to say that the present generation of business men—with, of course, many notable exceptions—have a sort of indulgent contempt for art and beauty? Would they admit that art has been the greatest of all factors in raising mankind from its old savage state? And yet it is the contemplation of beautiful visions, emotions, thoughts, and dreams, expressed beautifully in stone, metal, paint, words, and music, which has slowly, generation by generation, lifted man to his present stature, such as it is, and mollified his savage nature. If it hasn't been that, ask yourselves what it has been! Religion? The uplifting part of religion is the beautiful expression of exalted feeling. The rest of religion is but superstition. Think of the thousand wars fought in the name of superstition; of the cannibal feasts, the human sacrifices; the tortures of the Inquisition; the persecutions, intolerances, and narrow cruelties perpetrated even to this day. The stories and teachings of Buddha, of Christ, of St. Francis d'Assisi, were the beautiful expressions of exalted feeling, simple, and touching the hearts of men, as all true beauty does;

and so they have done their ennobling work. They belong to the cult of beauty.

Has trade, perhaps, been the mollifying influence and elevator of mankind? I think, only so far as it has widened the reach of beauty, brought beauty within the range of multitudes, by opening up the lines of communication. In that sense, no doubt, trade has helped. But trade as trade has no real elevating influence—rather the contrary.

No! Only beauty, in the largest sense of the word, the yearning for it, the contemplation of it, has civilized mankind. And yet we don't really take beauty seriously. Immediate profit rules the roost of us all in this age of ours. I leave it to the conscience of the age to decide whether that is good. For every age has a conscience, but it never comes to life till the age is on its death-bed.

The fault of all ages has been this: beauty—the knowledge and the love of it—has been kept as a preserve of the few, as the possession of a caste or clique. No great proportion of us are capable of creating or expressing beauty; but an immensely greater proportion of us are capable of appreciating it than ever have been given a real chance of so doing.

It should be our castle in Spain to clear our age of that defect, and put beauty within the reach of all. Machinery has come to stay, so that we must perforce rely on grafted culture—in other words, on education. We must teach the young now to feel and see the beauties of nature and art. The modern age is not easy to teach. But we have exceptional facilities in these days for teaching what helps to keep life dignified, besides those simple accomplishments, cooking and keeping clean; we could bring an inkling at least of the fine arts, the architecture, literature, and music of the past to children even in the humblest schools. And why should not the children of labor have as much chance to be familiar with beauty as the children of the rich? All economic revolution or evolution is hollow unless it means more demand for beauty—greater dignity of human life. Without that it must be simply retrograde, destroying what beauty and love of it we have, with all to begin over again. What use in B's despoiling A, if B is going to use his

spoils no better, probably worse, than A? A mere lap of luxury would only make B fat.

This is all platitude; and a great fuss about beauty, which cannot feed or clothe or warm the body, whatever it may do to that sentimental appanage, the spirit.

I read in a journal not long ago: "One always suspects Mr. Galsworthy of a certain deep-seated sentimentalism." I think the writer must have sold his castles in Spain at a loss. The fact is, one must be sentimental in this life to do anything except make money, and it is really better to have a castle in Spain than a villa at Newport or Cannes.

The precise definitions of beauty are without number or—value, to speak of. I just use the word to mean everything which promotes the real dignity of human life. To illustrate the width of the word beauty as I am using it, I mention what we all understand: good sportsmanship. To be a good "sportsman," a man shuns that which lowers his dignity, that which dims his idea of his own quality; and—his conception of quality derives obscurely from his sense of beauty. The dignity of human life demands in fact not only such desirable embroideries as pleasant sound, fine form, and lovely color, but health, strength, cleanliness, balance, joy in living, just conduct and kind conduct, for there is no beauty in the sight of tortured things. A man who truly loves beauty hates to think that he enjoys it at the expense of starved and stunted human beings or suffering animals. A cruel or pettifogging æstheticism has sometimes smeared the word beauty and given it a bad odor. But that is not the beauty which gleams on the heights in the sunrise. That is not our castle in Spain.

But to put aside for a moment the sentimental, and come to business. Beauty, and the love of it, is surely the best investment modern man can make; for nothing else—most certainly not trade—will keep him from destroying the human species.

Consider what science has become in the hands of engineers and chemists; its destructive powers increase a hundredfold with each decade; and the reproductive powers and inclinations of the human being do not vary. Recollect that nothing in the

world but the love of beauty in its broad sense stands between man and the full and reckless exercise of his competitive greed; and remember the great war—a little war compared to that which, through the development of scientific destruction, we shall be able to wage next time! Remembering all this, we get an inkling of the sheer necessity there is for us to invest in beauty and the love thereof. No other investment will give us interest on our money and our money back. Unbalanced trade, science, industry, will give us a high momentary rate of interest, but only till the crash comes again, and the world goes even more bankrupt than it is at present.

The professor who has invented a rocket which will go to the moon and find out all about it (though whether it is to be boomerang enough to come back with the story, we are not told), that professor would, I venture to think, have done more real good if he had taught a school full of children to see the beauty of—moonshine.

The next war will be fought from the air with explosives and gas, and may very likely be over before war is declared. The war after that will be fought with the germs of disease, distributed by wireless or something choice of that character. The final war necessary for the complete extirpation of mankind will be fought with radium or atomic energy; and we shall have no need to examine the moon, for the earth will be as lifeless.

So much for business! To go back to sentiment, which is really what makes the wheels go round. Not even "big business" rules our instincts, and our passions. Imperialists, chemists, engineers, merchants, militarists—we are all deep-seated sentimentalists. The only question for us is: What shall we be sentimental about? Which is the fairer castle in Spain—quantity or quality?

Consider for a moment the ideals which have been offered us instead of the pursuit of beauty, or quality, if that be a preferable word.

Take, for instance, the ideal of happiness in a future life. If there be a future life for the individual, we obviously cannot reach happiness therein without having longed for and served quality in this, without having had that kind and free

and generous philosophy which belongs to the cult of beauty and alone gives peace of mind. The pursuit of beauty includes, then, whatever may be true in the ideal—happiness in a future life.

Take the ideal of material comfort in this life. But the cult of beauty, of quality, includes all that is good in this ideal, for it surely demands physical health and well-being; sane minds in sane bodies, which depend of course on a sufficiency of material comfort. All the rest of the ideal of wealth is mere fat, sagging beyond the point of balance. As a fact, modern civilization is offering us a compound between happiness in future life, and material comfort in this, lip-serving the first, and stomach-serving the second. We get the keys of heaven from our banks, and we don't get them if we haven't a good balance. Modern civilization is, on the whole, camouflaged commercialism, wherein to do things well, *for the joy of doing them well,* is rarer than we think. We have even commercialized salvation—for so much virtue, so much salvation. Always—always—*quid pro quo.*

But let us give the devil its due. Let us admit at once that in spite of everything this is still the best age on the whole that man has lived in. It is in its own way very thorough—our modern civilization. It has made advertisement into a fine art, equipped bedrooms with telephones; it diagnoses maladies with extreme punctilio. A doctor examined a young lady the other day, and among his notes were these: "Not afraid of small rooms, ghosts, or thunderstorms; not made drunk by hearing Wagner; brown hair, artistic hands; had a craving for chocolate in 1918." The age is thorough in its way. But there's a kind of deadly practicality about its production: all for to-day, none for to-morrow! The future will never think us mad for attempting what we do attempt; we build no Seville cathedrals. We don't get ahead of time.

We have just let slip, in England, the chance to get our country life going thoroughly once more. At demobilization we might have put hundreds of thousands on the land, which needs them so badly for a dozen reasons. How many have we put? Not so many as the war took away from the land. Admitted that life on the land means hard work, burnt faces,

and maybe bowed backs; it also means hearty stock for the next generation. A nation concerned only with its present is like the man who was fishing, and, feeling sleepy, propped his rod up on the bank, with the line in the water. A wag spied him sleeping, took the rod, waded across the river, propped up the rod on the opposite bank, and lay down behind a hedge to watch for the awakening. Such is the awakening in store for nations which enjoy their present and forget there is a future.

The pursuit of beauty as a national ideal, the building of that castle in Spain, is no picnic. Idlers need not apply. Consider the rank growth which must be cut down, the stumps and roots to be burned out and cleared, the swamps to be drained, before even the foundations can be laid. And—after—what long and patient labor and steadfastness of ideal before we begin to see rise a fair edifice of human life upon this earth.

Members of a practical race will say: "Well, what do you want us to do? Cut the flower and come to the fruit?" Alas! All literary men can tell people what they oughtn't to be; that's—literature. But to tell them what they ought to do is—politics, of which no literary man is guilty; for politics and literature afford the only instance known—in virtuous countries—of divorce by mutual consent. The contempt of politicians for literary men is only equaled by the contempt of literary men for politicians. It would be impertinent, then, for a literary man to suggest anything practical. Let me, however, make a few affirmations. I do believe that, on the whole, modern man is a little further from being a mere animal than the men of the Dark Ages, however great the castles in Spain those men built and left for us to look upon; but I am sure we are in far greater danger than ever they were, of a swift decline. From that decline I am convinced that only the love and cult of beauty will save us!

By the love and cult of beauty I mean a great deal—*higher and wider conception of the dignity of human life;* the teaching of what beauty is, to all, not merely to the few; the cultivation of good will so that we wish and work and dream that not only ourselves but everybody may be healthy and happy; and, above all, the fostering of the habit of doing things and making things well for the joy of the work and the pleasure of achieve-

ment, rather than for the gain they will bring us. With these as the rules, the wheels of an insensate industrialism, whose one idea is to make money and get ahead of other people—careless of direction toward hell or heaven—might conceivably be spoked.

As it seemed to me, the great lack of our age is an ideal, expressed with sufficient concreteness to be like a vision, beckoning. To me there is no other ideal worthy of us, or indeed possible to us in these unsuperstitious days, save beauty —or call it, if you will, the dignity of human life. One or two writers of late have urged the need of more *spiritual* beauty in our lives. They mean what I mean, but it is unfortunate to talk of *spiritual* beauty. We must be able to smell, and see, hear, feel, and taste our ideal as well. We must know by plain evidence that it is lifting human life, that it is the heritage of all, not merely of the refined and leisured among us. The body and soul are one for the purpose of all real evolution, and I regret any term which suggests a divorce between them. But nobody, I think, can mistake what is meant by quality, or the dignity of human life. Anything which crosses and offends against that ideal is our Satan. And the only way in which each one can say *"Retro Satana"* is to leave his or her tiny corner of the universe a little more dignified, a little more lovely and lovable than he or she found it.

It may seem absurd to be writing like this in a world whose general mood at the moment is utter disillusionment and gloomy spite. The world is cross-eyed just now; when it weeps out of one eye, the tear runs down the other cheek. And it is difficult to be in love with a lady like that. I, for one, find it extremely hard not to be a cynic. Latest opinion assigns eight or ten thousand years as the outside length of time during which what we know as civilization has been at work. Still—ten thousand years is a considerable peried of mollification. One had rashly hoped that mankind was not to be so speedily stampeded; that traditions of gentleness, fair play, chivalry, had a little more strength among Western peoples than they have been proved to have had since 1914; that mob feeling might be less, instead of, as it seems, more potent than it used to be. Only very constant self-reminding that the fault was in

one's self, that one was a facile observer, a dreamer who did not look deeply enough beneath the surface; a rider before the hounds; only that, and a constant self-reminding of the individual patience, good-humor, endurance, and heroism which goes so queerly hand in hand with stupidity, savagery, greed, and mob violence, can save a man from turning his back on the world with the words: "Cats and monkeys, monkeys and cats, all life is there!"

Fear is at the back of nearly all the savagery in the world; and if there be not present in the individual that potent antidote—the sense of human dignity, which is but a love of and a belief in beauty, he must infallibly succumb to fear. There are tremendous difficulties in the way of coherent progress, of all fair and far ideals under the régime of short-lived elective bodies, a régime essentially exposed to stampede through popular opinion and the emotions of the moment. Seeing the violence of which military autocracy is capable, one is liable to become too blind a devotee of democracy. But democracy has no greater enemies than her unthinking friends. Short sight is her danger, short sight verging on blindness. What will happen if democracy really goes blind? She must have an ideal, a star on which to fix her eyes—something distant and magnetic to draw her on, something to strive toward, beyond the troubled and shifting needs, passions, and prejudices of the moment. Lovers of beauty, those who wish to raise the dignity of human life, should try to give her that ideal, to equip her with the only vision which can save the world from spite and the crazy competition which leads thereto.

We of this still young century may yet leave to those who come after us at least the foundations of a castle in Spain such as the world has not yet seen; leave our successors in mood and heart to continue our work; so that one hundred and fifty years from now, human life may really be dignified and beautiful, not just a breathless, grudging, visionless scramble from birth to death, of a night with no stars out.

Dreamer—deep-seated sentimentalist—the immortal Don riding his Rosinante on the bare brown uplands of Spain never saw so crazy a vision, so fickle-shining a mirage! Who knows? The world is changing. It *must* change, or perish; the forces of

destruction, the inherent futilities of the present order, are too great. And there is in human nature, after all, the instinct of self-preservation, a great saving common-sense.

The past six years have been the result of the past six hundred years. The war was no spasmodic visitation; it was the culmination of age-long competitions. The past six years have devoured many millions of grown men, more millions of little children—prevented their birth, killed them, or withered them for life. If we begin again these crazy competitions, without regard for beauty or the dignity of human life, we shall live to see ten millions perish for every million perished in this war. We shall live to curse the day—this day when, at the end of so great a lesson, we were too sane to take it to heart; too sensible and practical and business-like and unemotional to see visions and dream dreams, and build our castle in Spain.

QUESTIONS ON THE TEXT

1. In what spirit did the builders of the Seville Cathedral undertake their work?
2. Do *we* spend one hundred and fifty years building anything now?
3. What is the difference in spirit of our building from that of the Middle Ages?
4. Wherein have the builders of past and present worshiped a half-truth?
5. Will wealth alone elevate mankind?
6. If we attend to the body, will the spirit care for itself?
7. Is the pride in individual craftsmanship gone?
8. What is the effect on the worker of the division of labor?
9. Why is the modern workman's interest outside his work?
10. On what must we rely for quality nowadays?
11. Would real progress level the economic extremes of modern society?
12. What is the defect in governmental bodies elected for a short time?
13. What qualities do great administrators have?
14. Do our methods of education develop us one-sidedly?
15. Do business men have a contempt for art and beauty?
16. What have beauty and art done for the race?
17. Would man still be a savage except for the influence of art?
18. What is the relation of beauty to religion?
19. In what way has trade helped to elevate mankind?
20. Is beauty the only civilizing agent?
21. Does our age care only for profit?
22. How can we put beauty within the reach of all classes?
23. Must one be a sentimentalist to get the real values out of life?
24. What is Galsworthy's broad definition of beauty?

25. How is beauty the best investment a man can make?
26. What alone stands between man and his destruction?
27. How does Galsworthy think future wars will be fought?
28. What is the relation of beauty to the future life?
29. How does the ideal of beauty include the material comforts of life?
30. In what way is our modern civilization very thorough?
31. Do we live too much in the present and forget the future?
32. Are we in danger of a swift decline? What will save us?
33. Should we work for the joy of achievement rather than for material gain?
34. Why does Galsworthy object to the term "spiritual beauty" and prefer the "dignity of human life"?
35. What should be our effect on our little corner of the universe?
36. What saves a man from utter cynicism?
37. What is back of all the savagery of the world?
38. How can beauty serve democracy?
39. Can human nature rely for its salvation on its instinct for self-preservation?
40. How can we prevent the crazy competitions that produce war?
41. From the last paragraph can you tell whether Galsworthy is optimistic or pessimistic for the future?
42. How has machinery changed our culture and our ideal?
43. Discuss: The long hours and economic dependence of the guild craftsman compared to the short hours and high wages of the modern factory worker.
44. Does the modern workman make good use of his leisure?
45. Is self-preservation the first law of nature?
46. What is the lesson of the World War?

THE EVILS OF MASS PRODUCTION

Mass production is slowly but surely pushing culture out of the United States; it is driving ambition and originality out of the working people. Industry seems to be creating a need artificially and then producing commodities to provide for that need.

The workman in a modern factory must seek his culture and pleasure outside of his work. It seems that his mind and body act together mechanically to perform one monotonous task for eight hours a day. A man who simply gives a bolt a single turn has no incentive for doing his work well. After he has learned what he is expected to do, there is no opportunity for his originality to be displayed. When one man made a complete article, he could constantly improve his skill and develop his ideas about his work. The modern workman is only a higher type of machine—one endowed with a brain and a soul.

During the time in which articles were made by hand, a man might gain national or even international renown because of the fine quality of his work. A factory workman cannot be so known to-day. As a slave of a machine he is continually looking forward to the time when his eight hours will be ended; consequently he does not take any interest in the quality of the product he is turning out.

Thus mass production deadens the workman through the cultural barrenness of his daily task and through his lack of personal pride in his work. But the public also suffers from this system. By extensive advertising campaigns it is led to believe that it has need for many unnecessary articles which clever minds have invented. There are many companies which would be forced to go out of business if the public were to think whether or not the products of these companies are necessary.

It seems that widespread culture and mass production cannot survive side by side in any one nation. It is necessary for the American people to choose. It is true that mass production will ultimately give us great wealth and physical power. Culture can offer only beauty and appreciation of beauty. It is my opinion that the results of culture are much more desirable to any nation than those of great wealth and power.

D. S. F.

THEME SUBJECTS

1. My Castles in Spain
2. Castles in America
3. Man—the Slave of the Machine
4. The Machine: A Curse or a Blessing?
5. Man's Debt to the Visionary
6. Is America Money-Mad?
7. Beauty and Progress
8. The Master-Workman *vs.* the Machine-Tender
9. The Place of Leisure in a Workman's Life
10. Quality *vs.* Quantity
11. Beauty: The Savior of Mankind
12. Are Business Men Lacking in Vision?
13. The True Meaning of Beauty
14. The Place of Sentiment in Life
15. The Joy of Work and Achievement
16. Twentieth Century Ideals
17. Why I Am (or Am Not) a Cynic
18. My Faith in the Future
19. Are Present-Day Labor Conditions Better Than Those of the Middle Ages?
20. Day Dreams
21. Is Love of Beauty Dying in America?
22. Can Beauty Be Brought to the Slums?
23. The Conflict Between Materialism and Beauty
24. Is the Pride of Craftsmanship Gone?
25. Cathedrals or Skyscrapers?
26. Is There Native Art in America?
27. What Is True Progress?
28. The Evils of Mass Production
29. The Element of Beauty in Religion
30. Education in Relation to Beauty
31. Beauty Follows Trade
32. Does Beauty Depend upon the Patronage of Wealth?
33. The Modern Factory—Can It Be Made Beautiful?

34. Present-Day Progress: The Road to Destruction?
35. Beauty All About Us
36. The Pursuit of Beauty—a National Ideal
37. Should the Law Prohibit Advertising Signboards?
38. Our Gift of Beauty to the Future
39. Is Happiness a Matter of Environment?
40. Science *vs.* Art
41. The Increase of Beauty in the American Home

HISTORY IS ONE [1]

H. G. Wells

One hears nowadays a considerable criticism of the teaching of history in schools and colleges and numerous and various suggestions for its improvement. History, we are told, is made uninteresting or it is made gossipy or it feeds the national and racial hostilities of our fallen nature or fails to throw any light upon the current politics of the world. For most of such criticism a good case is to be made. Nearly all these troubles spring from one root: History is taught by sample and not as a whole.

The attention of the student is concentrated from the first upon the story of his own country, and often upon only a period in the history of his own country, to the more or less complete exclusion of all other aspects of the human story. But a portion of the life of our race is not to be detached in this way without serious consequences. Take, for example, English history as it is taught in an English school. It begins with Celtic Britain. Enter Cæsar and a Roman host. From where? We never learn. Who is this Cæsar, and why did he come? Why did he go? Why did the Romans not come again for the better part of a century? Evidently something much more important was going on elsewhere. A little way on in the story certain Angles, Jutes, and Saxons rush in—as inexplicably. Whence? Why? Later come the Danes. The history of England has the effect of something going on upon a doormat in a passage outside a room full of events, a room with several other doors. The door opens, the Norman kings rush out of the room, conquer the country hastily, say something about some novelty of which we have learned nothing hitherto,—the Crusades,—and exit to room again.

From which presently King Richard returns dejected. He has been fighting the Saracens. Who are the Saracens? We never

[1] From *The Saturday Evening Post*, May 3, 1919. Reprinted by permission.

learn. What becomes of them? We are never told. Some Emperor has made him prisoner. Somewhere. So it goes on. The broad back of history is turned to England throughout. It is looking out of the window at unseen things. Its face and hands are hidden, and we make what we can of the wriggling of its heels.

The American story is still more incomprehensible. An innocent continent is suddenly inundated by Spanish, Portuguese, French, Dutch, and British, who proceed at once to pick up the thread of various conflicts—initiated elsewhere. Someone called the Pope is seen to be dividing the new continent among the European Powers. Colonies are formed. What are colonies? These colonies, in what is apparently a strenuous attempt to simplify history, break off from their unknown countries of origin. A stream of immigration begins from west and east. The American mind establishes a sort of intellectual Monroe Doctrine and declares that America has no past, only a future. From which sublime dream it is presently roused to find something called European imperialism wrecking the world. What is this imperialism? How did it begin?

The teaching of history in most other countries is after the same fashion. Everywhere the teachers present more or less similar histories of passages and doormats. Great events—the Crusades, the Reformation, the Industrial Revolution—come in with a bang and go out with a slam, leaving no clue, leaving our poor heads spinning. Is it any wonder if history falls back for a little human touch upon childish anecdotes about Alfred and the cakes, about the peerless beauty of Mary Queen of Scots, and about King Charles and his spaniels?

The chief excuse offered for teaching history by a separate sample in this way is that otherwise there would be too much to teach.

Kant held that we ought to teach universal and not special history—teach, that is, the whole history of man; but he confessed that he quailed before the task. Lord Bryce, too, in an introduction to Helmont's *Universal History* has supported this idea that universal history is too vast a job to attempt. But is it really too vast a job to attempt?

Suppose other subjects were taught in the same fashion that we adopt for history; suppose we taught human physiology by just sitting down to the story of the liver, only alluding distantly at times to the stomach or to the diaphragm or the rest of the body. Would students make anything of physiology?

Suppose we taught chemistry by seizing upon some special group of substances—elastic substances, shall we say, or coal-tar products, or feldspar minerals—and drummed away at them, did them thoroughly. The student would get to just the sort of thing the ordinary student of history gets to-day, and that is a jumble of special knowledge with no general ideas at all. He would never get down to anything simple, and he would never get out to anything broad. He would never get a vision of his subject.

After all, may it not be possible to get something, something we may call the elements of history, into such a shape and form that it could be taught in schools in the place of the indigestible broken-off lump of laws and events that is now the substance of school history?

Of course one thing must be understood clearly: If we propose to study history extensively we must not expect to study it so intensively; if our youth is to know something about the Greeks and Assyrians and Indians we may have to relinquish some of the minor dates in the Wars of the Roses or some of the finer points in the claims of Queen Matilda—was it?—to the crown of France.

Let us consider what the broad outline of a universal history might be. In effect let us sketch out a syllabus of historical study on the assumption that history is really one study, only to be properly understood as a whole. We will begin with the beginning and go to the end, and plan out the shape of what an intelligent citizen in a modern country ought to know of the past of mankind. We do not suggest that the teaching of this outline of history should come in precisely the order in which we have arranged it, but we do suggest that the body of historical knowledge in the mind of an ordinary young man or woman of seventeen or eighteen could and ought to fall into this order, and that it ought to be there as one coherent and consecutive train of events.

To begin with, we submit, there ought to be an account, broad but true, of the past history of the earth. We cannot see human history in its proper perspective unless we have that. There should be a clear idea of the world's probable origin, its relationship to the moon, its gradual cooling from incandescence, and some realization of the vast ages through which it spun before its crust was cool enough for the first hot rain to trickle over its surface and form the first puddle that became the ocean.

For scores and perhaps hundreds of millions of years the early rocks were forming without any trace of life.

Then life began. Of its origin and nature we have still to learn, but of its early beginnings it is now possible to tell a plain story. Scientific men have now disentangled the process of the slow creeping up of life upon the land from its first beginnings in the shallow seas of that ancient time, and it is a very curious and fascinating process to relate. Until at last when the world was perhaps three quarters of its present age, there were creeping amphibians among the swamp forests and dragon flies in the air.

All this is now a tellable story, and so, too, is the story of the spread of life to the hillsides in the Age of Reptiles, and how as the great cycles of climate changed from an equable warmth to extremer conditions the reptiles made way for the mammals and birds of the forests and grassy plains that followed. This is no catalogue of incoherent marvels nowadays; it has been worked out far beyond that; it is a prelude of astonishing depth and beauty to the entrance of man upon the scene, and the mind that has not apprehended it sees history flatly and poorly for the need of it.

Much has been learned now of the ancestry of man. But it is only by casual articles in the magazines that people know anything of those interesting sub-races of men—men who were not quite men, who made the first eoliths—and of the nearly human creatures who chipped flints and built fires half a million years ago. So vague are popular ideas in these matters that most of us are disposed to believe the suggestion of the creator of Prehistoric Peeps, that the early men of a hundred thousand years

ago were chased about the world by the great reptiles which had vanished twenty or thirty million years before their time.

The long struggle of our flesh and blood to articulate life is still no more to most of us than matter for such burlesque. It has never been made real to us. It seems not to signify. But it does signify, and we do not grasp the values of life fully until that struggle has become a reality in our thoughts about the past.

Much of the early history of the sub-men and men which was confused and controversial and difficult to disentangle thirty years ago has now been so cleared up that it can be put into an orderly and teachable narrative. It is ready for the use of schools. For growing youth there could be nothing more interesting than the evidence of slowly unfolding skill and knowledge, the first implements and the first weapons, the first fires and the earliest habitations, the beginnings of art, the supersession of the hunting and fishing life of the paleolithic savage by the life of the neolithic herdsman and agriculturist.

And here again, when we come to the neolithic peoples, the philology and archæology of the last quarter of a century have pieced things together until now they are in a comprehensible order. We really have an outline history of the beginnings of civilization. We really have sound ideas that are more than guesses at the origin and relationship of the broad racial divisions of mankind. We can tell a definite story of the pre-Aryan peoples of the Mediterranean Basin and Western Europe and of the pre-Semitic people of Sumeria. But our sons and daughters are not learning these things. They are picking up loose and inaccurate ideas about them from casual reading or they are learning nothing about them at all.

It is possible now to draw a map of the world of twelve or fifteen thousand years ago, when Southern Arabia was a land of plenty and the Black Sea stretched across the southern steppes of Russia and was one with the Caspian, and when the Red Sea mingled its waters with the Mediterranean. It is possible now to tell how agriculture and irrigation arose and how the first cities with their priest kings grew around the first temples. We can trace the clash of the early civilizations with

the nomadic populations about them, see the first beginnings of social classes and the elementary and embryonic forms of all these institutions and all those struggles of class and interest in which we live to-day.

Still more possible and still more necessary for a proper comprehension of our world is an understanding of the way in which writing rose out of pictorial record and made possible the extension of social and political relations beyond the range of the early city states. Much is known now, but it is not so generally known as it should be known, of the slow transition of men's thoughts from tribal gods and city gods to the idea of one God, the Father and Judge of all mankind. It is a process that went on concurrently with the growth of kingdoms into empires and with the break-up of little states and peoples; the growth of the double idea of a world dominion on the part of the rulers and of a world brotherhood on the part of driven and distressed and uprooted peoples.

This broad story, broadly told, is of far more educational value than particulars of the court life of Henry VIII and fine points about the Conventicle Act. Our public to-day would be a wiser public and better able to face the vast necessities of the time if it had even an outline knowledge of the story of the Assyrian and Chaldean and Persian empires and some idea of what the career of Alexander the Great signified to the world of men, even if it had acquired that knowledge at the cost of never having heard of William Rufus.

Still more important is the history of the rise and development of the Roman Empire, the backbone of the modern historical record. Our national histories signify nothing until they are studied in relation to that. It is not so crowded a subject as people are apt to think. It is bad teaching that crowds history. All the history sketched so far could be put plainly and inspiringly, with the help of thirty or forty straightforward maps and a few time diagrams and illustrations, into the compass of an ordinary school history.

But "History is one," and a modern citizen should also know something of the great world beyond the world of the early empires—the world of Turkish and Hunnish people of

Central Asia that spread across the Old World between the distant and separate civilization of China, the walled-in triangle of India, and the western civilizations. While a larger and larger portion of Europe, North Africa, and Southwest Asia was being brought together into one system of civilization, the nomadic life of these regions of Central Asia accumulated energy, which rolled now westward across Russia to shatter the Roman Empire, now eastward to subjugate China, now into India, and at last in its most fatal raid, in the beginning of the twelfth century, to wreck and destroy the irrigation and so the settled population of Babylonia—Babylonia which had endured as a populous and civilized land from the very beginnings of civilization.

Until people understand the true meaning of that destruction they will never fully grasp the need for one universal world polity; they will still be prone to cuddle to themselves the silly idea that in the same world it is possible to go on with hunger and savagery in one part and a secure and happy civilization in another. If universal history has no other value at all, it would still be worth teaching because of the convincing way in which it demonstrates from case after case the hopelessness of any dreams of partial prosperity and partial security in the same world with misery. Human history is one history and human welfare is one whole.

So, too, it is preposterous that we should expect voters to understand the foreign intelligence in their newspapers when they have no idea or only the vaguest idea of the rise of Islam and the share it took in the shattering of the Byzantine system and the way in which it has since developed and seems likely to develop.

National history since the time of Cæsar to the present day, read by itself, is like reading one part in a play with all the other parts left out. The play itself is the drama of the great necessities for human unity struggling with the narrow purposes and egotisms of mankind; the plot of the play is the long struggle through the Middle Ages and to our own time of the idea of the Roman Empire to adapt and reëstablish itself as a form of universal human coöperation. The English schoolboy

learns the list of his island kings, with dates; and very dull kings most of them were. The significant figures of history are not these very parochial personages at all, but such monarchs as Charlemagne, Otto III, Frederick Barbarossa, Charles V, and Napoleon. Until the student of history knows something about these central characters in European affairs, the proceedings of the kings of England or France, the wars they made, and the expeditions upon which they embarked are totally incomprehensible.

In the fifteenth century came the phase of exploration that the use of the mariner's compass had made possible, and the stage of history broadened to admit America and to join up India and China at last into an effective reaction upon European affairs. In the close atmosphere of our English histories those great events are masked altogether by the stories of the wives of Henry VIII and the contemplation of Queen Elizabeth's tight lacing and of King James's slobbering over his "dear Steenie." (How that unpleasant weakness perplexed and bored our youth!) Yet one might have acquired a very broad and sound knowledge of history and never heard a word about this favorite. He was gossip, he was scandal, a mere transitory pimple on the face of events.

And still more completely not taught to-day is the story of the great revolution in human affairs that followed the large-scale production of iron and steel and the use of steam and electricity. Mostly this is left out of our school courses altogether in favor of Mrs. Masham—was it?—and the tea parties of Queen Anne's bed-chamber women. Yet can there be any doubt not only of which is the more important but of which is the more interesting and wholesome subject for boys and girls—the story of machinery or the story of the jealousies and intrigues of these old ladies?

In the case of many English people history ends with Queen Anne; with others it gets as far as George III, who is left wondering how the apple got into the dumpling. For this sort of thing, we gather, our fathers died at Blenheim or Waterloo. Not only are English people, so far as their school and college work goes, totally ignorant of the past of history and the general shape of history, but they know practically nothing at

all of the last and most eventful century of human experience. They know nothing of the settlement of Europe after Napoleon; nothing of the unification of Germany and of Italy; nothing of the liberation of North and South America from Europe; nothing of the exploration and division of Africa; nothing of the modernization of Japan; and nothing of the history of the British Empire.

It is not that they know no history at all and that nothing has been put before them, but that they have had their minds concentrated upon local and trivial matters and dates, to the exclusion of the outline facts. They have, for example, in many cases quite a full knowledge of the controversy about transubstantiation at the time of the Reformation or about the Lollards or John Ball, but they have never heard in school or college of Marx, individualism, socialism, anarchism, syndicalism, trusts, tariffs, or trade unions.

One might imagine that every ten years or so the educational authorities of a civilized democracy such as ours would at least revise the syllabus and curriculum of national history taught in its schools and colleges and bring it up to contemporary interests, but no syllabus of history-teaching in Great Britain seems to have been touched for the last century or more. Partly this is the result of our laziness at the mere mention of things educational; partly it is due to the levity, illiteracy, and want of personal weight or of any sense of responsibility of nearly every education minister Great Britain had before Mr. Fisher; partly it is through the dread of bringing the school work within range of "controversial topics"; but largely it is to be connected up with the failure to understand the supreme need in this modern world for a world-wide common knowledge of the main facts in the history of mankind.

The political worth of a people is necessarily shaped and limited by the limitations of that people's historical knowledge, and there is no country in the world where the general body of the people has more than a contemptible knowledge of history. The teacher of history teaches his subject not as a subject vitally important in the mental structure of the community but as a curious and entertaining collection of side lights upon

life. And so most of us are left to pick up in our crowded after-school years knowledge that should have been woven from the beginning into the very substance of our thoughts.

There are, of course, mechanical difficulties in the way of such a rational expansion of the teaching of history in our schools and colleges as we have been suggesting here. The teachers, it will be argued, know the old stuff by heart and very fully; the world is full of convenient textbooks of nationalist history; the traditions of examining are all on the old lines. But, on the other hand, it will be a very delightful release and an interesting adventure for all the more active-minded teachers of history to broaden their scope in this fashion, and it is not true that there are no schoolbooks upon universal history. We have, for instance, Marvin's *The Living Past,* and two American writers, Breasted and Robinson, have produced a very useful universal history in two volumes. The material is all available now for any number of textbooks; it needs but a change in the requirements of a few big examining authorities to cover the land with a mushroom growth of books and wall maps suited to a saner teaching of history. And a saner teaching of history means a better understanding of international problems, a saner national policy, and a happier world.

QUESTIONS ON THE TEXT

1. What does Mr. Wells say is the trouble with history as it is usually taught?
2. Is the teaching of history too national?
3. Can we understand American history without its European backgrounds?
4. Why should major emphasis in teaching fall on movements like the Crusades, the Reformation, and the Industrial Revolution?
5. Why does history so often concern itself with unimportant stories about great personages?
6. Is the teaching of universal history an impossible task?
7. Could we teach other subjects in the disjointed way in which we teach history?
8. Would it be well to sacrifice details to a comprehensive view of history?
9. Where would Mr. Wells start his study of history?
10. What does geology contribute to history?
11. How much do we know about the beginning of life on the earth?
12. Should evolution be taught in the schools?

13. Can history be taught intelligently without reference to evolution?
14. What are we now able to tell with reasonable accuracy about the racial divisions of mankind? About the formation of the world 15,000 years ago?
15. What do we know of the growth of man's belief in one God?
16. What double idea parallels man's growing idea of God?
17. Why is it more important to know about Alexander the Great than about William Rufus?
18. What relation do the Roman Empire and the peoples of Central Asia have to modern history?
19. Can a secure and happy civilization exist in the same world with hunger and savagery?
20. Who were the really significant figures of history?
21. What is the historical importance of the large-scale production of iron and steel?
22. Should history be brought down to contemporary affairs?
23. Why do history books need revision?
24. How does a lack of historical knowledge limit a people?
25. What arguments are made against the teaching of universal history?
26. What does Mr. Wells believe the saner teaching of history will accomplish?
27. Are our present-day American history textbooks nationalistic in tone?
28. Is war glorified in the history books?
29. Should we try to synthesize our college courses?
30. Discuss: Changes in international relations which have arisen from the sheer speed of modern communication and transportation.

THE ADVANTAGES OF MR. WELLS' PLAN OF STUDYING HISTORY

How is the fact to be explained that when a professor in an English class sees fit to ask questions pertaining to historical matter, most of us are utterly at sea as to the answers? Of course, there are always several persons in the class who can answer such questions. They probably are specializing in history, but why don't more of us have our historical material organized in such a way that we can answer questions intelligently when confronted by them? Many times when discussions lead to some historical incident, and a question is asked concerning it, I feel that a peculiar "snickering" attitude exists among the students—an attitude which seems to say, "How do you expect us to know something like that?" I think that this condition really presents a serious problem. The students realize that they should know more about history, but the fault does not lie with them. There must be something wrong with the method used in teaching history.

Mr. Wells says that history is taught by sample and not as a whole. He contends that it is taught intensively by parts, which are not linked together; consequently the student does not "know what it is all about," and has no good means of remembering what he has learned. It is thought that if history were taught extensively, covering the important happenings and omitting the unimportant, while at the same time encouraging the student to grasp the continuity of historical progress, he would have a more

comprehensive view of the whole field. He would know how certain events, as results of others, came about.

Some men have felt that the teaching of universal history would be almost an impossibility. But it would be no more impossible than the teaching of science as it is taught to-day. The elementary courses in the sciences present something like an outline of the subject, giving the student general ideas as to the various laws, and to the facts on which these laws are based. If the student were given this same sort of training in history, he would be able to handle his material in much the same fashion, and even though he did not know a date precisely, he could associate the event with something he did know about, and thus give at least an intelligent answer.

If one had a fair knowledge of all the important historical events, he would probably be sufficiently interested in certain periods in history to study them in greater detail in order to satisfy his own curiosity. As it is, the student learns only what he has to learn—much of which is mere back-door gossip about persons and events—and he is glad when he can say he is "through" with the course. I think that history taught under Mr. Wells' plan would be entertaining rather than boresome to the student, and surely far more usable as general knowledge. What is more, everyone would like to study history, and everyone would therefore have a clearer conception of the facts pertaining to it.

W. H.

THEME SUBJECTS

1. Universal History
2. The Advantages (or Disadvantages) of Mr. Wells' Plan of Studying History
3. National Isolation in the Modern World
4. The Narrow Nationalist View of History
5. Can Half the World Be Happy While the Other Half Starves?
6. The Importance of an Understanding of Greek Civilization (the Roman Empire, the Feudal System, the Crusades, the Reformation, the Renaissance, the Napoleonic Wars, the Rise of Industrialism)
7. Prehistoric History
8. Gossip as History
9. The Extensive (or Intensive) Method of History Study
10. Is There a Yellow Peril?
11. Will the Rising Tide of Color Ultimately Overwhelm the White Race?
12. Is the Occident Right (or Wrong) in Its Treatment of the Orient?
13. Great Moments That Have Made History
14. Geology and History
15. Evolution and History
16. Dates: The Useless Baggage of History
17. Iron and Steel as Factors in World History
18. Jingoism in History Books
19. A Better World Through a New Attitude Toward History
20. Should Evolution Be Taught in High Schools (or Colleges)?
21. The Values of Historical Perspective
22. History Is the Biography of Great Men

23. The Pivotal Figures of History
24. Historical Nonentities
25. Revising the History Books
26. Ten Important Dates in History
27. A Battle That Changed the History of the World
28. A Man Who Made History
29. Hunger as a Motive in History
30. History: Too Much a Record of Wars
31. A Review of Wells' *Outline of History*
32. Should the Study of History and English Be Correlated?
33. History: A Factor in International Good-Will
34. History and Provincialism
35. Is Nationalistic History Necessary to the Fostering of Patriotism?
36. Who Are a Nation's Heroes?
37. Why I Would (or Would Not) Work for an International Language
38. Why I Am an Ardent Nationalist (or Internationalist)
39. History and Citizenship
40. The Modern Social Value of Universal History

SCIENCE FROM THE SIDE-LINES[1]

EDWIN E. SLOSSON

SCIENCE is advancing more rapidly than ever and is more quickly applied to the needs of life. But the scientific habit of mind is not common or commonly respected. The material contributions of science to our comfort and luxury are accepted as a matter of course with little thought about the prolonged process of research that precedes the practical application.

Science is more than the father of invention. We can get from the reading of science not only new things to think about, but, what is more important, new ways of thinking about things.

Anyone who desires to keep in touch with the progress of the world naturally wants to know in a general way what is being done in the various fields of science. But, unfortunately, he does not find it so easy to follow current movements in science as he does in literature, art, music, politics, and other forms of human activity. Science is mostly printed in a foreign language not only when it appears in French, German, Russian, or Japanese, but also when it seems at first sight to be in ordinary English. Translators of foreign tongues are common and competent, but there are comparatively few writers engaged in the interpretation of technical literature for the layman.

Science is more than a wonder-worker. Wonders never cease, but we soon cease to wonder at them. Wonder is a fugitive emotion. A "nine-days' wonder" is the normal longevity, and there is no reason why it should live longer, for there are more profitable attitudes. Even when science surprises us by depriving a familiar thing of some attribute deemed

[1] From *Chats on Science*. Copyright, 1924, by The Century Co. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

essential we do not miss it long. We are quite accustomed to the idea of wireless telephones, smokeless powder, horseless trucks, voiceless drama, fatherless frogs, leatherless soles, strawless straws, tonsilless children, caffeinless coffee, kickless drinks, seedless oranges, and typeless printing.

When a baby sees a strange object,—and to a baby all objects are strange,—he first opens his mouth and stares at it; next, he sticks out his finger and tries to touch it; third, he grabs it and tries to do something with it. These are the three stages through which persons and races pass in their attitude toward the unknown in nature: wonder, curiosity, utilization. The first sentence of each new chapter of the *History of Human Progress* (by various authors, Published in Parts) ends with ! Later sentences may be punctuated with ? and finally perhaps with $.

Some persons and peoples remain always in the earliest infantile attitude of empty awe, and take pride in it. They do not even attempt to pass to the stage of idle curiosity, as does the normal child. From the open mouth to the open mind is often a long and toilsome progress in the history of the race. The ancient Athenians had passed from the "Oh!" stage, to the "Why?" stage, but never reached the "What for?" stage. That is why they were overwhelmed by the barbarians, who did not know so much, but knew how to kill people quite as well.

In the earlier culture stages people are curious only about "curiosities." They are not interested in the ordinary. It is the "Wonders of Science" period of literature. The museums are jackdaw nests of pretty stones, queer shells, and outlandish trinkets. Crowds flock to the side-show tents to see the two-headed calf and the bearded lady. They may even go as far as to wonder why the calf is bicephalous and the lady pogoniastic, but they do not even raise the more important question why most calves have only one head and most ladies no beard. They listen with eagerness to the tales of travelers, like Herodotus and Mandeville, who have been, or profess to have been, in remote regions. They are curious of all customs except their own, which, being customary, require no explanation. "Why do they act so?" they ask about foreigners, but never, "Why

do we act so?" though that is a question that they might more easily answer. Man began his study of the world with the more distant things. He gazed long at the stars before it occurred to him to look at the ground on which he stood, and longer yet before he tried to turn his attention inward to find out what was going on inside of his own head. Astronomy was well grown before geology was born, and psychology has only recently been admitted to the family of the sciences.

Ignorance is commonly referred to as "darkness," but it is not so easy as that would imply. The darkness of space offers no impediment to the penetration of light, but the human mind often opposes a specific resistance to the entrance of a new idea. Especially, if it is a big idea that requires some rearrangement of the mental furniture before room can be found for it.

There are those who love darkness rather than light, not because their deeds are evil, but just because they like to sit around in the dark and tell ghost-stories to one another. They prefer mystery, where they can imagine whatever they wish, and they fear that science will

> Conquer all mysteries by rule and line,
> Empty the haunted air, and gnomed mine,
> Unweave a rainbow, as it erewhile made
> The tender-personed Lamia melt into a shade.

They even seem to regard God, quite blasphemously, as a great conjuror whose tricks may be exposed by some impertinent scientist who turns too much light upon the phenomena of nature. They do not know the simple geometrical principle that as the area of enlightenment enlarges, it lengthens the circle of the surrounding darkness.

The method of science is economy of thought. The aim of science is control of the future. A science arises from some human need, and returns to earth to satisfy some, often some other, human need. It may soar so high into the empyrean as to be out of our sight, but it always comes back in the course of time, bringing food, like Elijah's ravens.

So do not believe a mathematician when he boasts that his

newly discovered theorem is of no possible use to anybody. Before he knows it some mechanic will snatch it out of his hand and set it to work in the shops. No occupation seemed idler than the study of geometry of four dimensions when anybody could see that there were only three; yet now all of a sudden the symbols of the fourth dimension appear in astronomical and physical calculations, and are likely to get into chemistry and biology soon.

One cannot, of course, become a scientist by merely reading science, however diligently and long. For a scientist is one who makes science, not one who learns science. A novelist is one who writes novels, not one who reads them. A contortionist is one who makes contortions, not one who watches them. Every real scientist is expected to take part in the advancement of science, to go over the top at least once in his life when he takes his Ph.D. degree, if never again. But of course the number of those who are in reserve or in training must always outnumber those at the front.

The highest reward of science, the secret satisfaction of standing where no mortal man has ever stood before, is rightly reserved to those who contribute most to its advance. The pure thrill of primal discovery comes only to the explorer who first crosses the crest of the mountain-range that divides the unknown from the known. But if we cannot all feel that thrill to the full, we can at least catch a resonance of it in our own souls by reading about it, as we know something of how Balboa felt when he stared at the Pacific from a peak in Darien, as well as how Keats felt on first opening Chapman's *Homer*. The lives of explorers are always exciting whether they penetrate to the heart of Africa, like Livingstone, or to the heart of the atom, like Bohr.

At a baseball game there may be five thousand spectators and only one man at the bat, but do not imagine he is the only one having any fun. He alone can feel the whack on the wood that tells him that he has made a three-base hit, but the five thousand participate by proxy in his pleasure, their muscles tense, and their pulses quicken.

There is also fun to be found in sitting on the side-lines of

science and watching the international game. Those who are not musicians may get delight from music; those who are not architects, from architecture; those who are not cooks, from food. It is not necessary to be a scientist to get pleasure and profit from scientific researches. This is not a faculty confined to a few. It is common to all who have any capacity for intellectual enjoyment, and those who do not avail themselves of it are curtailing their opportunities for happiness. Appreciation of good music was supposed to be over the ears of the masses until the phonograph brought Beethoven and Wagner to every farm house and tenement.

Science, too, needs to be democratized and brought within reach of the many, not as a task forced upon children, but as a lifelong recreation. That is one difficulty with our excellent school system; it is so comprehensive that if you suggest to a person that he might find it interesting to study, say, botany or chemistry, he is apt to reply that he "had it" when he was a boy, implying that, like the mumps or measles, he could never catch it again. He does not realize that the sciences are making such rapid progress that even if it "took" well in the first place, the immunity would not last longer than ten years.

The investigator does not like to be bothered when he is busy any more than other people. If you lean over his shoulder and jog his elbow when he is picking a chromosome out of a cell with a Barber pipette, he is apt to say: "Run away, child! You could not understand what I'm doing if I explained it to you." Doubtless you could not if he explained it to you in his own language. But somebody else who did understand what he was doing and who spoke your language could explain it to you in a way that would be very interesting. This translation of technical terminology into the vulgar tongue is quite another man's job,—no easy task at that,—and the few men of each generation who have the ability and opportunity to do original research of a high order ought not to be expected to take time off for such secondary work.

But the fact that scientists have been compelled to construct a trade language of their own is undoubtedly one reason why they are commonly misunderstood and disesteemed. It is hard not to feel that a foreigner who does not speak our language

is a bit stupid or crazy. Then, too, our pride comes into play and constructs a defensive mechanism for us. Our subconscious self suggests to us to say, "Well, if he can't put it into plain English, I guess it does not amount to much, anyway." This is the time to be reminded of an observation by Quiller-Couch: "I hold there is no surer sign of ill breeding than to speak, even to feel, slightingly of any knowledge oneself does not happen to possess."

If there were only one language of science, the layman might learn it once for all in order to get access to the whole of its literature. But "science" is one of those abstract collective terms that get us into trouble. It would be safer always to speak of "the sciences" rather than of "science," since there are many of them and they are not all on speaking terms with one another. Corridor conversations at a session of the American Association for the Advancement of Science sound like a Balkan peace conference, for each is speaking in his own tongue. If a chemist gets by mistake into Section F, and hears a paper being read on "Ecdysis in the Teleostean Agriopus," the chances are that he does not understand any more of it than you or I would, and, between you and me, he is just as much bored by it, though he may grin and bear it, hoping that the biologist will happen in at Section C and hear his paper on "The Internal Strains of the Molecule of Cyclohexane-spiro-cyclopentane-dicarboxylic Acid." Just so in polite conversation you may see a person listening with flattering attention to an unintelligible tale in the hope that he may earn like courtesy when his turn comes. The scientific specialist requires the services of an interpreter as much as the layman, and he needs it more, for he has all he can do to keep up with the voluminous literature of his own subject; yet he must keep an eye out for what is going on in all other fields, even the most remote, for something may happen there that will throw light on his own problems.

Then, too, there is danger that the investigator may become so absorbed in his subject that he will lose sight of its wider aspects, its human interest, its practical possibilities, its relation to the world at large. If one keeps his eye too closely fixed to a microscope, or even a telescope, he is apt to become

a trifle near-sighted. A botanist, for instance, may concentrate his attention so exclusively upon questions of taxonomy that it might be said of him

> A primrose by the river's brim
> Primula flava was to him,
> And it was nothing more.

The popularization of science does not mean falsification, but its translation from technical terms into ordinary language. Popular science need not be incorrect, but has to be somewhat indefinite. It differs from the exact sciences in being inexact.

The scientific mind is set at too sharp a focus for ordinary use. The would-be popularizer is always confronted by the dilemma of comprehensible inaccuracy or incomprehensible accuracy, and the fun of his work lies mainly in the solution of that problem.

It is amusing to see that scientists are stricter with others than they are with themselves, though this is a common human failing. For instance, the bacteriologist is very insistent that the layman shall not confound protozoa and bacteria, but in the laboratory he himself calls them all alike "bugs." The electrician is particular that other people shall use volt and ampere properly, but he tells his assistant to "turn on the juice."

The humanist and the scientist may think they are quarreling when they are merely saying the same thing in different words. Take, for instance, the phenomenon known as "the vernal erethic diathesis" or, in other circles, as "spring's awakening":

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," is the way it is put by the poet. (Tennyson).

"In the spring the chief activating gland of the kinetic system, the thyroid, shows a distinct enlargement," is the way it is said by the scientist. (Crile).

The so-called "conflict between science and religion" is largely a question of using words in a technical or a general sense. Volumes have been written on the question of whether "the great fish" which the Lord prepared to swallow Jonah might be a whale, and, if so, whether "the whale's belly" could be interpreted to mean his lungs, where the imprisoned prophet

would find plenty of air, rather than the whale's stomach, where he would be in danger of digestion.

The ordinary man wants to include whales among fish and potatoes among roots. The zoölogist and the botanist want to confine these words to the stricter meaning that they have imposed upon them. If the question of the use of these words were put up to a court composed of philologists to decide the issue on its historic grounds, the common man would win his case. But it is never good policy to quarrel about words. The writer of popular science will be wise to evade the issue by using, where he can, words to which scientists have not given a restrictive meaning. We may speak of "ocean life" or "the denizens of the deep" to avoid getting entangled with the distinction between mammalian and non-mammalian pelagic forms, and he is still allowed to talk about "the underground parts of plants" without going too deep into radical nomenclature. Since science has appropriated so many common words and has created a language of its own over which it has original proprietary rights, it is becoming increasingly difficult to put it in "a tongue understanded of the people," to use the Prayer-Book expression, but there is still some playground left.

"Studies," said Lord Bacon, "serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability." The kind of studies classed as natural sciences are, as he was the first clearly to point out, the most useful of all, and their pursuit gives to the mind the same delight as any other, but it must be confessed that they do not serve so well for "ornament," which may in part account for their comparative unpopularity. It is not easy to steer the conversation around to the point where one can quote a quadratic equation or a chemical formula with effect and without affectation, and when one does, it is likely to be no more intelligible than a chorus ending from Euripides. It is true that one may for the moment lightly refer to Einstein or Freud in conversation, and thereby give an impression of erudition that one by no means possesses, but that moment will soon pass, if indeed it has not already passed. In any case, one may only mention their names in common conversation, for if he attempted to explain what either man meant, he would for one reason or another be suppressed.

QUESTIONS ON THE TEXT

1. Why do we accept as a matter of course the benefits of science?
2. What is the scientific habit of mind?
3. In what sense is scientific literature in a foreign language?
4. What are the three steps in exploring the unknown?
5. Why have things close at hand been investigated last?
6. Why does the human mind resist new ideas?
7. Should we resist science because it conquers mysteries?
8. What is the method and what is the aim of science?
9. Is the discovery of scientific truth ever useless?
10. What is every true scientist expected to do for science?
11. For whom is the highest reward of science reserved?
12. How can the general public share the thrill of scientific discovery?
13. Why should science be democratized?
14. Why must a person, to keep up with science, constantly read about it?
15. Should the expert attempt to make his research interesting to the layman?
16. Whose business is it to interpret science to the layman?
17. How has scientific language formed a prejudice against the scientist?
18. Why is it ill-bred to speak slightingly of a knowledge not one's own?
19. Why must a scientist be familiar with fields other than his own?
20. What is the danger to the investigator in becoming too absorbed in his subject?
21. What does Mr. Slosson say is at the basis of the conflict between science and religion?
22. What does the popularization of science really mean?
23. What kind of language should the popularizer of science use?
24. Why do scientific subjects make poor conversation?
25. Should a scientist experiment with that which might destroy the world?
26. Discuss: The place of imagination in a great scientist's life.

THE GREATEST SINGLE ACHIEVEMENT OF SCIENCE

In my estimation there are many inventions that have proved their worth in everyday usefulness, and could truthfully be called great. Among these inventions are the phonograph, the incandescent lamp, the telegraph, the telephone, the radio, the photographic camera, and many others. All of these are in such common use, and play such an important part in everyday life, that they seem almost indispensable. Of these I believe that the phonograph and its method of reproducing sound, invented by Thomas Edison, is one of the greatest achievements of all time.

Many inventions, such as the automobile and the aëroplane, have been developed part by part from a very crude beginning until now they are in a high state of perfection. The inventors of these machines had many crude experiments by other men on which they could build their own ideas. Lebon, a Frenchman, invented an internal combustion engine in 1801. People have had some form of wagon since civilization began. The first gasoline automobiles were made about 1885 and were merely combinations of these two machines. The first successful aëroplane, except for the method

of lateral control invented by Wilbur and Orville Wright, was also a combination of machines that had been built many years before.

By contrast, the invention of the phonograph stands out more clearly than before because Edison did not have a single clue on which to base his method of reproducing sound. He was working on a device that would repeat telegraph messages at greater than human speed when he first thought of a method to reproduce sound. Edison immediately put everything else aside and began working on his new idea. He soon saw in his mind's eye the vision of a machine that would first record, and then reproduce, the human voice. In a short time the machine was built. This first sound-reproducing device was very crude and only served to prove the validity of his theory. Since the time of Edison's discovery, however, many men have made refinements in different parts of the phonograph, and now we have machines that are able to preserve and reproduce clearly the human voice at any time.

The phonograph is not only one of the greatest inventions but it is also one of the most useful. Paganini is still thought of as the greatest violinist. His playing is said to have moved audiences to tears. The world rang with his praises. How does he compare with the great artists of to-day? We do not know. What of the voice of Malibran, or of Chopin's rendering of his own serenades? We shall never know. No one will ever know; but thanks to Edison and his invention of the phonograph, we are now able to preserve the works of all great artists for all time to come.

W. B. McC.

THEME SUBJECTS

1. My Favorite Science Course
2. Why I Do Not Like Science Courses
3. The Thrill of Scientific Investigation
4. The Language of Science
5. Science in the Home
6. The Greatest Single Achievement of Science
7. Women in the Field of Science
8. Science: The Conqueror of Disease
9. The Popularization of Science
10. The Provincialism of Set Opinions
11. Does Science Take the Poetry Out of Life?
12. Will Science Destroy Mankind?
13. Science in the Future
14. The Scientific Attitude Toward Life
15. Science and Imagination
16. Why I Do (or Do Not) Read Popular Magazines on Science
17. Science: A Source of Intellectual Enjoyment
18. The Dangers of Over-specialization in Science
19. Science and Industry
20. Science: The Controller of the Modern World
21. The Scientific Method as Applied to Business
22. Science *vs.* Art and Literature
23. The Cultural Value of a Knowledge of General Science

24. Chemistry in Relation to Medicine
25. The Motor Age
26. Science: The Hope or the Curse of the Future
27. Science and War
28. The Greatest Living Chemist (Physicist, Astronomer, Mathematician, Geologist, Surgeon)

HOMER AND HUMBUG[1]

STEPHEN LEACOCK

THE following discussion is of course only of interest to scholars. But, as the public schools' returns show that in the United States there are now over a million colored scholars alone, the appeal is wide enough.

I do not mind confessing that for a long time past I have been very skeptical about the classics. I was myself trained as a classical scholar. It seemed the only thing to do with me. I acquired such a singular facility in handling Latin and Greek that I could take a page of either of them, distinguish which it was by merely glancing at it, and, with the help of a dictionary and a pair of compasses, whip off a translation of it in less than three hours.

But I never got any pleasure from it. I lied about it. At first, perhaps, I lied through vanity. Any colored scholar will understand the feeling. Later on I lied through habit; later still because, after all, the classics were all that I had and so I valued them. I have seen thus a deceived dog value a pup with a broken leg, and a pauper child nurse a dead doll with the sawdust out of it. So I nursed my dead Homer and my broken Demosthenes though I knew in my heart that there was more sawdust in the stomach of one modern author than in the whole lot of them. Observe, I am not saying which it is that has it full of it.

So, as I say, I began to lie about the classics. I said to people who knew no Greek that there was a sublimity, a majesty about Homer which they could never hope to grasp. I said it was like the sound of the sea beating against the granite cliffs of the Ionian Esophagus: or words to that effect. As for the truth of it, I might as well have said that it was like the sound

[1] From *Behind the Beyond.* Copyright, 1913, by Dodd, Mead & Company. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

of a rum distillery running a night shift on half time. At any rate this is what I said about Homer, and when I spoke of Pindar,—the dainty grace of his strophes,—and Aristophanes, the delicious sallies of his wit, sally after sally, each sally explained in a note calling it a sally—I managed to suffuse my face with an animation which made it almost beautiful.

I admitted of course that Virgil in spite of his genius had a hardness and a cold glitter which resembled rather the brilliance of a cut diamond than the soft grace of a flower. Certainly I admitted this: the mere admission of it would knock the breath out of anyone who was arguing.

From such talks my friends went away sad. The conclusion was too cruel. It had all the cold logic of a syllogism (like that almost brutal form of argument so much admired in the Paraphernalia of Socrates.) For if:—

Virgil and Homer and Pindar had all this grace, and pith and these sallies,—
And if I read Virgil and Homer and Pindar,
And if they only read Mrs. Wharton and Mrs. Humphrey Ward
Then where were they?

So continued lying brought its own reward in the sense of superiority and I lied more.

When I reflect that I have openly expressed regret, as a personal matter, even in the presence of women, for the missing books of Tacitus, and the entire loss of the Abracadabra of Polyphemus of Syracuse, I can find no words in which to beg for pardon. In reality I was just as much worried over the loss of the ichthyosaurus. More, indeed: I'd like to have seen it: but if the books Tacitus lost were like those he didn't, I wouldn't.

I believe all scholars lie like this. An ancient friend of mine, a clergyman, tells me that in Hesiod he finds a peculiar grace that he doesn't find elsewhere. He's a liar. That's all. Another man, in politics and in the legislature, tells me that every night before going to bed he reads over a page or two of Thucydides to keep his mind fresh. Either he never goes to bed or he's a liar. Doubly so: no one could read Greek at that frantic rate: and anyway his mind isn't fresh. How could it be, he's in the legislature. I don't object to this man talking freely of the

classics, but he ought to keep it for the voters. My own opinion is that before he goes to bed he takes whiskey: why call it Thucydides?

I know there are solid arguments advanced in favor of the classics. I often hear them from my colleagues. My friend the professor of Greek tells me that he truly believes the classics have made him what he is. This is a very grave statement, if well founded. Indeed I have heard the same argument from a great many Latin and Greek scholars. They all claim, with some heat, that Latin and Greek have practically made them what they are. This damaging charge against the classics should not be too readily accepted. In my opinion some of these men would have been what they are, no matter what they were.

Be this as it may, I for my part bitterly regret the lies I have told about my appreciation of Latin and Greek literature. I am anxious to do what I can to set things right. I am therefore engaged on, indeed have nearly completed, a work which will enable all readers to judge the matter for themselves. What I have done is a translation of all the great classics, not in the usual literal way but on a design that brings them into harmony with modern life. I will explain what I mean in a minute.

The translation is intended to be within reach of everybody. It is so designed that the entire set of volumes can go on a shelf twenty-seven feet long, or even longer. The first edition will be an *édition de luxe* bound in vellum, or perhaps in buckskin, and sold at five hundred dollars. It will be limited to five hundred copies and, of course, sold only to the feeble-minded. The next edition will be the Literary Edition, sold to artists, authors, actors, and contractors. After that will come the Boarding-House Edition, bound in board and paid for in the same way.

My plan is to so transpose the classical writers as to give, not the literal translation word for word, but what is really the modern equivalent. Let me give an odd sample or two to show what I mean. Take the passage in the First Book of Homer that describes Ajax the Greek dashing into the battle in front of Troy. Here is the way it runs (as nearly as I remember), in the usual word for word translation of the

classroom, as done by the very best professor, his spectacles glittering with the literary rapture of it.

"Then he too Ajax on the one hand leaped (or possibly jumped) into the fight wearing on the other hand, yes certainly a steel corselet (or possibly a bronze under-tunic) and on his head of course, yes without doubt he had a helmet with a tossing plume taken from the mane (or perhaps extracted from the tail) of some horse which once fed along the banks of the Scamander (and it sees the herd and raises its head and paws the ground) and in his hand a shield worth a hundred oxen and on his knees too especially in particular greaves made by some cunning artificer (or perhaps blacksmith) and he blows the fire and it is hot. Thus Ajax leapt (or, better, was propelled from behind), into the fight."

Now that's grand stuff. There is no doubt of it. There's a wonderful movement and force to it. You can almost see it move, it goes so fast. But the modern reader can't get it. It won't mean to him what it meant to the early Greek. The setting, the costume, the scene has all got to be changed in order to let the reader have a real equivalent to judge just how good the Greek verse is. In my translation I alter it just a little, not much but just enough to give the passage a form that reproduces the proper literary value of the verses, without losing anything of the majesty. It describes, I may say, the Directors of the American Industrial Stocks rushing into the Balkan War Cloud.—

Then there came rushing to the shock of war
Mr. McNicoll of the C. P. R.
He wore suspenders and about his throat
High rose the collar of a sealskin coat.
He had on gaiters and he wore a tie,
He had his trousers buttoned good and high;
About his waist a woollen undervest
Bought from a sad-eyed farmer of the West.
(And every time he clips a sheep he sees
Some bloated plutocrat who ought to freeze),
Thus in the Stock Exchange he burst to view,
Leaped to the post, and shouted, "Ninety-two!"

There! That's Homer, the real thing! Just as it sounded to the rude crowd of Greek peasants who sat in a ring and guffawed at the rhymes and watched the minstrel stamp it out into "feet" as he recited it!

Or let me take another example from the so-called Catalogue of the Ships that fills up nearly an entire book of Homer. This famous passage names all the ships, one by one, and names the chiefs who sailed on them, and names the particular town or hill or valley that they came from. It has been much admired. It has that same majesty of style that has been brought to an even loftier pitch in the New York Business Directory and the City Telephone Book. It runs along, as I recall it, something like this,—

"And first, indeed, oh yes, was the ship of Homistogetes the Spartan, long and swift, having both its masts covered with cowhide and two rows of oars. And he, Homistogetes, was born of Hermogenes and Ophthalmia and was at home in Syncope beside the fast flowing Paresis. And after him came the ship of Preposterus the Eurasian, son of Oasis and Hysteria," . . .

and so on endlessly.

Instead of this I substitute, with the permission of the New York Central Railway, the official catalogue of their locomotives taken almost word for word from the list compiled by their superintendent of works. I admit that he wrote in hot weather. Part of it runs :—

Out in the yard and steaming in the sun
Stands locomotive engine number forty-one;
Seated beside the windows of the cab
Are Pat McGaw and Peter James McNab.
Pat comes from Troy and Peter from Cohoes,
And when they pull the throttle off she goes;
And as she vanishes there comes to view
Steam locomotive engine number forty-two.
Observe her mighty wheels, her easy roll,
With William J. Macarthy in control.
They say her engineer some time ago
Lived on a farm outside of Buffalo
Whereas his fireman, Henry Edward Foy,
Attended School in Springfield, Illinois.
Thus does the race of man decay or rot—
Some men can hold their jobs and some can not.

Please observe that if Homer had actually written that last line it would have been quōted for a thousand years as one of the deepest sayings ever said. Orators would have rounded out their speeches with the majestic phrase, quoted in sonorous

and unintelligible Greek verse, "some men can hold their jobs and some can not": essayists would have begun their most scholarly dissertations with the words,—"It has been finely said by Homer that (in Greek) 'some men can hold their jobs' ": and the clergy in mid-pathos of a funeral sermon would have raised their eyes aloft and echoed, "Some men can not"!

This is what I should like to do. I'd like to take a large stone and write on it in very plain writing,—

"The classics are only primitive literature. They belong in the same class as primitive machinery and primitive music and primitive medicine,"—and then throw it through the windows of a University and hide behind a fence to see the professors buzz! !

QUESTIONS ON THE TEXT

1. What is the difference between irony and sarcasm? Of which is the first paragraph an example?
2. Do Mr. Leacock's deficiencies as a Greek and Latin scholar disqualify him as a critic of the classics?
3. Was the author's training in the classics typical of the college education of his day?
4. Is the author typical in his pretense that he derived pleasure from reading the classics?
5. Does hackneyed literary criticism about Homer, Pindar, and Virgil express most people's appreciation of these authors?
6. How does the author satirize the note-makers and literary critics?
7. Is enthusiasm for the classics a pose of superiority?
8. Does Mr. Leacock overstate his case in calling his clergyman and politician liars?
9. Is Mr. Leacock fair in ridiculing Greek and Latin scholars for their pride in what the classics have done for them?
10. How does the author burlesque the usual classroom translation of Homer?
11. What humorous effects does Mr. Leacock get by using the wrong words for proper names?
12. Is it true that unimportant sayings of Homer have been quoted as great utterances—just because Homer said them?
13. Is the author right in saying that the classics, as primitive literature, are in the same class as primitive music and primitive machinery?
14. Are there still busy people who read and love the classics?
15. What are the solid arguments in favor of the classics?
16. Would the classics have endured for centuries if they had not been great literature?

17. What are the modern practical values of a knowledge of the classics?
18. Can an educated man be ignorant of Greek and Latin literature?
19. Who, except teachers of the classics, read them to-day?
20. Does frequent repetition make a mediocre quotation great literature?
21. Are the classics fostered by intellectual propagandists from generation to generation?
22. Is it possible to extend Mr. Leacock's attack on the ancient language classics to certain well-established classics in the English tongue?
23. Will the classics be with us long after Mr. Leacock is forgotten?

THE PRETENDED PLEASURE OF READING THE CLASSICS

Greek and Roman literatures have afforded pleasure, study, and wonder for ages past, yet their popularity is, to me, an inscrutable mystery. How they have "hand-shaked" people for so long a time is more than I can fathom.

There are students who try to make me believe that they love Latin. I knew one girl who loved Latin so well that she paid six dollars for four lessons with a tutor—as often as she had the six dollars! She attended class with her well-coached translation, only to fall under a spell that her professor seemed to cast over her; she fell into a trance, so to speak, at the very sound of his voice. True, she loved Latin; she would not have missed a class for anything. There are girls who can learn to enjoy the classics by having an interesting teacher, but I dare say, there are many who love the teacher or the credit more than they do the Latin.

College professors, who have lived through years of preparation, probably love the classics and really enjoy teaching them. But I wager that they did their share of scowling when they pored over their ancient language books in their beginning courses.

As for me, I loved Cæsar; I loved him so well that I spent hours dreaming about him. In nearly all of these dreams, I pictured myself as a warrior who delighted to push his laurel wreath askew in order to make him feel embarrassed. I usually ended my dream by challenging him to a fencing match which always proved fatal to my poor friend Cæsar.

I enjoyed Cicero in a different way. I always fought with Cæsar, and always laughed at Cicero. Egotists interest me no matter where I meet them; they are as entertaining as the best of Scotch jokes. Anyone would laugh, though, to learn of this old Roman's self-importance which he felt so intensely that it was a wonder his country ever won a war before his time.

A love as strong as this for the ancient Latin authors makes one wonder why I am not amusing myself with a Latin book this very minute. The secret is that the reading of Latin is altogether too slow for such an age as this. Instead of struggling to make a polished translation, I would rather borrow a "pony" and ride right through the Gallic War. To all fellow-sufferers I recommend a similar conveyance for the rough journey. I suppose, to bespectacled teachers of the classics, I seem to be a literary humbug. My consolation is—there are thousands like me!

M. S.

THEME SUBJECTS

1. Why I Believe (or Do Not Believe) in Studying Latin
2. The Mental Discipline in Studying Latin (or Greek)
3. The Value of a Knowledge of Latin (or Greek)
4. The Relation of the English Language to Latin (or Greek)
5. The Pretended Pleasure of Reading the Classics
6. The Classics *vs.* Vocational Studies (Science, Modern Languages)
7. Why I Would (or Would Not) Prepare to Teach Latin
8. Latin: The Bugaboo of My High School Course
9. The Classics: Intellectual Humbug
10. How the Classics Should Be Taught
11. The Classics for Their Own Day—Modern Literature for Ours
12. My Favorite Classical Author
13. Must One Be Familiar with the Classics to Be Cultured?
14. The Classics: The Excess Baggage of Education
15. The Classics as Primitive Literature
16. Will the Classics Ever Regain Their Former Position in Our Educational System?
17. The Solid Arguments for the Classics
18. Should Latin (or Greek) Be Required in the College Course?
19. The Deficiencies of Translations of the Classics
20. Good Translations—a Satisfactory Substitute for the Classics
21. Training in the Classics as a Background of Culture (as the Source of Intellectual Snobbery, as the Badge of a Gentleman)
22. The Debt of English Authors to the Classics
23. Charming Myths of Classical Literature
24. What Keeps the Classics Alive?
25. Nursing the Classics in Their Old Age
26. Let Us Keep the Classics
27. The Immortality of Great Literature
28. Homer and Humanity
29. Why I Am a Literary Heretic
30. Is Literature Great Because It Is Old?
31. Is Literature Great Because the Textbooks and Professors Say It Is?
32. Do We Criticize Ourselves When We Criticize the Classics?
33. Must a Piece of Literature Be Interesting to All Classes to Be Great?
34. Stephen Leacock: The Breaker of Literary Idols
35. The Humor of Stephen Leacock
36. The Classics: The Enduring Part of Civilization

SENTIMENTAL AMERICA [1]

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THE Oriental may be inscrutable, but he is no more puzzling than the average American. We admit that we are hard, keen, practical,—the adjectives that every casual European applies to us,—and yet any book-store window or railway news-stand will show that we prefer sentimental magazines and books. Why should a hard race—if we are hard—read soft books?

By soft books, by sentimental books, I do not mean only the kind of literature best described by the word "squashy." I doubt whether we write or read more novels and short stories of the tear-dripped or hyper-emotional variety than other nations. Germany is—or was—full of such soft stuff. It is highly popular in France, although the excellent taste of French criticism keeps it in check. Italian popular literature exudes sentiment; and the sale of "squashy" fiction in England is said to be threatened only by an occasional importation of an American "best-seller." We have no bad eminence here. Sentimentalists with enlarged hearts are international in habitat, although, it must be admitted, especially popular in America.

When a critic, after a course in American novels and magazines, declares that life, as it appears on the printed page here, is fundamentally sentimentalized, he goes much deeper than "mushiness" with his charge. He means, I think, that there is an alarming tendency in American fiction to dodge the facts of life—or to pervert them. He means that in most popular books only red-blooded, optimistic people are welcome. He means that material success, physical soundness, and the gratification of the emotions have the right of way. He means that men and women (except the comic figures) shall be presented, not as they are, but as we should like to have them, according

[1] From *Definitions: First Series*. Copyright, 1922, by Harcourt, Brace and Company. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

to a judgment tempered by nothing more searching than our experience with an unusually comfortable, safe, and prosperous mode of living. Everyone succeeds in American plays and stories—if not by good thinking, why then by good looks or good luck. A curious society the research student of a later date might make of it—an upper world of the colorless, successful, illustrated by chance-saved collar advertisements and magazine covers; an under world of grotesque scamps, clowns, and hyphenates drawn from the comic supplement; and all—red-blooded hero and modern gargoyle alike—always in good humor.

I am not touching in this picture merely to attack it. It has been abundantly attacked; what it needs is explanation. For there is much in this bourgeois, good-humored American literature of ours which rings true, which is as honest an expression of our individualitiy as was the more austere product of ante-bellum New England. If American sentimentality does invite criticism, American sentiment deserves defense.

Sentiment—the response of the emotions to the appeal of human nature—is cheap, but so are many other good things. The best of the ancients were rich in it. Homer's chieftains wept easily. So did Shakespeare's heroes. Adam and Eve shed "some natural tears" when they left the Paradise which Milton imagined for them. A heart accessible to pathos, to natural beauty, to religion, was a chief requisite for the protagonist of Victorian literature. Even Becky Sharp was touched—once—by Amelia's moving distress.

Americans, to be sure, do not weep easily; but if they make equivalent responses to sentiment, that should not be held against them. If we like "sweet" stories, or "strong"—which means emotional—stories, our taste is not thereby proved to be hopeless, or our national character bad. It is better to be creatures of even sentimental sentiment, with the author of "The Rosary," than to see the world *only* as it is portrayed by the pens of Bernard Shaw and Anatole France. The first is deplorable; the second is dangerous. I should deeply regret the day when a simple story of honest American manhood winning a million and a sparkling, piquant sweetheart lost all power

to lull my critical faculty and warm my heart. I doubt whether any literature has ever had too much of honest sentiment.

Good Heavens! Because some among us insist that the mystic rose of the emotions shall be painted a brighter pink that nature allows, are the rest to forego glamour? Or because, to view the matter differently, psychology has shown what happens in the brain when a man falls in love, and anthropology has traced marriage to a care for property rights, are we to suspect the idyllic in literature wherever we find it? Life is full of the idyllic; and no anthropologist will ever persuade the reasonably romantic youth that the sweet and chivalrous passion which leads him to mingle reverence with desire for the object of his affections, is nothing but an idealized property sense. Origins explain very little, after all. The bilious critics of sentiment in literature have not even honest science behind them.

I have no quarrel with traffickers in simple emotion—with such writers as James Lane Allen and James Whitcomb Riley, for example. But the average American is not content with such sentiment as theirs. He wants a more intoxicating brew—to be persuaded that, once you step beyond your own experience, feeling rules the world. He wants—I judge by what he reads—to make sentiment at least ninety per cent efficient, even if a dream-America, superficially resemblant to the real, but far different in tone, must be created by the obedient writer in order to satisfy him. His sentiment has frequently to be sentimentalized before he will pay for it. And to this fault, which he shares with other modern races, he adds the other heinous sin of sentimentalism, the refusal to face the facts.

This sentimentalizing of reality—to invent a term—is far more dangerous than the romantic sentimentalizing of the "squashy" variety. It is to be found in sex-stories, which carefully observe decency of word and deed, where the conclusion is always in accord with conventional morality, yet whose characters are clearly immoral, indecent, and would so display themselves if the tale were truly told. It is to be found in stories of "big business," where trickery and rascality are made virtuous at the end by sentimental baptism. If I choose for the hero of

my novel a director in an American trust; if I make him an accomplice in certain acts of ruthless economic tyranny; if I make it clear that at first he is merely subservient to a stronger will, and that the acts he approves are in complete disaccord with his private moral code—why then, if the facts should be dragged to the light, if he is made to realize the exact nature of his career, how can I end my story? It is evident that my hero possesses little insight and less firmness of character. He is not a hero; he is merely a tool. In, let us say, eight cases out of ten, his curve is already plotted. It leads downward—not necessarily along the villain's path, but toward moral insignificance.

And yet, I cannot end my story that way for Americans. There *must* be a grand moral revolt. There must be resistance, triumph, and not only spiritual, but also financial recovery. And this, likewise, is sentimentality. Even Booth Tarkington, in his excellent "Turmoil," had to dodge the logical issue of his story; had to make his hero exchange a practical literary idealism for a very impractical, even though a commercial utopianism, in order to emerge apparently successful at the end of the book. A story such as the Danish Nexö's "Pelle the Conqueror," where pathos and the idyllic, each intense, each beautiful, are made convincing by an undeviating truth to experience, would seem to be almost impossible of production just now in America.

It is not enough to rail at this false fiction. The chief duty of criticism is to explain. The best corrective of bad writing is a knowledge of why it is bad. We get the fiction we deserve, precisely as we get the government we deserve—or perhaps, in each case, a little better. Why are we sentimental? When that question is answered, it is easier to understand the defects and the virtues of American fiction. And the answer lies in the traditional American philosophy of life.

To say that the American is an idealist, is to commit a thoroughgoing platitude. Like most platitudes, the statement is annoying because, from one point of view, it is indisputably just, while from another it does not seem to fit the facts. With regard to our tradition, it is indisputable. Of the immigrants who since the seventeenth century have been pouring

into this continent, a portion large in number, larger still in influence, has been possessed of motives which, in part at least, were idealistic. If it was not the desire for religious freedom that urged them, it was the desire for personal freedom; if not political liberty, why then economic liberty (for this too is idealism), and the opportunity to raise the standard of life. And of course all these motives were strongest in that earlier immigration which has done most to fix the state of mind and body which we call being American. I need not labor the argument. Our political and social history supports it; our best literature demonstrates it; for no men have been more idealistic than the American writers whom we have consented to call great. Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Whitman—was idealism ever more thoroughly incarnate than in them?

And this idealism—to risk again a platitude—has been in the air of America. It has permeated our religious sects, and created several of them. It has given tone to our thinking, and even more to our feeling. I do not say that it has always, or even usually, determined our actions, although the Civil War is proof of its power. Again and again it has gone aground roughly when the ideal met a condition of living—a fact that will provide the explanation for which I seek. But optimism, "boosting," muck-raking (not all of its manifestations are pretty), social service, religious, municipal, democratic reform, indeed the "uplift" generally, is evidence of the vigor, the bumptiousness of the inherited American tendency to pursue the ideal. No one can doubt that in this generation we believe, at least, in idealism.

Nevertheless, so far as the average individual is concerned, with just his share and no more of the race-tendency, this idealism has been suppressed, and in some measure perverted. It is this which explains, I think, American sentimentalism.

Consider, for example, the ethics of conventional American society. The American ethical tradition is perfectly definite and tremendously powerful. It belongs, furthermore, to a population far larger than the "old American" stock, for it has been laboriously inculcated in our schools and churches, and impressively driven home by newspaper, magazine, and book. I shall not presume to analyze it save where it touches literature. There

it maintains a definite attitude toward all sex-problems: the Victorian, which is not necessarily, or even probably, a bad one. Man should be chaste, and proud of his chastity. Woman must be so. It is the ethical duty of the American to hate, or at least to despise, all deviations, and to pretend—for the greater prestige of the law—that such sinning is exceptional, at least in America. And this is the public morality he believes in, whatever may be his private experience in actual living. In business, it is the ethical tradition of the American, inherited from a rigorous Protestant morality, to be square, to play the game without trickery, to fight hard but never meanly. Overreaching is justifiable when the other fellow has equal opportunities to be "smart"; lying, tyranny—never. And though the opposites of all these laudable practices come to pass, he must frown on them in public, deny their rightness even to the last cock-crow—especially in the public press.

American political history is a long record of idealistic tendencies toward democracy, working painfully through a net of graft, pettiness, sectionalism, and bravado, with constant disappointment for the idealist who believes, traditionally, in the intelligence of the crowd. American social history is a glaring instance of how the theory of equal dignity for all men can entangle itself with caste distinctions, snobbery, and the power of wealth. American economic history betrays the pioneer helping to kick down the ladder that he himself had raised toward equal opportunity for all. American literary history—especially contemporary literary history—reflects the result of all this for the American mind. The sentimental in our literature is a direct consequence.

The disease is easily acquired. Mr. Smith, a broker, finds himself in an environment of "schemes" and "deals" in which the quality of mercy is strained, and the wind is decidedly not tempered to the shorn lamb. After all, business is business. He shrugs his shoulders and takes his part. But his unexpended fund of native idealism—if, as is most probable, he has his share—seeks its due satisfaction. He cannot use it in business; so he takes it out in a novel or a play where, quite contrary to his observed experience, ordinary people like himself act nobly, with a success that is all the more agreeable for being

unexpected. His wife, a woman with strange stirrings about her heart, with motions toward beauty, and desires for a significant life and rich, satisfying experience, exists in day-long pettiness, gossips, frivols, scolds, with money enough to do what she pleases, and nothing vital to do. She also relieves her pent-up idealism in plays or books—in high-wrought, "strong" novels, not in adventures in society such as the kitchen admires, but in stories with violent moral and emotional crises, whose characters, no matter how unlifelike, have "strong" thoughts, and make vital decisions; succeed or fail significantly. Her brother, the head of a wholesale drygoods firm, listens to the stories the drummers bring home of night life on the road, laughs, says to himself regretfully that the world has to be like that; and then, in logical reaction, demands purity and nothing but aggressive purity in the books of the public library.

The hard man goes in for philanthropy (never before so frequently as in America); the one-time "boss" takes to picture-collecting; the railroad wrecker gathers rare editions of the Bible; and tens of thousands of humbler Americans carry their inherited idealism into the necessarily sordid experiences of life in an imperfectly organized country, suppress it for fear of being thought "cranky" or "soft," and then, in their imagination and all that feeds their imagination, give it vent. You may watch the process any evening at the movies or the melodrama, on the trolley-car or in the easy chair at home.

This philosophy of living, which I have called American idealism, is in its own nature sound, as is proved in a hundred directions where it has had full play. Suppressed idealism, like any other suppressed desire, becomes unsound. One does not have to follow Freud and his school into their sex-pathology in order to believe that. And here lies the ultimate cause of the taste for sentimentalism in the American *bourgeoisie*. An undue insistence upon happy endings, regardless of the premises of the story, and a craving for optimism everywhere, anyhow, are sure signs of a "morbid complex," and to be compared with some justice to the craving for drugs in a "dry" town. We must look for psychological as well as economic and geographical causes for mental peculiarities exhibiting themselves in literature. No one can doubt the effect of the suppression by

the Puritan discipline of that instinctive love of pleasure and liberal experience common to us all. Its unhealthy reaction is visible in every old American community. No one who faces the facts can deny the result of the suppression by commercial, bourgeois, prosperous America of our native idealism. The student of society may find its dire effects in politics, in religion, and in social intercourse. The critic cannot overlook them in literature; for it is in the realm of the imagination that idealism, direct or perverted, does its best or its worst.

Sentiment is not perverted idealism. Sentiment *is* idealism of a mild and not too masculine variety. If it has sins, they are sins of omission, not commission. Our fondness for sentiment proves that our idealism, if a little loose in the waist-band and puffy in the cheeks, is still hearty, still capable of active mobilization, like those comfortable French husbands whose plump and smiling faces, careless of glory, careless of everything but thrift and good living, are nevertheless figured on a page whose superscription reads, "Dead on the field of honor."

The novels, the plays, the short stories, of sentiment may prefer sweetness, perhaps, to truth, the feminine to the masculine virtues, but we waste ammunition in attacking them. There never was, I suppose, a great literature of sentiment, for not even the "Sentimental Journey" is truly great. But no one can make a diet exclusively of "noble" literature; the charming has its own cosy corner across from the tragic (and a much bigger corner at that). Our uncounted amorists of tail-piece song and illustrated story provide the readiest means of escape from the somewhat uninspiring life that most men and women are living just now in America.

The sentimental, however,—whether because of an excess of sentiment softening into "slush," or of a morbid optimism, or of a weak-eyed distortion of the facts of life,—is perverted. It needs to be cured, and its cure is more truth. But this cure, I very much fear, is not entirely, or even chiefly, in the power of the "regular practitioner," the honest writer. He can be honest; but if he is much more honest than his readers, they will not read him. As Professor Lounsbury once said, a language grows corrupt only when its speakers grow corrupt, and mends, strengthens, and becomes pure with them. So with

literature. We shall have less sentimentality in American literature when our accumulated store of idealism disappears in a laxer generation; or when it finds due vent in a more responsible, less narrow, less monotonously prosperous life than is lived by the average reader of fiction in America. I would rather see our literary taste damned forever than have the first alternative become—as it has not yet—a fact. The second, in the years of world war, we placed, unwillingly, perhaps unconsciously, upon the knees of the gods.

All this must not be taken in too absolute a sense. There are medicines, and good ones, in the hands of writers and of critics, to abate, if not to heal, this plague of sentimentalism. I have stated ultimate causes only. They are enough to keep the mass of Americans reading sentimentalized fiction until some fundamental change has come, not strong enough to hold back the van of American writing, which is steadily moving toward restraint, sanity, and truth. Every honest composition is a step forward in the cause; and every clear-minded criticism.

But one must doubt the efficacy, and one must doubt the healthiness, of reaction into cynicism and sophisticated cleverness. There are curious signs, especially in what we may call the literature of New York, of a growing sophistication that sneers at sentiment and the sentimental alike. "Magazines of cleverness" have this for their keynote, although as yet the satire is not always well aimed. There are abundant signs that the generation just coming forward will rejoice in such a pose. It is observable now in the colleges, where the young literati turn up their noses at everything American,—magazines, best-sellers, or one-hundred-night plays,—and resort for inspiration to the English school of anti-Victorians: to Schnitzler with his brilliant Viennese cynicism; less commonly, because he is more subtle, to Anatole France. Their pose is not altogether to be blamed, and the men to whom they resort are models of much that is admirable; but there is little promise for American literature in exotic imitation. To see ourselves prevailingly as others see us may be good for modesty, but does not lead to a self-confident native art. And it is a dangerous way for Americans to travel. We cannot afford such sophistication yet. The English wits experimented with cynicism in the court

of Charles II, laughed at blundering Puritan morality, laughed at country manners, and were whiffed away because the ideals they laughed at were better than their own. Idealism is not funny, however censurable its excesses. As a race we have too much sentiment to be frightened out of the sentimental by a blasé cynicism.

At first glance the flood of moral literature now upon us—social-conscience stories, scientific plays, platitudinous "moralities" that tell us how to live—may seem to be another protest against sentimentalism. And that the French and English examples have been so warmly welcomed here may seem another indication of a reaction on our part. I refer especially to those "hard" stories, full of vengeful wrath, full of warnings for the race that dodge the facts of life. H. G. Wells is the great exemplar, with his sociological studies wrapped in description and tied with a plot. In a sense, such stories are certainly to be regarded as a protest against truth-dodging, against cheap optimism, against "slacking," whether in literature or in life. But it would be equally just to call them another result of suppressed idealism, and to regard their popularity in America as proof of the argument which I have advanced in this essay. Excessively didactic literature is often a little unhealthy. In fresh periods, when life runs strong and both ideals and passions find ready issue into life, literature has no burdensome moral to carry. It digests its moral. Homer digested his morals. They transfuse his epics. So did Shakespeare. His world is predominantly moral; but his stories are not forged into machines contrived to hammer home neglected truth.

Not so with the writers of the social-conscience school. They are in a rage over wicked, wasteful man. Their novels are bursted notebooks—sometimes neat and orderly notebooks, like Mr. Galsworthy's or our own Ernest Poole's, sometimes haphazard ones, like those of Mr. Wells, but always explosive with reform. These gentlemen know very well what they are about, especially Mr. Wells, the lesser artist, perhaps, as compared with Galsworthy, but the shrewder and possibly the greater man. The very sentimentalists, who go to novels to exercise the idealism that they cannot use in life, will read

these unsentimental stories, although their lazy impulses would never spur them on toward any truth not sweetened by a tale.

And yet, one feels that the social attack might have been more convincing if free from its compulsory service to fiction; that these novels and plays might have been better literature if the authors did not study life in order that they might be better able to preach. Wells and Galsworthy also have suffered from suppressed idealism, although it would be unfair to say that perversion was the result. So have our muck-rakers, who, very characteristically, exhibit the disorder in a more complex and a much more serious form, since to a distortion of facts they have often enough added hypocrisy and commercialism. It is part of the price we pay for being sentimental.

The American sentimentalists, two million readers strong, are intrenched behind ramparts of indifference, which no shrapnel fire of criticism or countermine of honest writing can ever destroy. We can take a trench or two, blow up some particularly obnoxious citadel, and trouble their security by exploding bombs of truth; but defeat must come finally from within their own lines.

If I am correct in my analysis, we are suffering here in America, not from a plague of bad taste merely, nor only from a lack of real education among our myriads of readers, nor from decadence—least of all, this last. It is a disease of our own particular virtue which has infected us—idealism, suppressed and perverted. A less commercial, more responsible America, perhaps a less prosperous and more spiritual America, will hold fast to its sentiment, but be weaned from its sentimentality.

QUESTIONS ON THE TEXT

1. What is the incongruity between the average American and his reading?
2. Is sentimentalism a trait peculiar to American literature alone?
3. What is the alarming tendency in American literature?
4. What is the difference between sentiment and sentimentality?
5. What older writers have indulged in sentiment?
6. Which is better—a sentimental literature or a cynical literature?
7. Will the facts of psychology and anthropology displace sentiment in literature?

8. In what way are the critics of sentiment at fault?
9. Is sentimentalism best defined as the refusal to face facts?
10. What is immoral in a story that sentimentalizes reality?
11. Is the logical and unsentimentalized ending common in American fiction?
12. What idealistic motives did the first immigrants to America possess?
13. Who are the early idealists in American literature?
14. What evidences are there that idealism is in the air in America?
15. How does Mr. Canby explain the rise of American sentimentalism?
16. What are the prevailing ethical traditions of American society?
17. How is sentimentalism accounted for by our political, social, and economic history?
18. Are Mr. and Mrs. Smith typical of the people who demand the sentimental in their reading?
19. Do we read sentimentalized fiction simply as a refuge from the monotony of our lives?
20. How has the Puritan suppression of the pleasure-instinct harmed American life?
21. What does our fondness for sentiment prove?
22. What two remedies can cure American literature of the disease of sentimentalism?
23. In what direction does the author think American writing is moving?
24. Is sophistication a healthy reaction from sentimentality?
25. To what are the young literati in the American colleges turning for their reading? What happens to over-sophisticated cynics who sneer at ideals?
26. What does the author think of the "moral" literature now prevalent in America?
27. What does Mr. Canby think of Galsworthy's and Wells' novels of reform?
28. Should preaching be put in the form of fiction?
29. Can the critic destroy sentimentalism? From what source must the cure come?
30. How is sentimentalism merely our particular virtue suppressed and perverted?
31. How can we retain our sentiment but lose our sentimentality?
32. What can be done to change the taste of American readers?
33. Is the realism of such writers as Theodore Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, and H. L. Mencken a step in the right or the wrong direction in freeing America from sentimentality?

ROMANTIC FICTION: AN ESCAPE FROM THE REALITIES OF LIFE

I believe romantic fiction offers to many people the chance to escape from the realities of life. It is natural for them, especially if they live in poor environments, to read about people who live in ideal environments, although they realize these conditions do not exist. Nevertheless, it brings a certain satisfaction and pleasure to allow these places and people, described in books, to stimulate their imaginations.

The youth of to-day, as in the old days, has high ideals and ambitions that it wishes to maintain. These ideals and ambitions are usually so high that when youth attempts to accomplish them, it finds that life presents many problems which make the successful attainment of its aims difficult and tedious. It is for this reason that one finds the youth of to-day turning to romantic fiction. It is here that youth can read about people who successfully overcome all difficulties, after enduring many hardships.

The business man who, in the struggle of keen competition, finds the routine of life uninspiring and who has little freedom from weighty responsibilities, derives great enjoyment from reading stories which portray the life of people in a care-free, romantic world. He is able to forget, for a time, the monotony, the insistent problems, and the petty details in which his life seems to be submerged. The brief time that he spends in reading, which takes his mind from his daily routine, enables him to keep on in the struggle, no matter how hard it is; for, oftentimes, he imagines that some day he may live as happily as the unfettered and colorful characters he reads of in romances.

Doctors, ministers, teachers, lawyers, and many others of the professional class, endeavor to better the conditions of people in one way or another. Their work is often discouraging; at times their noblest efforts seem futile. Therefore, when they have time to relax, they read about people who live in an ideal world; for to read about everyday existence would bring to mind their own work and would give them no relaxation.

People in old age who have endured and surmounted all the disappointments and trials of life, wish to forget the past or at least to keep it in the background; so they turn to romantic fiction, and visualize to themselves how wonderful life might have been.

Romantic fiction, with its adventure, its ideal people, and its heroic accomplishment of the impossible, provides the reading public with the means of escape from the problems of everyday existence into the land of their own dreams.

M. P.

THEME SUBJECTS

1. Sentiment *vs.* Sentimentality in Literature
2. Romantic Fiction: An Escape from the Realities of Life
3. Why I Read (or Do Not Read) the Best Sellers (the Cheap Magazines)
4. Why I Defend (or Condemn) Zane Grey (Harold Bell Wright, Eleanor H. Porter, Edgar Guest)
5. The News-Stands as Indicative of What America Reads
6. Is Literary Taste in America Improving or Deteriorating?
7. Sentimental Novels: A Falsification of Life
8. Universal Education: Is It Responsible for the Low Taste of the American Reading Public?
9. My Favorite Magazine
10. How Can We Raise the Literary Taste of America?
11. Cynical Sophisticates in Our Colleges
12. Sophistication: A Cure or a New Disease?
13. The Puritan Tradition in American Literature

14. Do Women Readers Set the Standards for American Fiction?
15. My Favorite Type of Fiction
16. The Fallacy of the Happy Ending
17. Why I Like (or Dislike) Cynical Writing
18. American *vs.* Foreign Ideals in Literature
19. Sentimentality in the American Movies
20. Sentimentality: The Refusal to Face Facts
21. Mark Twain: The Enemy of Sentimental Literature
22. Idealism in American Politics (Social Life, Economic Affairs, Literature)
23. My Favorite American Writer
24. Modern American Realistic Writers
25. Sophistication *vs.* Ideals
26. The Cure for Sentimental America
27. Modern Novelists: Panderers to Popular Taste
28. The American Literature of the Future
29. The American Philosophy of Life
30. Reading Aloud—a Lost Art

THE NATIONAL LITERATURE [1]

H. L. MENCKEN

THE thing that ails the literature of the United States, in these our troubled times, is precisely what ails the general culture of the country, and that is the lack of a civilized aristocracy, secure in its position, animated by an intelligent curiosity, skeptical of all facile generalizations, superior to the sentimentality of the mob, and delighting in the battle of ideas for its own sake.

The word I use, despite the qualifying adjective, has got itself meanings, of course, that I by no means intend to convey. Any mention of an aristocracy, to a public fed upon democratic fustian, is bound to bring up images of stockbrokers' wives lolling in opera boxes, or of haughty Englishmen slaughtering whole generations of grouse in an inordinate and incomprehensible manner, or of Junkers with tight waists elbowing American schoolma'ams off the sidewalks of German beer towns, or of perfumed Italians coming over to work their abominable magic upon the daughters of breakfast-food and bath-tub kings. Part of this misconception, I suppose, has its roots in the gaudy imbecilities of the yellow press, but there is also a part that belongs to the general American tradition, along with the oppression of minorities and the belief in political panaceas. Its depth and extent are constantly revealed by the naïve assumption that the so-called fashionable folk of the large cities—chiefly the wealthy industrial class in the interior-decorator and country-club stage of culture—constitute an aristocracy, and by the scarcely less remarkable assumption that the peerage of England is identical with the gentry.

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Here, as always, the worshiper is the father of the gods, and no less when they are evil than when they are benign. The inferior man must find himself superiors, that he may marvel at his political equality with them—and in the absence of recognizable superiors *de facto* he creates superiors *de jure*. The sublime principle of one man, one vote, must be translated into terms of dollars, diamonds, fashionable intelligence; the equality of all men before the law must have clear and dramatic proofs. Sometimes, perhaps, the thing goes further and is more subtle. The inferior man needs an aristocracy to demonstrate, not only his mere equality, but also his actual superiority. The society columns in the newspapers may have some such origin: they may visualize once more the accomplished journalist's understanding of the mob mind that he plays upon so skilfully, as upon some immense and cacophonous organ, always going *fortissimo*. What the inferior man and his wife see in the sinister revels of those amazing "first families," I suspect, is often a massive witness to their own higher rectitude—to their firmer grasp upon the immutable axioms of Christian virtue—the one sound boast of the nether nine-tenths of humanity in every land under the cross.

But this bugaboo aristocracy, as I hint, is actually bogus, and the evidence of its bogusness lies in the fact that it is insecure. One gets into it only onerously, but out of it very easily. Entrance is effected by dint of a long and bitter struggle, and the chief incidents of that struggle are almost intolerable humiliations. The aspirant must school and steel himself to sniffs and sneers; he must see the door slammed upon him a hundred times before ever it is thrown open to him. To get in at all he must show a talent for abasement—and abasement makes him timorous. Worse, that timorousness is not cured when he succeeds at last. On the contrary, it is made even more tremulous, for what he faces within the gates is a scheme of things made up almost wholly of harsh and often unintelligible taboos, and the penalty for violating even the least of them is swift and disastrous. He must exhibit exactly the right social habits, appetites, and prejudices, public and private. He must harbor exactly the right political enthusiasms and indignations. He must have a hearty taste for exactly the right sports. His attitude toward the fine

arts must be properly tolerant and yet not a shade too eager. He must read and like exactly the right books, pamphlets, and public journals. He must put up at the right hotels when he travels. His wife must patronize the right milliners. He himself must stick to the right haberdashery. He must live in the right neighborhood. He must even embrace the right doctrines in religion.

It would ruin him, for all society column purposes, to set up a plea for justice to the Bolsheviki, or even for ordinary decency. It would ruin him equally to wear celluloid collars, or to move to Union Hill, N. J., or to serve sauerkraut at his table. And it would ruin him, too, to drink coffee from his saucer, or to marry a chambermaid with a gold tooth, or to join the Seventh Day Adventists. Within the boundaries of his curious order he is worse fettered than a monk in a cell. Its obscure conception of propriety and its nebulous notion that this or that is honorable hamper him in every direction, and very narrowly. What he resigns when he enters, even when he makes his first deprecating knock at the door, is every right to attack the ideas that happen to prevail within. Such as they are, he must accept them without question. And as they shift and change in response to great instinctive movements (or perhaps, now and then, to the punished but not to be forgotten revolts of extraordinary rebels), he must shift and change with them, silently and quickly. To hang back, to challenge and dispute, to preach reforms and revolutions—these are crimes against the brummagem Holy Ghost of the order.

Obviously, that order cannot constitute a genuine aristocracy, in any rational sense. A genuine aristocracy is grounded upon very different principles. Its first and most salient character is its interior security, and the chief visible evidence of that security is the freedom that goes with it—not only freedom in act, the divine right of the aristocrat to do what he jolly well pleases, so long as he does not violate the primary guarantees and obligations of his class, but also, and more importantly, freedom in thought, the liberty to try and err, the right to be his own man. It is the instinct of a true aristocracy, not to punish eccentricity by expulsion, but to throw a mantle of protection about it—to safeguard it from the suspicions and

resentments of the lower orders. Those lower orders are inert, timid, inhospitable to ideas, hostile to changes, faithful to a few maudlin superstitions. All progress goes on on the higher levels. It is there that salient personalities, made secure by artificial immunities, may oscillate most widely from the normal track. It is within that entrenched fold, out of reach of the immemorial certainties of the mob, that extraordinary men of the lower orders may find their city of refuge, and breathe a clear air. This, indeed, is at once the hallmark and the justification of an aristocracy—that it is beyond responsibility to the general masses of men, and hence superior to both their commonplace longings and their no less commonplace aversions. It is nothing if it is not autonomous, curious, venturesome, courageous—and everything if it is. It is the custodian of the qualities that make for change and experiment; it is the class that organizes danger to the service of the race; it pays for its high prerogatives by standing in the forefront of the fray.

No such aristocracy, it must be plain, is now on view in the United States. The makings of one were visible in the Virginia of the later eighteenth century, but with Jefferson and Washington the promise died. In New England, it seems to me, there was never any aristocracy, either in being or in nascency: there was only a theocracy that degenerated very quickly into a plutocracy, on the one hand, and a caste of sterile *Gelehrten,* on the other. Despite the common notion to the contrary—a notion generated by confusing literacy with intelligence—New England has never shown the slightest sign of a genuine enthusiasm for ideas. It began its history as a slaughterhouse of ideas, and it is to-day not easily distinguishable from a cold-storage plant. Its celebrated adventures in mysticism, once apparently so bold and significant, are now seen to have been little more than an elaborate hocus-pocus. The ideas that it embraced in those austere and far-off days were stale, and when it had finished with them they were dead: to-day one hears of Jacob Böhme almost as rarely as one hears of Allen G. Thurman. So in politics. Its glory is Abolition—an English invention, long under the interdict of the native plutocracy. Since the Civil War its six States have produced fewer political ideas, as political ideas run in the Republic, than any average county in

Kansas or Nebraska, and its plutocracy has dominated thought above the Housatonic. The sect of professional idealists has so far dwindled that it has ceased to be of any importance, even as an opposition. When the plutocracy is challenged now, it is challenged by the proletariat.

What is on view in New England is on view in all other parts of the nation, sometimes with ameliorations, but usually with the colors merely exaggerated. What one beholds, sweeping the eye over the land, is a culture in three layers—the plutocracy on top, a vast mass of undifferentiated human blanks at the bottom, and a forlorn *intelligentsia* gasping out a precarious life between. I need not set out at any length, I hope, the intellectual deficiencies of the plutocracy—its failure to show anything even remotely resembling the makings of an aristocracy. It is lacking in the most elemental independence and courage. Out of this class comes the grotesque fashionable society of our big towns, already described.

Clearly, it is out of reason to look for any hospitality to ideas in a class so fearful of even the most palpably absurd of them. Its philosophy is firmly grounded upon the thesis that the existing order must stand forever free from attack, and not only from attack, but also from mere academic criticism, and its ethics are as firmly grounded upon the thesis that every attempt at any such criticism is a proof of moral turpitude. Within its own ranks, protected by what may be regarded as the privilege of the order, there is nothing to take the place of this criticism. A few feeble platitudes constitute almost the whole of the interior literature of ideas.

In other countries the plutocracy has often produced men of reflective and analytical habit, eager to rationalize its instincts and to bring it into some sort of relationship to the main streams of human thought. The case of David Ricardo at once comes to mind. There have been many others: John Bright and Richard Cobden, for example. But in the United States no such phenomenon has been visible. There was a day, not long ago, when certain young men of wealth gave signs of an unaccustomed interest in ideas on the political side, but the most they managed to achieve was a banal sort of socialism, and even this was abandoned in sudden terror when the war came, and social-

ism fell under suspicion of being genuinely international—in brief, of being honest under the skin.

Nor has the plutocracy of the country ever fostered an inquiring spirit among its intellectual valets and footmen, which is to say, among the gentlemen who compose headlines and leading articles for its newspapers. What chiefly distinguishes the daily press of the United States from the press of all other countries pretending to culture is not its lack of truthfulness or even its lack of dignity and honor, but its incurable fear of ideas, its constant effort to evade the discussion of fundamentals by translating all issues into a few elemental fears, its incessant reduction of all reflection to mere emotion. It is, in the true sense, never well-informed. It is seldom intelligent—save in the arts of the mob-master—and seldom courageously honest. Held harshly to a rigid correctness of opinion by the plutocracy that controls it with less and less attempt at disguise, and menaced on all sides by censorships that it dare not flout, it sinks rapidly into formalism and feebleness. In its yellow section the only vestige of the old free journalist survives. In the more conservative papers one finds only a timid and petulant animosity against all questioning of the existing order, however urbane and sincere—a pervasive and ill-concealed dread that the mob now heated up against the orthodox hobgoblins may suddenly begin to unearth hobgoblins of its own, and so run amuck.

For it is upon the emotions of the mob, of course, that the whole comedy is played. Theoretically the mob is the repository of all political wisdom and virtue; actually it is the ultimate source of all political power. Even the plutocracy cannot make war upon it openly, or forget the least of its weaknesses. The business of keeping it in order must be done discreetly, warily, with delicate technique. In the main that business consists of keeping alive its deep-seated fears—of strange faces, of unfamiliar ideas, of unhackneyed gestures, of untested liberties and responsibilities. The one permanent emotion of the inferior man, as of all the simpler mammals, is fear—fear of the unknown, the complex, the inexplicable. What he wants beyond everything else is safety. His instincts incline him toward a society so organized that it will protect him at all hazards against the need to grapple with unaccustomed problems, to

weigh ideas, to think things out for himself, to scrutinize the platitudes upon which his everyday thinking is based. Content under kaiserism so long as it functions efficiently, he turns, when kaiserism falls, to some other and perhaps worse form of paternalism, bringing to its benign tyranny only the docile tribute of his pathetic allegiance. In America it is the newspaper that is his boss. From it he gets support for his elemental illusions. In it he sees a visible embodiment of his own wisdom and consequence. Out of it he draws fuel for his simple moral passion, his congenital suspicion of heresy, his dread of the unknown. And behind the newspaper stands the plutocracy, ignorant, unimaginative, and timorous.

Thus at the top and at the bottom. Obviously, there is no aristocracy here. One finds only one of the necessary elements, and that only in the plutocracy, to wit, a truculent egoism. But where is intelligence? Where are ease and surety of manner? Where are enterprise and curiosity? Where, above all, is courage, and in particular, moral courage—the capacity for independent thinking, for difficult problems? Democracy, obliterating the old aristocracy, has left only a vacuum in its place; in a century and a half it has failed either to lift up the mob to intellectual autonomy and dignity or to purge the plutocracy of its inherent stupidity. It is precisely here, the first and favorite scene of the Great Experiment, that the culture of the individual has been reduced to the most rigid and absurd regimentation. It is precisely here, of all civilized countries, that eccentricity in demeanor and opinion has come to bear the heaviest penalties. The whole drift of our law is toward the absolute prohibition of all ideas that diverge in the slightest from the accepted platitudes, and behind that drift of law there is a far more potent force of growing custom, and under that custom there is a national philosophy which erects conformity into the noblest of virtues and the free functioning of personality into a capital crime against society.

But there remain the *intelligentsia,* the free spirits in the middle ground, who are neither as anæsthetic to ideas as are the plutocracy nor as much the slaves of emotion as are the proletariat. What actually reveals itself when this small brotherhood of the superior is carefully examined? What reveals itself,

it seems to me, is a gigantic disappointment. Superficially, there are all the marks of a caste of learned and sagacious men—a great book-knowledge, a laudable diligence, a certain fine reserve, a plain consciousness of intellectual superiority, not a few gestures that suggest the aristocratic. But under the surface one quickly discovers that the whole thing is little more than play-acting, and not always very skilful. Learning is there, but not curiosity. A heavy dignity is there, but not much genuine self-respect. Pretentiousness is there, but not a trace of courage. Squeezed between the plutocracy on one side and the mob on the other, the *intelligentsia* face the eternal national problem of maintaining their position, of guarding themselves against challenge and attack, of keeping down suspicion. They have all the attributes of knowledge save the sense of power. They have all the qualities of an aristocracy save the capital qualities that arise out of a feeling of security, of complete independence, of absolute immunity to onslaught from above and below. In brief, the old bogusness hangs about them, as about the fashionable aristocrats of the society columns. They are safe so long as they are good, which is to say, so long as they neither aggrieve the plutocracy nor startle the proletariat. Immediately they fall into either misdemeanor, all their apparent dignity vanishes, and with it all their influence, and they become simply somewhat ridiculous rebels against a social order that has no genuine need of them and is disposed to tolerate them only when they are not obtrusive.

For various reasons this shadowy caste is largely made up of men who have official stamps upon their learning—that is, of professors, of doctors of philosophy; outside of academic circles it tends to shade off very rapidly into a half-world of isolated anarchists. One of those reasons is plain enough: the old democratic veneration for mere schooling, inherited from the Puritans of New England, is still in being, and the mob, always eager for short cuts in thinking, is disposed to accept a schoolmaster without looking beyond his degree. Another reason lies in the fact that the higher education is still rather a novelty in the country, and yet other reasons will suggest themselves.

Whatever the ramification of causes, the fact is plain that the pedagogues have almost a monopoly of what passes for the

higher thinking in the land. Not only do they reign unchallenged in their own chaste grove; they also penetrate to all other fields of ratiocination. They dominate the weeklies of opinion; they are to the fore in every review; they write nine-tenths of the serious books of the country; they begin to invade the newspapers; they instruct and exhort the yokelry from the stump; they have even begun to penetrate into the government. One cannot turn in the United States without encountering a professor. There is one on every municipal commission. There is one in every bureau of the Federal Government. There is one at the head of every intellectual movement. There is one to explain every new mystery. Professors appraise all works of art, whether graphic, tonal, or literary. Professors supply the brain power for agriculture, diplomacy, the control of dependencies, and the distribution of commodities. A professor was until lately sovereign of the country, and pope of the state church.

So much for their opportunity. What, now, of their achievement? I answer as one who has had thrown upon him, by the impenetrable operations of fate, the rather thankless duties of a specialist in the ways of pedagogues. All my instincts are on the side of the professors. I esteem a man who devotes himself to a subject with hard diligence; I esteem even more a man who puts poverty and a shelf of books above profiteering. Moreover, there are more Ph.D.'s on my family tree than even a Boston bluestocking can boast; there was a whole century when even the most ignorant of my house was at least *Juris Utriusque Doctor*. But such predispositions should not be permitted to color sober researches. What I have found, after long and arduous labors, is a state of things that is surely not altogether flattering to the profession under examination. What I have found, in brief, is that pedagogy turned to general public uses is almost as timid and flatulent as journalism—that the professor, menaced by the timid dogmatism of the plutocracy above him and the incurable suspiciousness of the mob beneath him, is inclined to seek his own security in a mellifluous inanity—that, far from being a courageous spokesman of ideas and an apostle of their free dissemination, he comes close to being the most prudent and skittish of all men concerned with

them—in brief, that he yields to the prevailing correctness of thought in all departments, north, east, south, and west, and is, in fact, the chief exponent of the new doctrine that heresy is not only a mistake, but also a crime.

Thus at last I come to the national letters—to the mystery of our literature—its faltering feebleness, its lack of genuine gusto, its dearth of salient personalities, its general air of poverty and imitation—after a preface that may seem far too long. But the preface, here, contains the chief matter of the treatise; for literature, after all, is no more than a shadow of the life that it presumes to deal with, and all the qualities that it shows come out of that life. What ails the literature of the Republic, as I started by saying, is what ails the general culture of the Republic—the lack of a body of sophisticated and civilized public opinion, independent of plutocratic control and superior to the infantile philosophies of the mob—a body of opinion showing the eager curiosity, the educated skepticism, and the hospitality to ideas of a true aristocracy. This lack is felt by the American author, imagining him to have anything new to say, every day of his life. He can hope for no support, in ordinary cases, from the mob: it is too suspicious of all ideas. He can hope for no support from the spokesmen of the plutocracy: they are too diligently devoted to maintaining the intellectual *status quo*. He turns, then, to the *intelligentsia*—and what he finds is correctness! In his two prime functions, to represent the life about him accurately and to criticize it honestly, he sees this correctness arrayed against him. His representation is indecorous, unlovely, too harsh to be borne. His criticism is in contumacy to the ideals upon which the whole structure rests. So he is either attacked vigorously as an anti-patriot whose babblings ought to be put down by law, or enshrouded in a silence which commonly disposes of him even more effectively.

Soon or late, of course, a man of genuine force and originality is bound to prevail against this sort of stupidity. He will unearth an adherent here and another there; in the long run they may become numerous enough to force some recognition of him, even from the exponents of correctness. The case of Whitman is classical. There was never any doubt about his

essential originality, his claim to serious consideration. Emerson saw it at once, and held out a hand to him. But almost immediately he fell under the displeasure of the contemporary *intelligentsia* because of his crimes against conventionality, and soon the war upon him was being waged with such vigor that even Emerson was scared off. He was denounced as a corruptor of youth; he was deprived of his modest livelihood; all sorts of idiotic scandals about him were circulated; he came very near going to jail. A small guard of obscure admirers stood by him, and in the course of years it gradually increased in numbers and influence. But not a single American critic of secure position joined that guard; not a single professor of letters threw the weight of his authority upon the poet's side. When authority came to the rescue at last, it was foreign authority—English, French, and German. There ensued compromise. There ensued a grudging acceptance. In the end, with the poet dead for years, correctness and pedagogy combined to pay him stupid and impertinent honors.

Such posthumous recognition is of no help to artists, and it is of no help to literature. A man who devotes his life to creating works of the imagination, a man who gives over all his strength and energy to struggling with problems that are essentially delicate and baffling and pregnant with doubt—such a man does not ask for recognition as a mere reward for his industry; he asks for it as a necessary help to his industry; he needs it as he needs decent subsistence and peace of mind. It is a grave damage to the artist and a grave loss to the literature that such a man as Poe should have had to seek consolation among his inferiors, that such a man as the Mark Twain of "What Is Man?" should have been forced to conceal his most profound beliefs, and that such men as Dreiser and Cabell should be exposed to incessant attacks. The notion that artists flourish upon adversity and misunderstanding, that they are able to function to the utmost in an atmosphere of indifference or hostility—this notion is nine-tenths nonsense. If it were true, then one would never hear of painters going to France or of musicians going to Germany. What the artist actually needs is comprehension of his aims and ideals by men he respects—not necessarily approval of his products, but simply an intelligent

sympathy for him in the great agony of creation. And that sympathy must be more than the mere fellow feeling of other craftsmen; it must come, in large part, out of a connoisseurship that is beyond the bald trade interest; it must have its roots in the intellectual curiosity of an aristocracy of taste. Billroth, I believe, was more valuable to Brahms than even Schumann. His eager interest gave music-making a solid dignity. His championship offered the musician a visible proof that his labors had got for him a secure place in a civilized and stable society, and that he would be judged by his peers, and safeguarded against the obtuse hostility of his inferiors.

No such security is thrown about an artist in America. It is not that the country lacks the standards that Dr. Brownell pleads for; it is that its standards are still those of a primitive and timorous society. The excesses of Comstockery are profoundly symbolical. What they show is the moral certainty of the mob in operation against something that is as incomprehensible to it as the theory of least squares, and what they show even more vividly is the distressing lack of any automatic corrective of that outrage—of any firm and secure body of educated opinion, eager to hear and test all intelligible ideas and sensitively jealous of the right to discuss them freely.

England is always supplying this lack—England, or France, or Germany, or some other country. Intellectually, we remain an undistinguished colony, cautious, eager for praise, and ever willing to be led. That willingness got us back Poe from France, Whitman from France and Germany, Mark Twain from England. But it is a long process. And while it is dragging its weary lengths along, how many creative artists are turned from their tasks in sheer hopelessness, and how many books are struck dead before they get to paper? I often wonder. What would happen to an American Dostoievsky if he arose among us tomorrow? Or an Ibsen? Or a Joseph Conrad? Or a Zola? Or an Anatole France?

QUESTIONS ON THE TEXT

1. What does Mr. Mencken say ails American literature?
2. What virtue does a civilized aristocracy possess?

3. What is the prevailing misconception about the modern aristocrat?
4. Is the aristocracy synonymous with the wealthy class?
5. How does the inferior man use the aristocracy to prove his own merits?
6. What humiliations go with membership in the American aristocracy?
7. What must a member of the upper class in America do to maintain his position?
8. In what sense is the American aristocrat "worse fettered than a monk in his cell"?
9. On what principles does Mr. Mencken say a genuine aristocracy is founded?
10. What was America's nearest approach to Mr. Mencken's ideal aristocracy?
11. What is the difference between literacy and intelligence?
12. Why does Mr. Mencken think New England Puritanism has failed intellectually?
13. What are the three layers of culture in America?
14. What are the intellectual deficiencies of the plutocracy?
15. What is the plutocracy's attitude toward criticism?
16. How does Mr. Mencken prove that the plutocracies of other countries produce thinkers?
17. In what fundamental respect does the American press fail?
18. What is the dread of the conservative press?
19. What is the ultimate source of all political power according to Mr. Mencken?
20. What is the fundamental emotion of the inferior man? How does plutocracy work upon this emotion?
21. How does Mr. Mencken prove that democracy has failed to make an aristocracy out of either the mob or the plutocracy?
22. Do you agree with Mr. Mencken that America places a premium on conformity and a penalty on the free functioning of personality?
23. Why is Mr. Mencken disappointed in America's intelligentsia?
24. How does the pedagogue monopolize the fields of culture in America?
25. Is Mr. Mencken fair to the professors?
26. Why, according to Mr. Mencken, do professors fail to live up to their opportunities?
27. What is the relation between American culture and American literature?
28. What problems face the American author?
29. What does Mr. Mencken say are the two prime functions of an author?
30. How does Whitman represent the plight of the American author?
31. Is it true that artists thrive under adversity and misunderstanding?
32. What does the artist actually need to encourage him in his work? How does America fail to give him this encouragement?
33. How are the excesses of Comstockery indicative of the intellectual hideboundness of America?
34. What is the process by which we get our own authors back from foreign countries?
35. How do you think America would have welcomed Dostoievsky, Ibsen, or Anatole France if they had been native American writers?
36. What should America do to encourage creative artists?
37. Is Mr. Mencken harsh or unfair in any of his arguments against American culture and literature?

38. Do you think there are any talented writers who are being crushed by lack of appreciation in America?
39. Is American education confusing literacy and intelligence?

THE AMERICAN ARISTOCRAT

Few people in this country really recognize an aristocrat when they see one. Americans are too easily attracted by the glamour and splendor of things without investigating what lies behind the scenery. Thus, when they read the social columns in the Sunday papers, or when they see the pictures of the rich basking in the sun at Palm Beach, they sigh with envy and never cease secretly to hope that they too may be aristocrats. Although they do not realize it, many of these worshipers of the display of wealth are more aristocratic than those they envy.

Let us examine one of these aristocrats more closely. Here is a proud woman whose name frequently appears in the papers. She entertains lavishly her wealthy friends whose names look well in print. She does this not from an impulse of hospitality, but from motives inspired by a desire for social prestige. She winters in Florida, runs over to Paris when she needs a new frock, and, when she feels the time opportune for publicity, she suddenly becomes interested in charity. She is, indeed, a busy woman. All of these activities look well enough, but if one cares to know the truth, he will find an essential thing lacking—cultural background.

I should like to take these worshipers of a false aristocracy to a section of this country where real aristocrats live. This spot is the blue grass country of Kentucky. Here is true aristocracy. Here are the remnants of the aristocracy of Washington and Jefferson which originated back in Virginia. Here people are proud of their ancestry. They take pride in their relationship to Henry Clay or John C. Breckenridge far more than in their wealth. They have had many generations of cultured people to form the background of their civilization. These Southern aristocrats have a right to be proud. They have a right to boast of their blue blood, of their heirlooms handed down through many generations, of their libraries of English classics, and of the beauty and wealth of their blue grass region.

Of what have our popular newly-rich aristocrats of to-day to boast? Nothing but an accumulation of money gained by shrewd business manipulations. Of course, money enables one to take on the appearance of culture, but money alone does not have the power to make one an aristocrat. An aristocrat is molded from many generations of cultured ancestors, people who have been influential in important affairs, and who have lived intelligently without clinging to the sole purpose of hoarding up wealth. In my estimation, the Kentuckians of the blue grass country come up to every standard of aristocracy.

Of course, one cannot suddenly become an aristocrat, and one cannot be blamed because he is not an aristocrat. The best way to create an aristocracy is to forget completely about it, and, instead of trying to fool the world by accumulating money, it would be far better to begin the development of a true culture. Perhaps, when America succeeds in controlling her greed for money, she will build up a great aristocracy.

H. D.

THEME SUBJECTS

1. The Relation of National Culture to Literature
2. The Suppression of the Creative Spirit in America
3. The American Aristocrat
4. Aristocracy and Culture
5. The Worship of Taboos in America
6. The Divine Right to Protest
7. Individual Freedom: A Necessity to a Cultured Society
8. Virginia Aristocracy in the Eighteenth Century
9. New England and American Culture
10. New England and American Literature
11. Literacy *vs.* Intelligence
12. The Intelligentsia: The Leaven in the Lump
13. Alice Smith Becomes Alyce Smythe
14. From Abolition to Prohibition—a Century of Repression
15. The Three Layers of American Culture
16. The Gilded Plutocracy in America
17. The American Proletariat
18. The Intelligentsia in America
19. The Conservatism of Vested Wealth
20. American Business *vs.* American Culture
21. Fear as the Dominating Emotion in Human Affairs
22. American Education and Its Resulting Culture
23. The Press and Culture in America
24. Conformity: A Major Virtue in America
25. Freedom of Thought in America
26. The College Professor as a Representative of the American Intelligentsia
27. Why I Believe (or Do Not Believe) in Literary Censorship
28. My Favorite American Writer
29. Radicalism *vs.* Sanity in the Classroom
30. The Author and His Public
31. America and Her Creative Artists
32. Why Do American Artists Go Abroad?
33. A New Culture for America
34. A New Literature for America
35. Authors and Their Environment
36. The Place of American Literature in the Literature of the World
37. The New England Puritan *vs.* the Southern Aristocrat

THE GOON AND HIS STYLE

FREDERICK L. ALLEN

"BECAUSE the contests in which the university teams take part are attended by such keen excitement, let it not be thought by my readers that the students who play on these teams are the only ones to derive benefit from participation in athletic sports."

Here you have a perfect example of a goonish style. I admit it reluctantly, because I wrote that sentence myself in all seriousness a few days ago; but I admit it positively.

I was writing an article for a foreign periodical about the university with which I am associated. I didn't want to do the article, but I had promised to and had to. It wasn't one of those cases where the author burns to tell his readers the message that throbs in him for utterance, or anything of that sort. It was a case where the author knows he can't put it off any longer and sits down miserably and grinds it out. Furthermore, it happened in this case that the author knew the article would have to be translated, anyhow, and felt that if he cut loose and wrote it in his usual dashing manner the translator would get twisted. He tried very hard to express himself plainly and impeccably. The result was, "Let it not be thought by my readers," and "derive benefit from participation in athletic sports"—sure marks of the goonish style.

A goon is a person with a heavy touch as distinguished from a jigger, who has a light touch. While jiggers look on life with a genial eye, goons take a more stolid and literal view. It is reported that George Washington was a goon, whereas Lincoln was a jigger. Gladstone seems to have been a goon, Disraeli a jigger. Victoria and Prince Albert, as described by Mr. Lytton Strachey, were both goons of the first water; Mr. Strachey himself, on the other hand, is obviously a jigger. Most Germans

are goons; most French, jiggers. Mr. Lloyd George is a jigger; the way he squints up his eyes is one of the most jiggerish things in contemporary affairs. Mr. Harding, on the other hand, friendly and affable though he may be, is revealed as a goon in his messages, the language of which is of incredible specific gravity.

Mind you, it would be misleading to say that goonishness consists of a lack of a sense of humor. I know many goons who have a perfectly good standardized sense of humor. They laugh as hard as anybody at a farce, and when an after-dinner story is told they shout mightily with the rest. What they lack is the playful mind. They regard humor as something embodied normally in jokes or funny stories, which they can see the point of as readily as their neighbors; and sometimes they are a little baffled by a magazine like *Punch* because they find in it pictures accompanied by captions which manifestly are not jokes. How then, thinks the goon, can they be humorous? Sometimes goons become somewhat uneasy as to whether they really have a sense of humor, and resort to a test consisting of a story with a concealed joke in it, which is usually supposed to have baffled some legendary humorless Englishman. The goon sharpens his wits, sees the point, laughs in profound relief, and is satisfied.

A goonish style is one that reads as if it were the work of a goon. It is thick and heavy. It suggests the sort of oatmeal served at lunch counters, lumpy and made with insufficient salt. It is to be found at its best in nature books, railroad folders, college catalogues, and prepared speeches by high public officials. It employs the words "youth" and "lad," likes the exclamation "lo!" says "one may readily perceive" instead of "you can easily see," and speaks—yes, I admit it with shame—of "deriving benefit from participation in athletic sports."

The railroad-folder variety of goonishness sees fit to tell the reader that the hotels and boarding-houses along the line "vie with one another in offering amusements and recreations to delight the visitor." Lake George, described by a goonish vendor of railroad publicity as "alert with pristine life," is declared by him to be "worthy of national acceptance as the rich fulfillment of the vacation hopes of every man and woman

and child. For loveliness of appearance, healthfulness of fresh mountain breezes, and varied resources of entertainment, no place can boast an advantage over this queen of American lakes."

The goonishness of nature books is usually in inverse ratio to the amount of scientific information which they contain. So long as the author is content to state facts concerning length of bill, color of fur, and number of eggs usually laid, he gives no offense; but beware of him when his facts run low and he is moved to wash down his pill of fact with a bucketful of rhetoric expressing his love of nature. "The dark swamps," he says, "are made glad by the joyous, wonderful song." Or, "Never shall I forget the bright morning when I first beheld a flock of titmice. The little chaps bubbled over with merriment, and as I watched them hopping from tree to tree, their gladsome songs seemed to me indeed the veritable embodiment of the spirit of the nuptial season."

J. Fenimore Cooper was a mighty goon, and G. A. Henty, his pale shadow, while less mighty was no less goonish. "We will profit by this pause in the discourse," wrote Cooper when he was warming up for a description of two of his major characters, "to give the reader some idea of the appearance of the men, both of whom are destined to enact no insignificant parts in our legend. It would not have been easy to find a more noble specimen of vigorous manhood than was offered in the person of him who called himself Hurry Harry." And thus did Henty set forth a conversation between father and son in a burning blockhouse besieged by Indians:

"I would rather stay and share your fate, father."

"I believe you, Guy; but you will, I know, obey my order. I have faith that you will escape and the hope will lighten my last moments. I have placed a rope at the window above. Take your bow and arrows, your pistols and sword, and tell Shanti to do the same. He is devoted and intelligent, and his companionship will be invaluable. Bid him also shoot himself without hesitation should he fall into the hands of the redskins. Now go, lad; lose no moment; the smoke grows more and more stifling."

The reader finishes this dialogue with the distinct impression

that Guy's father must have prepared his informal remarks some days beforehand, and furnished advance copies to the press.

The trouble with the goonish style usually is that its possessor forgets that he is addressing ordinary human beings, and writes for something strange and portentous which he thinks of as a Public. When I committed that sentence about "deriving benefit from athletic sports," I had in mind a vague picture of a European Public, consisting of spectacled worthies with frock coats and a fine aspiration to hear the blameless story of American education. Perhaps President Harding in his messages, utilizing what he conceives to be presidential language, several sizes larger than ordinary language, writes not to persuade normal people like Doctor Sawyer and Mr. Crissinger and Mr. Christian of Marion, but a dim multitude of self-governing entities called an American Public of One Hundred Millions. The young or inexpert writer frequently achieves goonishness by writing for Posterity, forgetting that the real posterity will consist of a tremendous lot of people more or less like those who live in the next block.

QUESTIONS ON THE TEXT

1. What makes the first paragraph a perfect example of the goonish style?
2. What distinguishes a goon from a jigger?
3. In what sense are Washington, Gladstone, and Queen Victoria goons?
4. How are Lincoln and Lloyd George jiggers?
5. What is meant by a playful mind?
6. Where will you find the best examples of the goonish style?
7. Analyze the elements of goonishness in the examples from Cooper and Henty.
8. For whom should one write to avoid the goonish style?
9. Why does the goon's writing never secure the serious acceptance of posterity?
10. Is naturalness the quality most to be desired in style?
11. What kind of people do these phrases characterize: "That reminds me of a story," and "I take my pen in hand"?

WAS LINCOLN A JIGGER?

Lincoln's style of writing certainly classes him as a jigger. In spite of the meagerness of his literary preparation, his writings take first rank as those

of a jigger. I can hardly think of any writing of Lincoln which I would consider flowery. His work is all concise, accurate, and to the point. None I have read is stilted or heavy.

In November, 1863, Lincoln spoke at the dedication of the battle-field of Gettysburg, giving a short, simple address that has since become a classic of American literature. It is said that Lincoln wrote this address less than an hour before the dedication. Such simplicity, clearness, and understanding surely point Lincoln out as a jigger. Call it inspiration if you like. Lincoln could write in a way that the common people could understand. Lincoln showed his chief characteristics through his writings.

In his second inaugural address Lincoln rose to heights of eloquence. He rose to an idealism seldom equaled in American oratory. In closing he uttered thoughts that could come only from the mind and heart of a truly great man. "With malice toward none, with charity for all": this does not smack of goonishness. It is the true, simple thought and writing of a jigger.

A goon could never have written such an understanding, heart-felt letter of sympathy as Lincoln wrote to one Mrs. Bixby, a mother who had lost five sons in battle. His sincerity and sympathy, clearly portrayed in all his addresses, writings, and letters, surely class him as a jigger. His writings have been universally read and have become a part of the thought of the world. His style of writing has won all people to him. This great man, a jigger, is the most beloved of American leaders.

M. E. T.

THEME SUBJECTS

1. Why I Am a Goon (or a Jigger)
2. The Goonish Style of Country Newspapers
3. The Essential Qualities of the Goonish (or Jiggerish) Style
4. The Greatest Goon I Have Ever Known
5. Jiggers I Have Known
6. What Is Style in Writing?
7. Naturalness: The Essential of Good Writing
8. The Practical Value of Goonishness
9. Sources of the Goon Literature
10. Pitfalls in Avoiding the Goonish Style
11. Why I Am Not Afraid to Be a Goon
12. What Makes Lincoln (or H. L. Mencken, or Sinclair Lewis, or Lloyd George) a Typical Jigger?
13. What Makes Washington (or James Fenimore Cooper, or Daniel Webster, or G. A. Henty) a Typical Goon?
14. Can a Freshman Avoid Writing the Goonish Style?
15. The Dangers of Goonery
16. Textbooks: Gold Mines of Goonery
17. The Beauties of Nature (as described by a goon or a jigger)
18. A Church Wedding (as written by a goon)
19. The Difference Between Humor and Wit
20. The Difference Between the Teutonic and Latin Temperaments

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL STANDARDS

THE SEVEN LAMPS OF POLITICS[1]

GLENN FRANK

IT may turn out that Secretary Fall has rendered a greater service to the American people than any man who has held a cabinet portfolio for a generation. He may succeed in doing what the professors of political science have never been able to do. He may shock a politically illiterate people into a genuine interest in the problem of government.

We *are* a nation of political illiterates. Despite our noisy devotion to popular government, we are not politically minded. We display a sporadic and short-lived interest in issues, we give a fleeting loyalty to picturesque political personalities, now and then we organize reform movements as bored wives embrace a current cult, but we lack a sustained interest in the continuously wise administration of our common life. When we express a deep interest in politics, it is as a special and temporary task. It takes a case of clumsy treason or a presidential campaign to make us really think about government.

It may be that out of the oil scandal will come our political redemption, provided we do not feel that we have fulfilled our duty in the matter when we have jailed a few culprits, ousted a few incompetents, and indulged in an emotional debauch of moral indignation. This must be kept clear: the exposure and expulsion of a few guilty officials is only the first faltering step toward meeting the challenge that has issued from the Teapot-Dome investigation. The oil scandal is nothing less than a challenge to an exhaustive reëxamination of the tools, the technic, and the leadership of American politics.

For weeks our newspapers have been filled with recitals of the nauseating obscenities of commercialized politics. Naturally, our sense of common decency has been outraged. We rightfully

[1] From *The Century Magazine*, April, 1924. Reprinted by permission of The Century Co.

demand that the auction-block, from which public servants are bought as slaves were bought, be taken out of American politics. If we are to have a "business administration" of our Government, we have the right to demand that its business ethics be taken from the best of our creative captains of industry, not from the few buccaneers of business who have unhappily survived from the days when bribery accounts and slush funds were commonly regarded as "legitimate" items in operating expenses or costs of production. We are determined that the money-changers shall be driven from the temple of government. But after the temple has been cleared of the money-changers, we shall face the even more important duty of examining the foundations, the functions, and the atmosphere of the temple itself in order to find out what it is that has made the temple so attractive to the money-changers.

We need a new and realistic critique of American politics. Somebody should do for politics what John Ruskin did for architecture when he wrote *The Seven Lamps of Architecture.* Of politics we may say, as Ruskin said of architecture, that we need "some determined effort to extricate from the confused mass of partial traditions and dogmata, with which it has become encumbered during imperfect or restricted practice, those large principles of right which are applicable to every stage and style of it."

Of course no such critique of the functions of government and the equipment of political leadership is possible within the limits of this brief essay. Here is a job for scholars and seers in whom technical knowledge is brought to life by social insight and a flair for political invention. Some university or some publishing house might make a handsome bid for immortality by setting a group of such savants at the job of reëxamining American politics in order to find out what must be done to make American Government better fit to handle its current problems and less vulnerable to the materialists who rob it and the muddlers who run it. But while we are waiting for some such group of political Ruskins to begin their work, there may be some value in trying to suggest "the seven lamps of politics" that might light our approach to the new politics

which the oil scandal and allied prostitutions of government have challenged us to formulate.

The Lamp of Skepticism.—One of the root evils of American politics is ancestor-worship. And ancestor-worship plays even quicker havoc in politics than in religion. No continuously good work can be done unless the worker maintains an attitude of skepticism toward the tools and the technic of his job. There must be constant and conscientious criticism of the institutions and methods of politics if the tools of government are to be kept adjusted to the tasks of government. When the tasks change, the tools must be changed, or government breaks down and politics becomes a playground for pirates.

There is to-day a very active fundamentalist movement in American politics, strikingly similar to the fundamentalist movement in religion in that it attempts to withdraw from criticism all of the original institutions and philosophy of American Government. But the moment constitutions or institutions of government are withdrawn from criticism and made sacrosanct, the stage is set for corruption and catastrophe. The true guardians of government are its critics, not its worshipers. The dead rebels who founded our Government, were they alive to-day, would be the last to contend that a changeless government can serve a changing world. I am sure that George Washington and Thomas Jefferson would have least in common with those who quote them most to-day. The American Government is plagued with corruption, and the Russian Government was challenged by revolution, because both put up "no-trespassing" signs against honest critics.

The greatest danger that is involved in the oil scandal is not that we may fail to capture the traitors to our Government, but that we shall neglect to take this opportunity to reëxamine the technic of government that makes treason so easy. The biggest stumbling-block in the way of such a fundamental reëxamination is the fact that the Bourbons of American politics cannot distinguish between scientific discontent with government and social discontent with government. What goes by the name of "social discontent" is often a blind and inarticulate rage against a government that is blundering in its job. That

sort of discontent is, of course, dangerous, because it rests on mere anger at results. Such discontent does breed "dangerous radicalism" as that term is understood by our Tories. It is the business of statesmanship to forestall such discontent. Unfortunately, the political Bourbon thinks he can do away with discontent by swinging the big stick and financing law-and-order campaigns. The lessons of the life and times of the Czar of Russia are lost on many Americans. The only remedy for "dangerous radicalism" lies in the substitution of "scientific discontent" with government for "social discontent" with government. The true conservatives are the scientific radicals. They know that an obsolete method of government is as dangerous to the social order as an atrophied organ in the human body.

Let me suggest, by way of illustration, certain aspects of our Government that we must begin to consider open-mindedly if we want to be free in the future from corruption and reckless radicalism.

Our Government was designed to do one sort of job, and we have given it an entirely different sort of job to do without readjusting its methods and institutions to the new job. In the beginning our Government was designed to fulfill the limited task of protecting its citizens in their rights and their liberties. Its original purpose was not to do things for its citizens, but to give them a protection that would insure to them freedom and elbowroom for conducting their lives and their enterprises in their own way. The tools and the technic of the Government our fathers founded were admirably fitted to that task. But since then we have altered the purpose of our Government. We have decided that our Government shall, as Alleyne Ireland has phrased it, be "the instrument of the social purpose," that year by year the Government shall do more and more things for its citizens. See what this means. A government that was designed to play policeman and protector has been converted into an administrator of all sorts of complicated social and economic tasks. We have taken the traffic cop from the street corner and made him the executive of a vast and baffling enterprise. We have, to make the analogy specific, taken Mike Murphy, who was a perfectly good regulator of traffic, with his philosophy of stop-and-go, and put him in Judge Gary's chair as head

of the United States Steel Corporation. The result has been not only that the Mike Murphys have proved blundering executives, but that the Judge Garys have, in many instances, become the social traffic cops who issue the stop-and-go orders to American life. But that is an aside. The point is that a government designed to play policeman to the rights and liberties of its citizens cannot, without a highly intelligent readjustment of its tools and its technic, become the administrator of the social purpose of its citizens. We have not made that readjustment. On the contrary, we have regarded as a dangerous radical any man who has suggested that maybe the qualities that made Mike a good traffic cop were not the qualities that would enable him to change places, let us say, with Henry Ford and carry on Mr. Ford's creative administration of a complicated industrial process effectively. A government not equipped for the job it has in hand is an open invitation to manipulation by outside interests.

We are spending untold energy warding off what we are pleased to call "attacks upon our form of representative government," without stopping to examine the far-reaching changes that have actually taken place in the way our representative government functions. In the beginning senators and representatives were *trusted representatives;* to-day they are *instructed delegates.* They are not human substitutes for us; they are phonograph records of our fluctuating moods. The popular politician is the one who most quickly carries out the orders of a post-card bombardment from his constituency. Subserviency of spirit is a bigger political asset to-day than superiority of mind. The fathers sought to found a *responsible* government; we seem to prefer a *responsive* government. The ideal of the fathers was a representative republicanism; we have forsaken that ideal for the ideal of a direct democracy. But we have overlooked the fact that democracy and republicanism are essentially different ideals of government and that the political forms and methods that express the one cannot adequately express the other. Much of the confusion and corruption of American government to-day is due to the fact that a direct democracy is trying to express itself through the forms and methods of representative republicanism. I am not attempting,

in this essay, to suggest any judgment regarding the relative values of republicanism and democracy. It may be said, in passing, that it will not do to jump too hastily to the conclusion that, because democracy has not made a better record in America to date, the older ideal of republicanism is the preferable. Democracy has not had a fair chance in America. It has never had its own set of tools with which to work. It has been using the tools of republicanism—tools that were never designed for the work of democracy. It may be that direct democracy will always end in the rule of the mediocre. It may be that when we have grown sober from the heady wine of democracy we shall go back to representative republicanism. My only contention is that whichever we choose, we must see to it that it is provided with forms and methods of government suited to it.

I have given most of this essay over to a discussion of the lamp of skepticism because it is the one most important to the new politics. If we can break the hold of ancestor-worship upon American politics, if we can break ourselves of the habit of regarding as an anarchist the man who wants to see the tools of government fitted wisely to the tasks of government, if we can realize that change and treason are not synonyms, all else will follow from our wholesome skepticism.

The Lamp of Science.—We must put a fact basis under politics. Statesmanship must proceed from a scientific study of the causes of social problems and a statistical study of the results of social policies. I do not mean that we want government by specialists. God forbid! There is much to be said for the amateur spirit in government. But the statesman must maintain a friendly alliance with the specialist. No man is really fitted to be a senator or representative, dealing with the issues of immigration, Americanization, education, and the like, unless he has at least a bowing acquaintance with the results of the living sciences of biology, psychology, and anthropology. Without such knowledge he is a doctor treating diseases the causes of which he does not understand. These living sciences are throwing up the raw materials of the new politics. A tax bill is proposed, and the country has its mind pulled first in one direction and then in another by politically doctored statistics. Is there not somewhere in the country

enough genius for political invention to devise ways and means for the statistical study of public problems and policies, so that the electorate can have in hand, when issues arise, facts untainted by political strategy? Of course no fool-proof method can be devised. We must train ourselves to reverence for facts after they have been unearthed.

The Lamp of Humanism.—Liberal politics has too often proceeded from a sentimental humanitarianism. The new politics will proceed from a scientific humanism. To date science has given us a new bigotry. When, by the grace of modern biology, psychology, and anthropology, men began to rediscover the law of inequality that runs throughout the lives of men and races, our study tables were flooded with books that heralded a new tyranny. The Nordics were a fine breed, therefore the Nordics must set their iron heel upon the neck of the "inferior" races. The mental tests revealed the fact that there are multitudes of slow-witted and half-witted children, therefore student bodies must be severely restricted to the élite, and the "inferior" types must be set aside early by mental tests to the menial tasks of civilization. The responsible scholars of science have not said this, but the facile journalistic camp-followers of science have. But these petty Prussians of science are a passing annoyance. Biology, psychology, and anthropology are laying the foundations for a new tolerance, a new tenderness, a new humanism. When we really know the inborn limitations of men and races we are for the first time in a position to deal sympathetically and wisely with them, and wisdom is always tolerant and tender and human. The new knowledge of men and races that we are gaining will ultimately give us a realistic basis for a coöperation of classes and races in terms of what each is fitted to contribute. The half-baked knowledge that finds in biology, psychology, and anthropology the mandate for a new intolerance is a passing phase.

The Lamp of Culture.—The new politics will be less political and more cultural. It will think of the culture of its citizens first and of the control of its citizens second, knowing that culture brings self-control. Its policy will be more education and less government. The new politics will not kill culture with

the poison of official patronage, but will give a new impetus to the forces of culture by shifting the emphasis in government from the exploitation of the nation's resources to the development of the nation's citizens. Better citizens will be able to carry on their enterprises without so much governmental assistance. As L. P. Jacks has suggested in his *A Living Universe,* when the politics of power is superseded by the politics of culture, the quarrelsomeness that inspires our class conflicts and wars will become less and less. The old politics has specialized in the quest for material power. That quest is, as he says, essentially quarrelsome and cruel. Legislators must spend sleepless nights drafting laws to control the game. The new politics of culture will be essentially coöperative rather than competitive. "Political civilization," says Mr. Jacks, "has taught mankind two lessons of supreme value—the lesson of organization and the lesson of scientific method. What we may hope for is not the loss of these things, but their gradual transference from the service of power to the service of culture, from the exploitation of the world to the development of man." The new politic will not debate, as we are debating, whether or not education should be made a department of government, but will regard government as simply one of the departments of education.

The Lamp of Unity.—The trend of human history is toward what H. G. Wells has called "the moral and intellectual reunion of mankind." The new politics will set its face against the things that divide classes and nations. It will play for the unity of mankind. It will not allow professional patriots, who often hide their social and economic treason under a cloak of political patriotism, to lure it into petty and partial loyalties. And the unity the new politics will seek will not mean drab uniformity. It is the old politics of particularism that makes for uniformity. It is inside the sealed frontiers of racial egotism and excessive political nationalism that men are standardized and judged by a mathematical percentage. Under the new politics the one hundred per cent American will be the man who has done the least to divide mankind into quarrelsome classes and nations, the man who has done the most to further the "moral and intellectual reunion of mankind."

The Lamp of Vision.—A distinguished political figure has given his notion of the statesman's duty as "doing each day's work as well as he can." This is an admirable desk motto for any man, but it falls far short of a statesman's duty. The statesman has a responsibility for vision. He must guard against becoming a visionary, but the details of his day's work must be pointed toward some verifiable vision of the goal of politics and government. Otherwise he works always under the spell of the immediate; his acts and his policies are disjointed; he tends to become a mere patcher together of a political crazy-quilt. American politics is starving for statesmen who have a grasp of the larger forces that are marching through the world making history while we debate this and that bill.

The Lamp of Action.—The test of the new politics will be its actability, its workability. It is a human weakness to think we have done a thing when we have thought it and said it. We elect men to high office for their ability to *say* the things we want done. The new politics will be less rhetorical and more realistic. The new politician will be more the engineer and less the stump-speaker.

QUESTIONS ON THE TEXT

1. Who is Glenn Frank?
2. How does Mr. Frank capture the reader's attention in the first paragraph?
3. Why does he devote the first half of the essay to the Lamp of Skepticism?
4. What is the value of the skeptical attitude?
5. What are "slush funds"?
6. What is the effect of ancestor-worship in politics?
7. Why are dishonest persons so readily attracted to politics?
8. Who are the "Bourbons" and "Tories" of American politics?
9. What are the political effects of increasing population?
10. What is the value of referring specifically to Mike Murphy and Judge Gary?
11. What does Mr. Frank mean by "social discontent" and "scientific discontent"?
12. What are the differences between a *responsible* and a *responsive* government?
13. What is the value of the climactic sentence ending the discussion of the Lamp of Skepticism?
14. What is to be said for the amateur in politics?

15. What is to be said for the specialist in politics?
16. Why is scientific investigation a modern requisite in law-making?
17. What does *humanism* mean?
18. Can a government be too humanitarian?
19. Should the Nordics rule the world?
20. Do we have culture in modern politics?
21. Is hope for material gain a chief cause of war?
22. Why is the world a much smaller place than it used to be?
23. What effect does this new smallness of the world have upon politics?
24. What is the specific meaning of the word *particularism* in the Lamp of Unity?
25. May a hundred per cent American be an internationalist?
26. What difference in meaning is suggested by the words *vision* and *visionary?*
27. Have the dreamers led the world?
28. Must a thing work to be valuable?
29. Must the pragmatic doctrine apply to every theory?
30. In what sense does modern politics demand an engineer?

WHAT I THINK IT MEANS TO BE A HUNDRED PER CENT AMERICAN

The man who is a one hundred per cent American is not usually the most prominent politician in the community. He does not approve of soap-box or drug-store oratory; he spends his leisure moments, not in fruitless arguments, but in gathering information about political situations and characters by intelligent reading. The government is his immediate concern, since it affects every phase of his life: his business, his health, his home, the education and welfare of his children.

Good leaders are necessary in any government, but more than leaders we need active interest and coöperation on the part of the general public. The first requirement, then, for a one hundred per cent American is interest.

A man is usually not interested in a thing with which he is unfamiliar; therefore, our American should be a well-informed man, and particularly well-informed about public questions of the day. Newspapers and other current publications will supply him not only with information, but with the viewpoints of the various factions and parties on these questions. With a little effort he can know the important facts about any problem.

After he has the different viewpoints, the American must be able to decide and judge for himself, regardless of family politics or ancestral party affiliations. He must not form the habit of always agreeing with the platform of a certain political group.

He looks with disapproval, this American, on the system of blocking action on a bill by filibustering—a method of parliamentary procedure which is used so much in our government to-day. Time which could well be spent in discussing and passing needed legislation is wasted in long, unimportant harangues calculated to take up time, and stop an essential measure from being considered. Often the measure that is debated is trivial, and what becomes of it is of no importance to anyone.

The ideal American does not stoop to the petty in either national or foreign affairs. He is liberal-minded enough to know that in international affairs we must concede some points just as we expect other nations to. Although we are separated, physically, from Europe, we are closely connected with her in an economic way and are immediately affected by changing conditions there. The one hundred per cent American must have an international as well as a national viewpoint, and he must think in terms of world interests.

So our one hundred per cent American is not always the brilliant leader and speaker, or the ardent holiday patriot; he is just part of the quiet force which elevates and steadies the great governmental machinery and makes for a truly representative government.

J. L. G.

THEME SUBJECTS

1. My Responsibility in Politics
2. What Is Wrong with Present-Day Politics?
3. Commercialized Politics
4. The Chief Political Problems Before Us
5. What It Means to Be a Hundred Per Cent American
6. Political Illiteracy
7. The Fundamentals of Good Citizenship
8. Conservatism *vs.* Radicalism in America
9. Why Do Good Men Shun Politics?
10. The Value of the Skeptical Attitude in Politics
11. Democracy—the Rule of the Mediocre?
12. The Necessity for Political Parties
13. The Need for Reform in American Politics
14. Are Bosses Necessary in American Politics?
15. Why I Am for (or Against) the League of Nations
16. Why I Am for (or Against) the Eighteenth Amendment
17. Corruptness in American Politics
18. The Lamp of Politics I Would Add
19. The Place of the Amateur in Politics
20. A Picturesque Character in American Political History
21. Ancestor-Worship in American Politics
22. Should There Be a Secretary of Education in the President's Cabinet?
23. Social and Scientific Discontent
24. Slush Funds
25. Culture in Politics

WOMAN ENTHRONED [1]

AGNES REPPLIER

THE Michigan magistrate who gave orders that a stalwart male angel presiding over the gateway of a cemetery should be recast in feminine mold may have been an erring theologian and a doubtful art-critic, but that he was a sound-hearted American no one can deny. He was not thinking of Azrael the mighty who had garnered that little harvest of death, or of Michael, great leader of the "fighting seraphim," whose blade

> "Smote and felled
> Squadrons at once;"

or of Gabriel the messenger. Holy Writ was as remote from his mental vision as was *Paradise Lost*. He was thinking very properly of the "angel in the house," and this feminine ideal was affronted by the robust outlines, no less than by the robust virtues, associated with the heavenly host. Cowley's soothing compromise, which was designed as a compliment to a lady, and which, instead of unsexing angels, endowed them with a double line of potencies,—

> "They are than Man more strong, and more than Woman sweet,—"

is not easily expressed in art. The very gallant Michigan gentleman simplified the situation by eliminating the masculine element. He registered his profession of faith in the perfectibility of women.

It is awkward to be relegated to the angelic class, and to feel that one does not fit. Intelligent feminists sometimes say that chivalry—that inextinguishable point of view which has for centuries survived its own death-notices—is more disheartening

[1] From *Points of Friction*. Used by permission of and special arrangement with the Houghton Mifflin Company.

than contempt. Chivalry is essentially protective. It is rooted in the consciousness of superior strength. It is expansively generous and scrimpingly just. It will not assure to women a fair field and no favors, which is the salvation of all humanity; but it will protect them from the consequences of their own deeds, and that way lies perdition.

Down through the ages we see the working of this will. Rome denied to women all civic rights, but allowed them many privileges. They were not permitted to make any legal contract. They were not permitted to bequeath their own fortunes, or—ordinarily—to give testimony in court. But they might plead ignorance of the law, "as a ground for dissolving an obligation," which, if often convenient, was always demoralizing. Being somewhat contemptuously absolved from the oath of allegiance in the Middle Ages, they were as a consequence immune from outlawry. On the other hand, the severity with which they were punished for certain crimes which were presumed to come easy to them—poisoning, husband-murder, witchcraft (King Jamie was not the only wiseacre who marveled that there should be twenty witches to one warlock)—is evidence of fear on the legislators' part. The oldest laws, the oldest axioms which antedate all laws, betray this uneasy sense of insecurity. "Day and night must women be held by their protectors in a state of dependence," says Manu, the Hindu Noah, who took no female with him in his miraculously preserved boat, but was content with his own safety, and trusted the continuance of the race to the care and ingenuity of the gods.

In our day, and in our country, women gained their rights (I use the word "rights" advisedly, because, though its definition be disputed, everyone knows what it implies) after a prolonged, but not embittered struggle. Certain states moved so slowly that they were overtaken by a federal amendment. Even with the franchise to back them, American women have a hard time making their way in the professions, though a great deal of courtesy is shown them by professional men. They have a hard time making their way in trades, where the unions block their progress. They have a very small share of political patronage, and few good positions on the civil lists. Whether

the best interests of the country will be advanced or retarded by a complete recognition of their claims—which implies giving them an even chance with men—is a point on which no one can speak with authority. The absence of data leaves room only for surmise. Women are striving to gain this "even chance" for their own sakes, which is lawful and reasonable. Their public utterances, it is true, dwell pointedly on the regeneration of the world. This also is lawful and reasonable. Public utterances have always dwelt on the regeneration of the world, since the apple was eaten and Paradise closed its gates.

Meanwhile American chivalry, a strong article and equal to anything Europe ever produced, clings passionately and persistently to its inward vision. Ellen Key speaks casually of "the vices which men call woman's nature." If Swedish gentlemen permit themselves this form of speech, it finds no echo in our loyal land. Two things an American hates to do: hold a woman accountable for her misdeeds, and punish her accordingly. When Governor Craig of North Carolina set aside the death-sentence which had been passed upon a murderess and committed her to prison for life, he gave to the public this plain and comprehensive statement: "There is no escape from the conclusion that Ida Bell Warren is guilty of murder, deliberate and premeditated. Germany executed the woman spy; England did not. The action of the military governor of Belgium was condemned by the conscience of the world. The killing of this woman would send a shiver through North Carolina."

Apart from the fact that Edith Cavell was not a spy, and that her offense was one which has seldom in the world's history been so cruelly punished, Governor Craig's words deserve attention. He explicitly exempted a woman, because she was a woman, from the penalty which would have been incurred by a man. Incidentally he was compelled to commute the death-sentence of her confederate, as it was hardly possible to send the murderous wife to prison, and her murderous accomplice to the chair. That the execution of Mrs. Warren would have sent a "shiver" through North Carolina is doubtless true. The Governor had received countless letters and telegrams protesting against the infliction of the death-penalty on a woman.

One of the reasons which has been urged for the total

abolition of this penalty is the reluctance of juries to convict women of crimes punishable by death. The number of wives who murder their husbands, and of girls who murder their lovers, is a menace to society. Our sympathetic tolerance of these *crimes passionnés,* the sensational scenes in court, and the prompt acquittals which follow are a menace to law and justice. Better that their perpetrators should be sent to prison and suffer a few years of corrective discipline, until soft-hearted sentimentalists circulate petitions and secure their pardon and release.

The right to be judged as men are judged is perhaps the only form of equality which feminists fail to demand. Their attitude to their own *errata* is well expressed in the solemn warning addressed by Mr. Louis Untermeyer's Eve to the Almighty,

"Pause, God, and ponder, ere Thou judgest me!"

The right to be punished is not, and has never been, a popular prerogative with either sex. There was, indeed, a London baker who was sentenced in the year 1816 to be whipped and imprisoned for vagabondage. He served his term; but, whether from clemency or from oversight, the whipping was never administered. When released, he promptly brought action against the prison authorities because he had not been whipped, "according to the statute," and he won his case. Whether or not the whipping went with the verdict is not stated; but it was a curious joke to play with the grim realities of British law.

American women are no such sticklers for a code. They acquiesce in their frequent immunity from punishment, and are correspondingly, and very naturally, indignant when they find themselves no longer immune. There was a pathetic ring in the explanation offered some years ago by Mayor Harrison of Chicago, whose policemen were accused of brutality to female strikers and pickets. "When the women do anything in violation of the law," said the Mayor to a delegation of citizens, "the police arrest them. And then, instead of going along quietly as men prisoners would, the women sit down on the sidewalks. What else can the policemen do but lift them up?"

If men "go along quietly," it is because custom, not choice, has bowed their necks to the yoke of order and equity. They break the law without being prepared to defy it. The lawlessness of women may be due as much to their long exclusion from citizenship,

"Some reverence for the laws ourselves have made,"

as to the lenity shown them by men—a lenity which they stand ever ready to abuse. We have only to imagine what would have happened to a group of men who had chosen to air a grievance by picketing the White House, the speed with which they would have been arrested, fined, dispersed, and forgotten, to realize the nature of the tolerance granted to women. For months these female pickets were unmolested. Money was subscribed to purchase for them umbrellas and overshoes. The President, whom they were affronting, sent them out coffee on cold mornings. It was only when their utterances became treasonable, when they undertook to assure our Russian visitors that Mr. Wilson and Mr. Root were deceiving Russia, and to entreat these puzzled foreigners to help them free our nation, that their sport was suppressed, and they became liable to arrest and imprisonment.

Much censure was passed upon the unreasonable violence of these women. The great body of American suffragists repudiated their action, and the anti-suffragists used them to point stern morals and adorn vivacious tales. But was it quite fair to permit them in the beginning a liberty which would not have been accorded to men, and which led inevitably to license? Were they not treated as parents sometimes treat children, allowing them to use bad language because "if you pay no attention to them, they will stop it of their own accord," and then, when they do not stop it, punishing them for misbehaving before company? When a sympathetic gentleman wrote to a not very sympathetic paper to say that the second Liberty Loan would be more popular if Washington would "call off the dogs of war on women," he turned a flashlight upon the fathomless gulf with which sentimentalism has divided the sexes. No one dreams of calling policemen and magistrates

"dogs of war" because they arrest and punish men for disturbing the peace. If men claim the privileges of citizenship, they are permitted to suffer its penalties.

A few years before the war a rage for compiling useless statistics swept over Europe and the United States. When it was at its height, some active minds bethought them that children might be made to bear their part in the guidance of the human race. Accordingly a series of questions—some sensible and some foolish—were put to English, German, and American school children, and their enlightening answers were given to the world. One of these questions read: "Would you rather be a man or a woman, and why?" Naturally this query was of concern only to little girls. No sane educator would ask it of a boy. German pedagogues struck it off the list. They said that to ask a child, "Would you rather be something you must be, or something you cannot possibly be?" was both foolish and useless. Interrogations concerning choice were of value only when the will was a determining factor.

No such logical inference chilled the examiners' zeal in this inquisitive land. The question was asked and was answered. We discovered, as a result, that a great many little American girls (a minority, to be sure, but a respectable minority) were well content with their sex, not because it had its duties and dignities, its pleasures and exemptions, but because they plainly considered that they were superior to little American boys, and were destined, when grown up, to be superior to American men. One small New England maiden wrote that she would rather be a woman because "Women are always better than men in morals." Another, because "Women are of more use in the world." A third, because "Women learn things quicker than men, and have more intelligence." And so on through varying degrees of self-sufficiency.

These little girls, who had no need to echo the Scotchman's prayer, "Lord, gie us a gude conceit o' ourselves!" were old maids in the making. They had stamped upon them in their tender childhood the hallmark of the American spinster. "The most ordinary cause of a single life," says Bacon, "is liberty, especially in certain self-pleasing and humorous minds." But it is reserved for the American woman to remain unmarried

because she feels herself too valuable to be entrusted to a husband's keeping. Would it be possible in any country save our own for a lady to write to a periodical, explaining "Why I Am an Old Maid," and be paid coin of the realm for the explanation? Would it be possible in any other country to hear such a question as "Should the Gifted Woman Marry?" seriously asked, and seriously answered? Would it be possible for any sane and thoughtful woman who was not an American to consider even the remote possibility of our spinsters becoming a detached class, who shall form "the intellectual and economic élite of the sex, leaving marriage and maternity to the less developed woman"? What has become of the belief, as old as civilization, that marriage and maternity are developing processes, forcing into flower a woman's latent faculties; and that the less-developed woman is inevitably the woman who has escaped this keen and powerful stimulus? "Never," said Edmond de Goncourt, "has a virgin, young or old, produced a work of art." One makes allowance for the Latin point of view. And it is possible that M. De Goncourt never read *Emma.*

There is a formidable lack of humor in the somewhat contemptuous attitude of women, whose capabilities have not yet been tested, toward men who stand responsible for the failures of the world. It denotes, at home and abroad, a density not far removed from dullness. In Mr. St. John Ervine's depressing little drama, "Mixed Marriage," which the Dublin actors played in New York some years ago, an old woman, presumed to be witty and wise, said to her son's betrothed: "Sure, I believe the Lord made Eve when He saw that Adam could not take care of himself"; and the remark reflected painfully upon the absence of that humorous sense which we used to think was the birthright of Irishmen. The too obvious retort, which nobody uttered, but which must have occurred to everybody's mind, was that if Eve had been designed as a caretaker, she had made a shining failure of her job.

That astute Oriental, Sir Rabindranath Tagore, manifested a wisdom beyond all praise in his recognition of American standards when addressing American audiences. As the hour for his departure drew nigh, he was asked to write, and did

write, a "Parting Wish for the Women of America," giving graceful expression to the sentiments he knew he was expected to feel. The skill with which he modified and popularized an alien point of view revealed the seasoned lecturer. He told his readers that "God has sent woman to love the world," and to build up a "spiritual civilization." He condoled with them because they were "passing through great sufferings in this callous age." His heart bled for them, seeing that their hearts "are broken every day, and victims are snatched from their arms to be thrown under the car of material progress." The Occidental sentiment which regards man simply as an offspring and a fatherless offspring at that (no woman, says Olive Schreiner, could look upon a battle-field without thinking, "So many mothers' sons!") came as naturally to Sir Rabindranath as if he had been to the manner born. He was content to see the passion and pain, the sorrow and heroism of men, as reflections mirrored in a woman's soul. The ingenious gentlemen who dramatize Biblical narratives for the American stage, and who are hampered at every step by the obtrusive masculinity of the East, might find a sympathetic supporter in this accomplished and accommodating Hindu.

The story of Joseph and his Brethren, for example, is perhaps the best tale ever told the world, a tale of adventure on a heroic scale, with conflicting human emotions to give it poignancy and power. It deals with pastoral simplicities, with the splendors of court, and with the "high finance" which turned a free landholding people into tenantry of the crown. It is a story of men, the only lady introduced being a disedifying *dea ex machina,* whose popularity in Italian art has perhaps blinded us to the brevity of her biblical rôle. But when this most dramatic narrative was cast into dramatic form, Joseph's splendid loyalty to his master, his cold and vigorous chastity were nullified by giving him an Egyptian sweetheart. Lawful marriage with this young lady being his sole solicitude, the advances of Potiphar's wife were less of a temptation than an intrusion. The keynote of the noble old tale was destroyed to assure to woman her proper place as the guardian of man's integrity.

Still more radical was the treatment accorded to the parable

of the "Prodigal Son," which was expanded into a pageant play and acted with a hardy realism permitted only to the strictly ethical drama. The scriptural setting of the story was preserved, but its patriarchal character was sacrificed to modern sentiment which refuses to be interested in the relation of father and son. Theretofore, we beheld the prodigal equipped with a mother and a trusting female cousin, who, between them, put the poor old gentleman out of commission, reducing him to his proper level of purveyor-in-ordinary to the household. It was the prodigal's mother who bade her reluctant husband give their wilful son his portion. It was the prodigal's mother who watched for him from the house-top, and silenced the voice of censure. It was the prodigal's mother who welcomed his return, and persuaded father and brother to receive him into favor. The whole duty of man in that Syrian household was to obey the impelling word of woman, and bestow blessings and bags of gold according to her will.

The expansion of the maternal sentiment until it embraces, or seeks to embrace, humanity, is the vision of the emotional, as opposed to the intellectual, feminist. "The Mother State of which we dream" offers no attraction to many plain and practical workers and is a veritable nightmare to others. "Woman," writes an enthusiast in *The Forum,* "means to be, not simply the mother of the individual, but of society, of the State with its man-made institutions, of art and science, of religion and morals. All life, physical and spiritual, personal and social, needs to be mothered."

"Needs to be mothered!" When men proffer this welter of sentiment in the name of women, how is it possible to say convincingly that the girl student standing at the gates of knowledge is as humble-hearted as the boy; that she does not mean to mother medicine, or architecture, or biology, any more than the girl in the banker's office means to mother finance? Her hopes for the future are founded on the belief that fresh opportunities will meet a sure response; but she does not, if she be sane, measure her untried powers by any presumptive scale of valuation. She does not consider the advantages which will accrue to medicine, biology, or architecture by her entrance —as a woman—into any one of these fields. Their need for her

maternal ministration concerns her less than her need for the magnificent heritage they present.

It has been said many times that the craving for material profit is not instinctive in women. If it is not instinctive, it will be acquired, because every legitimate incentive has its place in the progress of the world. The demand that women shall be paid men's wages for men's work may represent a desire for justice rather than a desire for gain; but money fairly earned is sweet in the hand, and to the heart. An open field, an even start, no handicap, no favors, and the same goal for all. This is the worker's dream of paradise. Women have long known that lack of citizenship was an obstacle in their path. Self-love has prompted them to overrate their imposed, and underrate their inherent, disabilities. "Whenever you see a woman getting a high salary, make up your mind that she is giving twice the value received," writes an irritable correspondent to *The Survey;* and this pretension paralyzes effort. To be satisfied with ourselves is to be at the end of our usefulness.

M. Émile Faguet, that most radical and least sentimental of French feminists, would have opened wide to women every door of which man holds the key. He would have given them every legal right and burden which they are physically fitted to enjoy and to bear. He was as unvexed by doubts as he was uncheered by illusions. He had no more fear of the downfall of existing institutions than he had hope for the regeneration of the world. The equality of men and women, as he saw it, lay, not in their strength, but in their weakness; not in their intelligence, but in their stupidity; not in their virtues, but in their perversity. Yet there was no taint of pessimism in his rational refusal to be deceived. No man saw more clearly, or recognized more justly, the art with which his countrywomen have cemented and upheld a social state at once flexible and orderly, enjoyable and inspiriting. That they have been the allies, and not the rulers, of men in building this fine fabric of civilization was also plain to his mind. Allies and equals he held them, but nothing more. *"La femme est parfaitement l'égale de l'homme, mais elle n'est que son égale."*

Naturally to such a man the attitude of Americans toward

women was as unsympathetic as was the attitude of Dahomeyans. He did not condemn it (possibly he did not condemn the Dahomeyans, seeing that the civic and social ideals of France and Dahomey are in no wise comparable); but he explained with careful emphasis that the French woman, unlike her American sister, is not, and does not desire to be *"un objet sacro-saint."* The reverence for women in the United States he assumed to be a national trait, a sort of national institution among a proud and patriotic people. *"L'idolâtrie de la femme est une chose américaine par excellence."*

The superlative complacency of American women is due largely to the oratorical adulation of American men, an adulation that has no more substance than has the foam on beer. I have heard a candidate for office tell his female audience that men are weak and women are strong, that men are foolish and women are wise, that men are shallow and women are deep, that men are submissive tools whom women, the leaders of the race, must instruct to vote for him. He did not believe a word that he said, and his hearers did not believe that he believed it; yet the grossness of his flattery kept pace with the hypocrisy of his self-depreciation. The few men present wore an attitude of dejection not unlike that of the little boy in *Punch* who has been told that he is made of

> "Snaps and snails,
> And puppy dogs' tails,"

and can "hardly believe it."

What Mr. Roosevelt called the "lunatic fringe" of every movement is painfully obtrusive in the great and noble movement which seeks fair play for women. The "full habit of speech" is never more regrettable than when the cause is so good that it needs but temperate championing. "Without the aid of women, England could not carry on this war," said Mr. Asquith in the second year of the great struggle—an obvious statement, no doubt, but simple, truthful, and worthy to be spoken. Why should the *New Republic* in an article bearing the singularly ill-mannered title, "Thank You For Nothing!" have heaped scorn upon these words? Why should its writer have made the angry assertion that the British Empire had

been "deprived of two generations of women's leadership" because only a world's war could drill a new idea into a statesman's head? The war has drilled a great many new ideas into all our heads. Absence of brain matter could alone have prevented this infusion. But "leadership" is a large word. It is not what men are asking, and it is not what women are offering, even at this stage of the game. Partnership is as far as obligation on the one side and ambition on the other are prepared to go; and a clear understanding of this truth has accomplished great results.

Therefore, when we are told that the women of to-day are "giving their vitality to an anæmic world," we wonder if the speaker has read a newspaper for the past half-dozen years. The passionate cruelty and the passionate heroism of men have soaked the earth with blood. Never, since it came from its Maker's hands, has it seen such shame and glory. There may be some who still believe that this blood would not have been spilled had women shared in the citizenship of nations; but the arguments they advance in support of an undemonstrable theory show a soothing ignorance of events.

"War will pass," says Olive Schreiner, "when intellectual culture and activity have made possible to the female an equal share in the control and government of modern national life." And why? Because "Arbitration and compensation will naturally occur to her as cheaper and simpler methods of bridging the gaps in national relationship."

Strange that this idea never "naturally" occurred to man! Strange that no delegate to The Hague should have perceived so straight a path to peace! Strange that when Germany struck her long-planned, well-prepared blow, this cheap and simple measure failed to stay her hand! War will pass when injustice passes. Never before, unless hope leaves the world.

That any civilized people should bar women from the practice of law is to the last degree absurd and unreasonable. There never can be an adequate cause for such an injurious exclusion. There is, in fact, no cause at all, only an arbitrary decision on the part of those who have the authority to decide. Yet nothing is less worthwhile than to speculate dizzily on the part women are going to play in any field from which they are at present

debarred. They may be ready to burnish up "the rusty old social organism," and make it shine like new; but this is not the work which lies immediately at hand. A suffragist who believes that the world needs house-cleaning has made the terrifying statement that when English women enter the law courts they will sweep away all "legal frippery," all the "accumulated dust and rubbish of centuries." Latin terms, flowing gowns and wigs, silly staves and worn-out symbols, all must go, and with them must go the antiquated processes which confuse and retard justice. The women barristers of the future will scorn to have "legal natures like Portia's," basing their claims on quibbles and subterfuges. They will cut all Gordian knots. They will deal with naked simplicities.

References to Portia are a bit disquieting. Her law was stage law, good enough for the drama which has always enjoyed a jurisprudence of its own. We had best leave her out of any serious discussion. But why should the admission of women to the bar result in a volcanic upheaval? Women have practised medicine for years, and have not revolutionized it. Painstaking service, rather than any brilliant display of originality, has been their contribution to this field. It is reasonable to suppose that their advance will be resolute and beneficial. If they ever condescended to their profession, they do so no longer. If they ever talked about belonging to "the class of real people," they have relinquished such flowers of rhetoric. If they have earnestly desired the franchise, it was because they saw in it justice to themselves, not the torch which would enlighten the world.

It is conceded theoretically that woman's sphere is an elastic term, embracing any work she finds herself able to do,—not necessarily do well, because most of the world's work is done badly, but well enough to save herself from failure. Her advance is unduly heralded and unduly criticized. She is the target for too much comment from friend and foe. On the one hand, a keen (but of course perverted) misogynist like Sir Andrew Macphail welcomes her entrance into public life because it will tend to disillusionment. If woman can be persuaded to reveal her elemental inconsistencies, man, freed in some measure from her charm—which is the charm of *retenue*—will no

longer be subject to her rule. On the other hand, that most feminine of feminists, Miss Jane Addams, predicts that "the dullness which inheres in both domestic and social affairs when they are carried on by men alone will no longer be a necessary attribute of public life when gracious and gray-haired women become part of it."

If Sir Andrew is as acid as Schopenhauer, Miss Addams is early Victorian. Her point of view presupposes a condition of which we had not been even dimly aware. Granted that domesticity palls on the solitary male. Housekeeping seldom attracts him. The tea-table and the friendly cat fail to arrest his roving tendencies. Granted that some men are polite enough to say that they do not enjoy social events in which women take no part. They showed no disposition to relinquish such pastimes until the arid days of prohibition, and even now they cling forlornly to the ghost of a cheerful past. When they assert, however, that they would have a much better time if women were present, no one is wanton enough to contradict them. But public life! The arena in which whirling ambition sweeps human souls as an autumn wind sweeps leaves, which resounds with the shouts of the conquerors and the groans of the conquered, which is degraded by cupidity and ennobled by achievement—that this field of adventure, this heated race-track, needs to be relieved from dullness by the presence and participation of elderly ladies is the crowning vision of sensibility.

"Qui veut faire l'ange fait la bête," said Pascal; and the Michigan angel is a danger signal. The sentimental and chivalrous attitude of American men reacts alarmingly when they are brought face to face with the actual terms and visible consequences of woman's enfranchisement. There exists a world-wide and age-long belief that what women want they get. They must want it hard enough and long enough to make their desire operative. It is the listless and preoccupied unconcern of their own sex which bars their progress. But men will fall into a flutter of admiration because a woman runs a successful dairy-farm, or becomes the mayor of a little town; and they will look aghast upon such commonplace headlines as these in their morning paper: "Women Confess Selling Votes"; "Chicago Women Arrested for Election Frauds";—as if there

had not always been, and would not always be, a percentage of unscrupulous voters in every electorate. No sane woman believes that women, as a body, will vote more honestly than men; but no sane man believes that they will vote less honestly. They are neither the "gateway to hell," as Tertullian pointed out, nor the builders of Sir Rabindranath Tagore's "spiritual civilization." They are neither the repositories of wisdom nor the final word of folly.

It was unwise and unfair to turn a searchlight upon the first woman in Congress and exhibit to a gaping world her perfectly natural limitations. Such limitations are common in our legislative bodies and excite no particular comment. They are as inherent in the average man as in the average woman. They in no way affect the question of enfranchisement. Give as much and ask no more. Give no more and ask as much. This is the watchword of equality.

"God help women when they have only their rights!" exclaimed a brilliant American lawyer; but it is in the "only" that all savor lies. Rights and privileges are incompatible. Emancipation implies the sacrifice of immunity, the acceptance of obligation. It heralds the reign of sober and disillusioning experience. Women, as M. Faguet reminds us, are only the equals of men, a truth which was simply phrased in the old Cornish adage, "Lads are as good as wenches when they are washed."

QUESTIONS ON THE TEXT

1. What has been the conventional and traditional attitude of men toward women?
2. Is man's chivalrous attitude toward women a help or a hindrance to women in securing perfect equality with men?
3. What privileges have women held, down through the whole course of history?
4. What success are women having in competing with men in the professions? In industry? In politics?
5. What is the attitude of the American public toward women on trial for crimes punishable by death? What is the attitude of American juries toward women offenders?
6. Do women expect privileges and immunities that men citizens cannot have?
7. What does Miss Repplier suggest as the effect of marriage and motherhood upon the intellectual development of women?

8. What is shown concerning modern ideas of the relation of the sexes in the dramatization of Biblical narratives?
9. What are the conflicting programs of the emotional and the intellectual feminists?
10. Do women students, training for the professions, consider themselves as women or simply as individuals in preparing for their life work?
11. Should women receive equal pay with men for doing the same work?
12. What is the difference in the American and the Continental attitude toward women?
13. Are American men sincere in their adulation of women?
14. Should women expect to furnish leadership for men or partnership with men in present-day society?
15. Will women in politics make an end of war?
16. What does Miss Repplier say of allowing women to practise law?
17. How much should women expect to accomplish once they are admitted to fields previously closed?
18. Is too much of both praise and blame being uttered concerning women's entrance into wider spheres of activity?
19. What are the prevailing misconceptions about women's abilities and characteristics in public positions?
20. Why are women's "rights" and women's "privileges" incompatible?
21. Do you consider Miss Repplier's essay successful in presenting a sane and reasonable view of the place of the "new woman"?

THE HOOP-SKIRT *VS.* THE LIP-STICK

Being a girl, I naturally have an interest in my sisters of the hoop-skirt age. I have always thought of them as inhabiting my grandmother's parlor. It was such a sacred, stuffy place. Its carefully arranged, horsehair chairs and sofa had hand-knit tidies on their backs. In the center of the room was a marble-topped table with a tray full of calling-cards. The mantel over the puny grate was cluttered with bric-a-brac. Some austere family portraits gazed reprovingly down from the walls, which were gloomy with their dark paper of cornucopia design. A Brussels carpet covered the entire floor—an ideal nesting-place for germs and microbes. The window-shades were always kept lowered to the bottom pane, except when the sun was shining—then the "blinds" were pulled completely down! The windows themselves were never opened; for it was my grandmother's religion to keep the dust *out*. Indeed, Queen Victoria herself would have been at home in my grandmother's front room, and the ladies of the barrel skirts no doubt thought it was the acme of nineteenth-century parlordom.

Here I can picture these prim ladies sitting in stiff array, with the toes of their shoes just peeping from beneath their skirts. They talked—most likely gossiped—in subdued voices, smothering what seemed a boldly frank word in the folds of a fan. They were deadly formal, but they really would have liked to have been skittish. They pretended that man was an enigma, and that they were vaguely aware that he, too, was supposed to live somewhere on the earth. They assumed a pose of great innocence and of colossal ignorance, yet I'll wager they were as wise as Eve. Everything that affronted convention sent ice-water shivers down their spines, but I suspect

there was a good deal of hypocrisy about all this. They suppressed their thoughts and repressed their feelings until every now and then one of them would explode in a case of hysterics or pass away in a faint—to be revived by smelling-salts! All I can say is that I am glad I was born fifty years later.

I contrast my room in a college dormitory with my grandmother's parlor. It is light and sunny, and the flowered chintz curtains give it a lively atmosphere. There are three small rugs on the hardwood floors, and everything is sanitary. The walls are painted a warm cream tint, and several Parrish prints hang from the molding. Maybe Victoria wouldn't be comfortable here, but I am.

To be honest, I ought to have said that on my table, along with an assortment of letters, theme-paper, and textbooks, is a boy's picture. No, he is not a mysterious creature from Mars, but a real live boy who walks on two legs and comes to see me ever so often. He knows that I am a girl and I know that he is a boy; so that's that. And I don't think we are silly because we like each other, nor scandalous because we don't care if people know it.

The present generation is always being reminded that we are wild youth. For myself, I can't see wherein knee-skirts are any more immodest than bustles, and I prefer a lip-stick to smelling-salts. And I surmise that there was just as much opportunity for "spooning" in a horse and buggy as there is for "necking" in a roadster—really a great deal more unless one wants to break his neck. It is true that we of this day do not suppress our thoughts and emotions, but then we are open-minded and frank. And we wear sensible attire for playing tennis and hockey, and for hiking and swimming, while the poor Victorian ladies swept up the germs with their clothes. No, I don't envy my grandmother and her hoop-skirt age; I prefer my own day with its lip-stick and its honesty.

M. H. J.

THEME TOPICS

1. Chivalry
2. The New Woman
3. Woman's Rights *vs.* Woman's Privileges
4. Women in Industry (the Professions, Politics, Literature)
5. Woman Criminals and the Death Sentence
6. The Equality of the Sexes
7. Why I Believe Men Are More Intelligent Than Women
8. Why I Believe Women Are More Intellectual Than Men
9. Marriage *vs.* a Career for Women
10. Marriage as a Career for Women
11. Marriage and the Intellectual Development of Women
12. Women in the Bible Stories
13. The Emotional (The Intellectual) Feminist
14. The Feminist Movement
15. Women in the Colleges
16. A College Curriculum for Women
17. The Wage Scale for Women Workers (for Professional Women)

18. The American *vs.* the French Attitude Toward Women
19. Women as Leaders (as Partners)
20. Women and War
21. Will the Presence of Women in Politics End War?
22. Expecting Too Much of Women
23. What Kind of Woman Does the Flapper Make?
24. Women in a Jazz Age
25. Mother's Day
26. A Noble Woman I Have Known
27. Woman's Place in the Civilization of the Future
28. My Ideal Woman
29. Coeducation as an Educational Ideal
30. The Hoop-Skirt *vs.* the Lip-Stick
31. Are Modern Women Just "Little" Men?
32. Woman: The Only Force That Keeps Man Civilized
33. Is Man-Domination of the World Inevitable?
34. Mothers—the Molding Influence in All Men's Lives
35. Attitude Toward Women as a Measure of a Country's Civilization
36. Man, the Materialist *vs.* Woman, the Idealist
37. Did Nature Intend Women to Be Inferior to Men?
38. A Famous Woman
39. Differences Between Men's Clubs and Women's Clubs
40. A World Without Women!

THE MENACE TO JOURNALISM [1]

ROSCOE C. E. BROWN

A NEW journalism is abroad in the land. To the reading public it is often indistinguishable from the old journalism. Like some of the parasitic fungi, whose spores penetrating the cells of their host change its substance to their own issues, but in turn shape themselves into the outward form of the original plant, the new journalism has fastened upon the old, used it for its own purposes, and masked itself in the appearance of the independent and self-determining press. This parasite is propaganda. Its instrument of infection is the press agent. Its result is an organ of public opinion more or less completely, according to the extent of the process, transformed from an unbiased, or at least autonomous, expression to a suggested and not disinterested utterance.

Twenty-five years ago, the press agent was known to newspaper men as the genial distributor of circus tickets, and as the facile chronicler of the wonders of the jungle and the romances of the fat woman. He kept reporters apprized in gorgeous fashion of the coming of new plays and took a kindly interest in recovering actresses' lost jewels. For the rest, he left the reporters to go their way unaided to get their news as best they could, and to present it with that approximation to truth that comes from the detached appraisement of conflicting statements and dug-out facts. He was the scarcely recognized poor-relation of the journalist.

To-day the press agent belongs to a numerous, well recognized, and well paid profession. His handsomely furnished office is next door to that of the president of the great corporation; he is the consultant of the organizers of great philanthropies, the mouthpiece of political leaders, the window-

[1] From *The North American Review*, November, 1921. Reprinted by permission.

dresser of government departments. He lays upon the desks of the leading newspapers every day enough copy to fill their pages, news, editorial and advertising, twice over. And he succeeds in getting enough of this printed to earn his salary to the satisfaction of his employer, to establish his own importance in the eyes of publicity seekers, and to color effectually the picture of American life and its supposedly spontaneous movements presented to the American people.

The press agent commands a higher salary, strictly measured by his success in circulating propaganda disguised as news, than he could obtain in the direct service of a newspaper. Consequently trained writers that are ready to forego the journalist's ideal and give their pens to the service not of society but of a patron's ends tend in increasing numbers to forsake the editorial room for the publicity office, to the impoverishment of newspaper staffs. Their systematic and extensive preparation of predigested news is in turn changing the conditions of news gathering. They stand guard at many sources of news, fending off the too keen inquirer and leaving the newspaper the choice of letting itself be spoon-fed or going empty. The inevitable result must be the decay of reporting in its more difficult and for public purposes most important aspects, the growth of a race of mere retailers of ready-made intelligence, and the turning of the newspapers more and more to distribution, less of news than of what somebody wishes to be considered news.

The war gave a great impetus to propaganda. Surrender to it by the newspapers was a form of patriotic service. Mr. Creel's mental treatment, his suggestions of what the American people, to help win the war, should believe about fights with submarines or building airplanes, were faithfully transmitted to them by a mobilized press. For that the press need not apologize. Even public opinion must goosestep in a military movement, though it may know it is being fooled. The creation of a certain state of mind was as necessary as the equipping of an army, and the newspapers did their part to create it, without inquiring too curiously behind official statements. Nevertheless this meant an adjournment of the free play of public opinion, and unfortunately it has not reconvened. Semi-official propaganda claimed

succession to the privileges of the official propaganda, and too often obtained it. Organized movements of every sort, religious, political, philanthropic, selfish, realized as never before the potentialities of the press agent, and found the newspapers habituated to unbelievable hospitality and frequently, it might seem, to unbelievable innocence. For to an extent never before seen, at least since the dark era of the party newspaper dependent on politicians in the first third of the nineteenth century, the American press is taking things at second hand and allowing artificially stimulated sentiment to appear as the expression of natural public opinion.

Yet the war did not give birth to the era of the publicity agent. His sway began when some of the railroads and other large corporations awoke to the fact that unpopularity did not pay. Alexander J. Cassatt, if not the discoverer of this truth, was one of the earliest of the railroad executives to realize the consequences of the hostile feeling that was growing up against corporations. He not only tried to persuade his fellow railroad presidents to meet half way the demands for regulation, but also sought to put their aims and methods in a favorable light before the people. One of his earliest approaches was to a newspaper writer of distinction, who declined what seemed to him a princely salary, not because he did not sympathize with Mr. Cassatt's wish for better understanding between business and the public, but because, for himself, he would have no client but the public. Writers were found, however, who undertook to give newspapers information about corporation doings, and the old habits of silence gave way to positive volubility—in one tone. The newspapers welcomed this hospitality and were in turn hospitable; but before they realized it they had opened the gate to a wooden horse. They allowed the press agent to gain control of whole fields of news. Whereas the reporter formerly could gain access to corporation heads, make his own inquiries, and ask questions that gave him insight even if unanswered, now these men will rarely see reporters and screen themselves behind prepared statements. In a business crisis or industrial dispute—for the labor unions have not been slow to adopt the new method—it is almost impossible to bring a joined issue before the court of public opinion, because state-

ments that are not responsive are frequently all that can be obtained.

In the lobby of the National Press Club in Washington, according to the *Editor and Publisher,* there is a table much like a free-lunch counter. On it are displayed every day the mimeographed copies of the hand-out articles, official and unofficial, that the press agents hope will prove bait for the correspondents. With a paste-pot and a little rewriting a brave show of covering the Capital can be made. If that were all, it would not much matter. The conscientious and enterprising correspondent would show the difference between news and propaganda. But unfortunately the persons for whom the press agents work have learned that, if they stand on propaganda statements alone, and make no other, the newspapers will take them; and so they have shut the door on the independent investigator. Moreover, the press agents are clever enough to dress up for their own purposes matter that has real news interest, or seems to an editor to have when he sees it in a rival paper; and so the reporter, by the pressure of external circumstances and to meet the short-sighted demands of his own office, is driven to be the mere mouthpiece of biased statement. This has gone so far that Mr. Frank I. Cobb of the *New York World,* a practical editor by no means inclined to quixotic standards, declares that the newspapers are not meeting major problems and are not driving at the heart of things, but are "skimming the surface, and it is only now and then that a reporter gets under the skin of these great events."

Another sort of propaganda, not new but growing, is that which seeks free advertising. Sometimes it is plain puffery for commercial purposes. As often it is extensive free publicity for enterprises, good, bad and indifferent, from an Interchurch World Movement to the creation of a personality for a nonentity with political or social ambition. Against the advertising space-grafter the American Newspaper Publishers Association has been for some time making a campaign. The legitimate advertising men have found themselves more than once about to close a large contract when a press agent stepped in and persuaded the would-be advertiser that for a small sum advertising could be dressed up as news and circulated free to the

limit of his desires. A few months ago a highly colored story of the escape of a Turkish heiress from Constantinople filled columns of space in American newspapers, only to prove a piece of publicity for a motion picture. No paper that had not blunted its news instincts by the habitual acceptance of press agent concoctions could have failed to scent a selfish purpose in such a tale. When a leading automobile company, after the annual shows in New York and Chicago, publicly boasts that "more than twenty thousand dollars' worth of free publicity in the news columns of the New York and Chicago newspapers was the proud record obtained" by its advertising division during the shows, it is no wonder that the publishers are aghast at their own fatuity in letting columns of advertising disguised as "human interest" stories pass their desks. When a publicity agent undertakes to raise a $10,000 charity fund on a $2,500 commission, and does it with the aid of $26,000 worth of free reading matter, the newspapers may well ask themselves who are really supporting the philanthropies.

Sometimes, it is true, the editor grows suspicious that he is being used; but then the propagandist is ready for him. No more revealing exhibition of his methods of creating a false appearance of spontaneous public sentiment can be found than appears in a letter of the National One Cent Postage Association that fell into the hands of the American Newspaper Publishers Association shortly before the war. It read:

> In conjunction with the prosecution of our campaign for one cent letter postage, we find we secure invaluable assistance from the newspapers by their publishing articles in regard to one cent letter postage.
>
> We also find that if we send these articles direct they are often disregarded, while if we secure some of our friends to send the articles to them, the newspapers use them very promptly.
>
> Because of this fact, we are asking the assistance of friends of the movement to secure publicity for our work. I am taking the liberty of enclosing herewith an article which I have had prepared, and in which I have had your name inserted, and would appreciate it very much if you would place this in the hands of one of your local newspapers.
>
> Call up the city editor of your best paper, and the one most likely to use the article, and tell him to send a reporter around to your office, that you have a newspaper story for him. Don't tell him what the story is about, but simply request that the reporter call and see you. When the reporter does come tell him that to save him the trouble you have written the story out yourself. Then hand him the enclosed interview.

He will be glad to get it in this shape, and will doubtless use it in about the same manner in which it is written. This will advertise our movement wonderfully in your territory and should prove of great assistance to us in the creation of public sentiment in favor of one cent letter postage.

Surely, the editor needs to be as wise as the serpent and as cynical as Satan, if he is going to safeguard himself against propaganda and make his columns a chronicle of real happenings and a reflector of authentic, un-"accelerated" thought.

Shortly before the war, Mr. Cobb has said, the newspapers of New York took a census of the press agents who were regularly employed and regularly accredited, and found that there were about 12,000 of them. There are doubtless many more to-day, and they have, as he pointed out, seized control of many of the direct channels of news of business, social, and political activity, and closed them, except as information is filtered through themselves. Great firms and corporations carry on publicity as a profession, and for a fee will contract to put upon the map of popular thought anything from a railroad rate campaign or a political program to a prayer-meeting or a charity fund. The *Editor and Publisher* reports that in one day last year 189,350 words of "publicity matter" were received by the *Washington Herald,* which equals 24 newspaper pages. It came from religious and "uplift" organizations, political parties, government departments, and commercial and miscellaneous sources of every sort. This was an average day, and that paper was not exceptionally favored by the press agents. How much of this was used does not appear, but a great mass of such material is regularly used or it would not be prepared in ever-increasing volume. The skilled newspaper reader can detect it in almost every paper he sees. Already the ulterior purpose behind what appears to be innocent news is frequently questioned. If the general body of readers shall be driven to share that suspicion, to look upon the newspaper record of life as artificial, and cease to find in it the mirror of their own thought and action, the old journalism will be dead and the new journalism will be bankrupt.

From one point of view all this is highly flattering to the press. It is a tribute to its power. When bank and factory, church and college, official and reformer, all systematically

scheme to make the press present their interest and their version of news, not as their own, but as its own, they acknowledge in act what they so often deny in speech, that the voice of the newspaper is really the voice of the community talking to itself.

No longer can even the greatest take the attitude of the Duke of Wellington, who, when the editor of a leading London journal asked permission to view the coronation procession of William IV from the roof of Apsley House, answered that it was of no possible interest to the Duke whether the editor saw the procession or not. The propagandist has this excuse for fastening himself as a parasite on the newspapers. It is almost his only chance to reach the ear of power. When Bolingbroke employed Nicholas Amhurst as his press agent for warfare on Walpole, he had to reach only a handful of men, who made the public opinion of England, and a small edition of a tiny sheet answered his purpose. Hamilton put the *Federalist* into the mind of America through a little paper of possibly 1,500 circulation. Anybody with the aid of a hand press could then publish a newspaper on substantially equal terms with anybody else. But all that is changed. Not only has the cost of producing anything that can possibly hold its place as a newspaper become enormous, but in a democratic society the public to be reached is so vast that nothing but the great established machinery of publicity is adequate to the task. The existing journals have a practical monopoly of public attention, and only through them can it be effectively arrested.

Of course it is easy and is much the fashion to lay the blame for the sway of propaganda upon some mysterious "system," to complain that some malevolent and super-intelligent group of men are with a common purpose seeking to control the press. But that is mere witch-hunting. It gets nowhere. The simple fact is that all movements dependent on mass sentiment must be organized. Propaganda is as old as society. Only it has come to a new intensity, dangerous to the public and to the press itself because of its parasitic nature. It has taken a leaf out of the book of business efficiency. No "system," no group, has deliberately set out to poison public opinion. The world in general, which means a great number of individuals, each seek-

ing his own ends, has discovered the value of publicity in a democracy and has sought it with the practicality characteristic of the age. Everybody desiring access to the public mind has adopted the ideas of a commercial civilization to obtain it. The same business method inspires the bank's press agent and its cashier. The publicity bureau of a political party or a college endowment committee studies the psychology of the sales manager, adopts his slang, and starts out to "sell" an idea to the community. And it was not long ago that a great body of religious leaders also became enamored of business efficiency and dreamed that with a large bank account, a huge office force, expert administration, and unlimited drafts on newspaper publicity, they could "sell" to the world the Sermon on the Mount, if not the Apostles' Creed.

Undoubtedly a great deal of the mass of "publicity matter" that is offered by parties in interest to the newspapers and accepted by them has news value, and deals with worthy enterprises entitled to notice. But that does not make the prevailing habit of opening newspaper columns to press agents' productions less dangerous. Indeed it makes it more dangerous. Propaganda must have news value, real or apparent, to gain publication and then win attention. Its news value, disguising its insidious purpose, is the tool needed to break into the public mind. And the insidious purpose is always there. Great corporations and organizers of campaigns do not pay large salaries to able men just to save the newspapers the expense of getting their own news, benevolent as their professions of "saving the reporter trouble" may seem. What they want is free advertising, otherwise "publicity," for some scheme or opinion of their own, and the press agent's offering, either by distortion, suppression, unwarranted emphasis, or sheer invention, achieves not a judicial summing up of the facts, but an attorney's special plea for his client.

The press agent will say, perhaps with some truth, though probably no editor will admit it, that the newspaper has made him a necessity by failure of enterprise, by neglect to exploit really important matters outside of the day's concrete happenings, by an unfair attitude toward business enterprises, and by teaching public speakers that, no matter how much worth while

what they have to say may be, it will receive scant attention unless it is handed out in typewritten slips. However that may be, the newspaper certainly opened the door, taught the fabricators of propaganda their trade, fell into the habit of taking things at second hand, and are now in danger of being overwhelmed by the flood.

What is the remedy? Nothing but the absolute refusal to recognize the press agent, or to publish news that is not prepared by the editorial staff itself and its disinterested agents. Some of the leading publicity men themselves admit the present abuses and advise editors to verify more carefully press-agent offerings, and to exclude concealed advertising, or whatever seems to be unduly colored. But that does not go to the root of the evil. In many cases, especially with matter coming from a distance, verification is impossible, and the protection of advertising space against grafters, commercial or philanthropic, is not the chief concern of the public. If the newspapers want to give away thousands of dollars every week in free advertising, that is mainly their affair; though the community does have a right to read news as news and advertisements as advertisements, and not to be fooled into reading one for the other. But nothing short of a rule: Exclude all "publicity," will shut up the propaganda bureaus, stop the deluge of tainted news, and once more open the closed doors to the disinterested reporter.

The essence of the mischief in propaganda is not its falsity in any particular case, but its origin. The essence of journalism is its autonomous expression of itself as an interpreter of society. The editor who is entitled to confidence, and who alone in the long run will get it, is he whose every utterance is his own. Neither the accuracy of a journal's news nor the justness of its opinions is half as important to society as certainty that whatever it publishes is the result of its own independent outlook on the world in the capacity of a public watchman. That is its profession; that is its trust.

Unless the American press rescues itself from this growing tendency to be the mouthpiece of extra-sanctum preparations of news and "accelerations" of sentiment, and by its own self-contained enterprise seeks out everything that is important for

men to know and presents it as appraised and interpreted disinterestedly by itself, it will cease to be the Fourth Estate. Its claim to that distinction and influence rests on its performance of a public function, and it will not endure the abdication of trusteeship and the loaning of the instruments of current intelligence to the irresponsible agents of propaganda.

QUESTIONS ON THE TEXT

1. What is the relation of the new journalism to the old?
2. In what sense is propaganda a parasite?
3. What is the instrument of propaganda? What is the effect of propaganda upon the newspaper?
4. How has the press agent changed in character during the last twenty-five years?
5. How does the modern press agent color American life?
6. What causes journalists to become press agents? What is the effect of this transfer upon newspapers? Upon reporting?
7. How did the World War give a great impetus to propaganda?
8. What must be the attitude of the press in war time?
9. Why was the creation of public opinion in war time as important as equipping an army?
10. Has the newspaper gained its pre-war independence?
11. Do you believe the press is taking things at second hand?
12. Who employs the modern press agent? For what purposes?
13. How did the press agent turn out to be the wooden horse of journalism?
14. Can the public hope to see in print unbiased opinions about disputed questions?
15. Has the independent reporter a chance against organized propaganda methods?
16. Why are newspapers no longer driving at the heart of things?
17. How is free advertising to be classed as propaganda?
18. Can a newspaper resist advertising disguised as news?
19. How do propagandists make their material seem to originate as spontaneous public sentiment?
20. Does the number of press agents seem to you astounding? Have they seized the direct channels of the news? Did you realize that the press agents supplied so much material to newspapers?
21. How does propaganda testify to the power of the press?
22. How have the cost of printing and the vastness of the reading public changed the task of the propagandist?
23. If propaganda is world-old, why has it only recently become dangerous to the public and the press?
24. Is propaganda a deliberate attempt to poison the public mind, or merely the adaption of business methods to publicity?
25. Why must propaganda have news value? To what purposes does it twist the emphasis of the news?

26. What does Mr. Brown say are the press agent's methods?
27. What are the propagandist's arguments for the necessity of his existence?
28. How is the newspaper to blame for the present situation?
29. What does Mr. Brown say is the only remedy against propaganda?
30. What is a community's right concerning news and advertisements in a newspaper?
31. What is the ideal function of the newspaper?
32. What must the press do to remain the Fourth Estate?
33. What is the danger of unthinking people believing everything they read in their newspapers?
34. Are the weekly journals of opinion open to the same criticisms as the newspaper?
35. With a million dollars to spend for propaganda could one gain for almost any idea nation-wide acceptance?
36. Would you accept a job as a press agent?
37. Is every person who advertises his cause a propagandist?
38. Will propaganda in the long run defeat its own purposes by its excesses?
39. Should colleges and churches hire press agents?
40. Are all newspapers at the mercy of press agents?
41. Is propaganda by spoken word, letters, etc., more easily detected than when disseminated by newspapers?
42. Will opposing propagandas neutralize each other?
43. Can anyone continue indefinitely to fool the public by propaganda?
44. Would you vote for a law that required all propaganda to be labeled as such?
45. Is Mr. Brown's article a too pessimistic view of present-day journalism?
46. Is a man's fear of being pilloried in the press an influence in keeping him from doing unworthy acts? How far has the press a right to make public a man's private life?

THE POWER OF THE PRESS

I do not hesitate to say that the newspaper is the most influential organization in existence. The fact that every person in the country, rich or poor, educated or uneducated, has daily contact with the press, points to its inevitable power. Without the aid of the press, no enterprise of man can succeed; without the aid of the press, even the most powerful of kings is helpless.

In order to show what influence the press has, one need only recall the World War. During the period following that great tragedy, we have had time to think deliberately and to unearth some of the real causes of the war. Now we look with shame upon the headlines of the war-time newspapers, seeing the bait which was used to catch the people and arouse public spirit to an eagerness for war. Our patriotism was awakened and we responded to an emotional appeal because the press had cleverly made us believe that we must do our duty. Now we see how easily we were swayed, how powerful was the daily newspaper.

Besides the power of the press to inspire peace-loving people to war

hatreds, it is influential in countless other ways. The newspaper determines the success of our political parties. The party which is able to carry on its campaign in the press the most cleverly wins over the largest number of voters to its side. Thus the government of the country is controlled, in the last analysis, by the newspaper.

The press also has the power to foster or destroy an enterprise of the people, which may receive such publicity that it either rises in prestige or fails completely. People may be inspired to deep religious emotions or degraded to low moral standards by the influence of the press. Of course not all people are easily affected, but, nevertheless, the germs of thought have their beginning in the press and no person is entirely immune from them.

I have reviewed very briefly some of the powers of the press. Is there an organization which has greater influence? Surely a voice which can instigate great wars, settle the political problems of a country, influence the business enterprises of men, and mold the very character of a people is all-powerful. Having these responsibilities, the press must always bear them in mind lest its failure to keep faith with the people shall bring the country to destruction.

D. H.

THEME SUBJECTS

1. Twentieth Century Journalism
2. The Press Agent as a Factor in Modern Journalism
3. The Editor's Duty to His Readers
4. Newspapers: The Slaves of Propaganda
5. Coloring the News
6. Yellow Journalism
7. Tabloid Newspapers
8. The Fourth Estate
9. Propaganda and Politics (Big Business, Liquor, the Anti-Saloon League, the Movies, War, Military Preparedness)
10. Free Advertising in the Guise of News
11. The Power of the Press
12. The Growth of Population and the Newspaper
13. Advertising: The Power Behind the Throne in the Newspaper
14. How I Would Run a Newspaper
15. The Press in War Time
16. Freeing the Newspaper
17. Do We Need a Rebirth of Newspaper Ideals?
18. The Future of Journalism
19. Is Propaganda Ever Justifiable?
20. Is the Public Losing Faith in the Newspaper?
21. Tainted News
22. An Optimistic View of the Newspaper
23. Money Makes the Press Go
24. How Can the Lobbyist Be Controlled?
25. Daily Newspapers *vs.* Weekly Journals of Opinion
26. How Modern Methods of Transportation and Communication Have Changed the Newspaper

27. Why I Would (or Would Not) Enter Journalism
28. Why I Would (or Would Not) Be a Press Agent
29. A Million Dollars for Propaganda
30. The Difficult Task of the Independent Reporter
31. Who Pays the Press Agent?
32. Propaganda in War Time
33. Is the Freedom of the Press in Danger?
34. Capitalistic Newspapers
35. The Educational Influence of the Newspaper
36. The Press: The Molder of Public Taste
37. Journalism: A Menace (or A Blessing) to the Public
38. The Press and Reform
39. The Editorial Page: The Heart of the Newspaper
40. The Value of Special Feature Articles in the Newspaper

LOW-GRADE CITIZENS [1]

SIMEON STRUNSKY

COOPER was in a confidential mood.

"Isn't it true," he said, "that once in so often everyone of us feels impelled to go out and assassinate a college professor?"

"Why shouldn't one?" said Harding. "No one would miss a professor except, possibly, his wife and the children."

"That's just it, his children," said Cooper. "That's what makes a man hesitate. The particular college professor I have in mind recently published an article on Social Decadence in the *North American Review*. He deplored the tendency among our well-to-do classes toward small families. At the same time he deplored the mistaken zeal of our low-income classes in trying to more than make up for the negligence of their betters. He said, 'The American population may, therefore, be increasing most rapidly from that group least fitted by heredity or by income to develop social worth in their offspring. Such a process of "reversed selection" must mean, for the nation, a constant decrease in the social worth of each succeeding generation.' He brought forward a good many figures, but I have been so angry that I am quite unable to recall what they are."

"In that case," Harding said, "you should lose no time in seeking out the man and slaying him before his side of the case comes back to you."

"People," said Cooper, with that happy gift of his for dropping a subject to suit his own convenience, "have fallen into the habit of saying that the art of letter-writing is extinct. They say we don't write the way Madame de Sévigné did or Charles Lamb. This is not true.

"For instance, on April 26, 1913, Charles Crawl, a low-income American residing in the soft-coal districts of western

[1] From *Post-Impressions*. Copyright, 1914, by Dodd, Mead & Company. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

Pennsylvania, wrote a letter which I have not been able to get out of my mind. With that unhappy predilection for getting into tight places which is one of the characteristics of our improvident, low-income classes, Charles Crawl happened to be in one of the lower workings of the Cincinnati mine when an explosion of gas—unavoidable, as in all mine disasters—killed nearly a hundred operatives. Charles Crawl escaped injury, but after creeping through the dark for two days, he felt his strength going from him, and so, with a piece of chalk, on his smudgy overalls, he wrote the following letter:

" 'Good-by, my children, God bless you.'

"He had two children, which for a man of low social worth was doing quite well. But on the other hand he was improvident enough to leave his children without a mother. When I was at college my instructor in rhetoric was always saying that my failure to write well was due to the fact that I had nothing to say; and he used to quote passages from Isaiah to show how the thing should be done. I think my rhetoric teacher would have approved of Charles Crawl's epistolary style. I think Isaiah would have."

"But we can't all of us work in the mines," I said.

"Therefore it is not to you that America is looking for the development of an epistolary art," said Cooper; "an art in which we are bound to take first place long before our coal deposits are exhausted. Charles Crawl had his predecessors. In November, 1909, Samuel Howard was thoughtless enough to let himself be killed, with several hundred others, in the St. Paul's mine at Cherry, Illinois. He, too, left a letter behind him. He wrote:

> If I am dead, give my diamond ring to Mamie Robinson. The ring is at the post-office. I had it sent there. The only thing I regret is my brother that could help mother out after I am dead and gone. I tried my best to get out and could not.

You see, being a low-income man, of small social worth and pitifully inefficient, even when he did his best to get out, he could not. But perhaps the subject tires you?"

"You might as well go on," said Harding. "If you finish with this subject you will have some other grievance."

"I have only two more examples of the vulgar epistolary style to cite," said Cooper. "Strictly speaking one of them is not a letter. But it is to the point. On the night of April 14, 1912, an Irishman named Dillon of low social value, in fact a stoker, happened to be swimming in the North Atlantic. The *Titanic* had just sunk from beneath his feet. But perhaps I had better quote the testimony before the Mersey Commission, which, being an official communication, is necessarily unanswerable, as the late Sir W. S. Gilbert pointed out:

Then he [Dillon] swam away from the noise and came across Johnny Bannon on a grating——

From the fact that Johnny Bannon had managed to possess himself of a grating we are justified in concluding that he was a man of somewhat higher social worth than the witness, Dillon. However,

——came across Johnny Bannon on a grating. He said, "Cheero, Johnny," and Bannon answered, "I am all right, Paddy." There was not room on the grating for two, and Dillon, saying, "Well, so long, Johnny," swam off——

In thus leaving Johnny Bannon in undisputed possession of the grating you see that Dillon once more wrote himself down as a low-grade man unfit for competitive survival. However,

——"Well, so long, Johnny," swam off in the direction of a star where Johnny Bannon had seen a flashlight.

And as it turned out, it was, indeed, a flashlight, and Dillon was pulled out of the water to go on stoking and accelerating the process of national decadence.

"My last letter," continued Cooper, "was written in October, 1912, in the Tombs. The author was one Frank Cirofici, known to the patrons of educational moving-picture shows all over the country as Dago Frank. It was addressed to one Big Jack Zelig, a distinguished ornament of our Great White Way, cut down before his time by a bullet from behind. Cirofici wrote:

I know the night I heard Jip and Lefty were arrested I cried like a little baby. Dear pal, I have more faith in you than in any living being in this

country. I tell you the truth right from my heart. I don't know you long, Jack, and I think if it wasn't for you, I don't know what would happen to me. Being I am a Dago, of course, you don't know what I know."

"Please," said Harding, "please don't knock a hole into your own argument by asking us to shed tears over the undefiled wells of purity that lie deep in the soul of the Bowery gunman. You won't contend that Dago Frank, when he leaves us, will be a loss to the nation."

"It would be an act of delusion on my part," said Cooper, "to expect you to see what I am driving at without going to the trouble of spelling it out for you, Harding, even if you do belong to the classes of superior social worth. What I want to express is the justifiable wrath which possesses me at this silly habit of taking a pile of figures and adding them up and dividing them by three and deducing therefrom scarlet visions of Decadence and the fall of Rome and Trafalgar, and all that rot. What if empires, and republics, and incomes, and the size of families do rise and fall? Does the soul of man decay? Do the primitive loyalties decay? As long as we have men like Charles Crawl and Samuel Howard, do you think I care whether or not Harvard graduates neglect to reproduce their kind? The soul of man, as embodied in Dillon with his 'So long, Johnny,' is as sound to-day as it was ten thousand years ago, before the human race entered on its decline by putting on clothes. And Cirofici, pouring his soul out to his 'pal,' crying like a child over those poor lambs, Lefty Lewis and Gyp the Blood—"

"If that's what you mean," said Harding with suspicious humility, "I quite agree with you. You know, I have often—"

"Once you agree with me," said Cooper, "I don't see why it is necessary for you to continue."

QUESTIONS ON THE TEXT

1. What is the author's purpose in using the dialogue form?
2. Why are college professors and their statistics not always to be relied upon?
3. Is it true that social worth is decreasing?

4. Does amount of income have direct relation to the social worth of the individual?
5. What qualities of nobleness were revealed by Charles Crawl, Samuel Howard, Paddy Dillon, and Dago Frank in their letters?
6. How does Mr. Strunsky satirize the efficiency of the high-income classes?
7. Is Mr. Strunsky right in saying that the souls of men and the primitive loyalties do not decay?
8. Do the four examples in this essay convince you that there is no social decadence?
9. Which are more convincing as arguments—emotional examples carefully chosen or statistics?
10. What rebuttal could the college professor who wrote Social Decadence offer to Cooper?

HIGH-GRADE CITIZENS

As a reply to Mr. Simeon Strunsky's examples of high-grade citizens in the lower classes, I should like to cite an experience of mine last Christmas eve.

A club of which I am a member has as part of its annual program the distributing of food and gifts to poor families at Christmas time. The families are chosen impartially, according to the urgency of their need, from welfare association lists or by recommendation from club members. This last Christmas four families were cared for. I was on the committee which delivered the gifts—plentiful supplies of food, plain durable clothes, and attractive toys for each child.

The first home we visited was down in the flats—Cleveland's slums. The family was Polish. When we entered, the woman merely nodded for us to set the things on the kitchen floor. Her husband, she said, was upstairs. She needn't have told us. We could hear him and his friends having a "big party" up there. We asked to see the children, of whom there were five, as we desired to give them their gifts in person. The mother grunted something about their being next door, but made no effort to call them. When we left, she forgot to thank us.

Our next stop was on the very outskirts of the city. The house was lit by oil lamps. Here we were admitted by a young Russian. He was the father of four children. His wife was ill and he had no job. The three rooms housed his wife's mother and brother besides his own family. He thanked us, but intimated that he would like to go to bed. We were glad to escape from the unswept floor, soiled dishes piled in the pan, and the rack of grimy towels. We had expected poverty, but we had hoped for cleanliness.

The third home was a basement apartment in a neighborhood of lower middle-class people. The woman who admitted us was a Scotchwoman—scrupulously clean. She was extremely embarrassed, but very gracious. When she saw the toys for the children she called them from the kitchen where they had been playing. There were five, ranging in age from two to ten years. All were attractively dressed in clean print dresses. All but the baby thanked us, without being prompted, for the gifts. We were made to feel that we were really welcome and that our gifts were appreciated. This

family needed help because the father had been killed in a railroad accident and the widow's pension had not yet been paid—nine months after the father's death.

Our last visit was in "Little Italy." There were four families living in the small house. Here we left our packages with the oldest of the twelve children because the mother was too busy to see us. The children seemed very grateful and were extremely voluble. They informed us that their "pa" had always given them toys until he was sent to jail for knifing their uncle.

You may say these cases are not typical. I repeat that the choice was at random from a list of hundreds of such families. In one home of the four there was honesty, moral uprightness, intelligence. If this class is the backbone of the nation, apparently only twenty-five out of every hundred backbones will bear weight. Apparently Mr. Strunsky has not considered that, in the great social problem of the "low-grade citizens," there are other phases in addition to the touching letters of Charles Crawl and Dago Frank.

E. L. M.

THEME SUBJECTS

1. Social Decadence
2. Why I Trust (or Distrust) Statistics
3. Should the Poor Have Large Families?
4. Large Families *vs.* Small Families
5. The Unnatural Life of an Only Child
6. Noble Paddy Dillon
7. The Soul of the Common Man
8. Is the Human Race Deteriorating?
9. Emotional Appeal *vs.* Cold Facts
10. The Children of the Rich
11. Hereditary Culture and Social Worth
12. The Struggle for Existence in Modern Industry
13. Others
14. Is the World Overpopulated?
15. White-Collar Jobs
16. The Power of a Good Example in Argument
17. Heroism in the Coal Mines
18. A Story a Coal Miner Told Me
19. A Dialogue with My Other Self
20. The Noblest Man (or Woman) I Ever Knew
21. The Tragedy of Unemployment
22. Income and Social Worth
23. The Children of the Slums
24. Primitive Loyalties
25. Do Figures Lie?
26. Heredity as a Scientific Study
27. Where Do Our Criminals Come From?
28. How the Other Half Lives
29. Does Environment Make the Man?
30. Mankind—Always Right at the Core

31. The Scientific Approach to Social Problems
32. The Scale of Living among America's Workers
33. Education and Social Worth
34. High-Grade Citizens
35. Why I Prefer to Live in the Country (or in the City)
36. Social Decay among the Rich
37. Immigration and Social Standards in America
38. The Foreign Element—Our Greatest Criminal Class
39. The Typical American a Hundred Years Hence
40. Low-Grade Citizens *vs.* Aristocrats
41. The Convict—Often an Example of Misdirected Abilities
42. The Handicap of Being Poor
43. Poverty—the School from Which Great Men Have Graduated
44. The University of Hard Knocks

HEY, RUB-A-DUB-DUB [1]

THEODORE DREISER

(*Taken from notes of the late John Paradiso*)

I HAVE lived now to my fortieth year, and have seen a good deal of life. Just now, because of a stretch of poverty, I am living across the river from New York, in New Jersey, in sight of a splendid tower, the Woolworth Building on the lower end of Manhattan, which lifts its defiant spear of clay into the very maw of heaven. And although I am by no means as far from it as is Fifth Avenue, still I am a dweller in one of the shabbiest, most forlorn neighborhoods which the great metropolis affords. About me dwell principally Poles and Hungarians, who palaver in a lingo of which I know nothing and who live as I should despise to live, poor as I am. For after all, in my hall-bedroom, which commands the river over the lumber-yard, there is some attempt at intellectual adornment, whereas outside and around me there is little more than dull and to a certain extent aggrieved drudgery.

Not so very far from me is a church, a great yellow structure, which lifts its walls out of a ruck of cheap frame houses and those muddy unpaved streets which are the pride of Jersey City and Hoboken. Here, if I will, I can hear splendid masses intoned, see bright altars and stained glass windows and people going to confession and burning votive candles before images. And if I go of a Sunday, which I rarely if ever do, I can hear regularly that there is a Christ who died for men, and that He was the son of the living God, who liveth and reigneth, world without end.

I have no quarrel with this doctrine. I can hear it in a hundred thousand churches throughout the world. But I am one of those curious persons who cannot make up their minds

[1] From *The Nation* (New York), August 30, 1919. Reprinted by permission.

about anything. I read and read, almost everything that I can lay hands on—history, politics, philosophy, art. But I find that one history contradicts another; one philosopher drives out another. Essayists, in the main, point out flaws and paradoxes in the current conception of things. Novelists, dramatists, and biographers spread tales of endless disasters or silly illusions concerning life, love, duty, opportunity, and the like. And I sit here and read and read, when I have time, wondering.

For, friends, I am a scrivener by trade—or try to be. Betimes, trying to make up my mind what to say about life, I am a motorman on a street-car at three dollars and twenty cents a day. I have been a handy man in a junk shop, a wagon driver, anything you will, so long as thereby I could keep body and soul together. I am not handsome, and therefore not attractive to women probably (at any rate I appear not to be), and in consequence am very much alone. Indeed I am a great coward when it comes to women. Their least frown or mood of indifference frightens me and makes me turn inward to myself, where dwell innumerable beautiful women, who smile and nod and hang on my arm and tell me they love me. Indeed they whisper of scenes so beautiful and so comforting that I know they are not, and never could be, true. And so in my best moments I sit at my table and try to write stories which no doubt equally necessitous editors find wholly unavailable.

The things which keep me thinking and thinking are, first, my social and financial state; second, the difference between my point of view and that of thousands of other respectable citizens who, being able to make up their minds, seem to find me queer, dull, recessive, or at any rate unsuited to their tastes and pleasures. I look at them, and while I say, "Well, thank heaven, I am not like that," still I immediately ask myself, "Am I not all wrong? Should I not be happier if I, too, were like John Spitovesky, or Jacob Feilchenfeld, or Vaclav Melka?" some of my present neighbors. For Spitovesky, to grow a little personal, is a small, dusty man who has a tobacco store around the corner, and who would, I earnestly believe, run if threatened with a bath. He smokes his own three-for-fives (Flor de Sissel Grass) and deposits much of the ashes between his waistcoat and gray-striped cotton shirt. His hair, sticking out

bushily over his ears, looks as though it were heavily peppered with golden snuff.

"Mr. Spitovesky," I said to him one day, "have you been reading anything about the Colorado mining troubles?"

"I never read de papers," he said, with a shrug of the shoulder.

"No? Not at all?" I pursued.

"Dere is nodding in dem—lies mostly. Sometimes I look ad de baseball news in sommer."

"Oh, I see," I said, hopelessly. Then, apropos of nothing, or because I was curious as to my neighbors, "Are you a Catholic?"

"I doaned belong to no church. I doaned mix in no politics, neider. Some hof de men aboud here get excited aboud politics. I got no time. I tend to mine store."

Seeing him standing for hours against his doorpost, or sitting out in front, smoking, while his darksome little wife peels potatoes, or sews, or fusses with the children, I could never understand his "I got no time."

In a related sense there are my friends, Jacob Feilchenfeld and Vaclav Melka, whom I sometimes envy for their tranquillity of mind: the former, the butcher to whom I run for chops and pigs' feet for my landlady, Mrs. Wscrinkuus; the latter the keeper of a spirituous emporium whose windows read, "Vynas, Scnapsas." Jacob, like every other honest butcher worthy the name, is broad and beefy. I can sum up Mr. Feilchenfeld's philosophy of life when I report that to every intellectual advance I make he exclaims in a friendly enough way, "I dunno," or "I ain't never heard about dot." My pride in a sturdy, passive acceptance of things, however, is nearly realized by Vaclav Melka, the happy dispenser of "Vynas, Scnapsas." He also is to be frequently found leaning in his doorway in summer, business being not too brisk during the daytime, surveying the world with a reflective eye. He is dark, stocky, black-haired, black-eyed, a good Pole, with a head like a wooden peg, almost flat at the top, and driven firmly albeit not ungracefully into his shoulders. He has a wife who is a slattern and nearly a slave, and three children, who seem to take no noticeable harm from this saloon life. Leaning in coatless

ease against his sticky bar of an evening, he has laid down the law concerning morals and ethics thus: no lying or stealing—among friends; no brawling or assaults or murdering for any save tremendous reasons of passion; no truckling to priests, who should mind their own business.

"Did you ever read a book, Melka?" I once asked him. It was apropos of a discussion concerning a local brawl.

"Once. It was about a feller wot killed a woman. Mostly I ain't got no time to read. Once I was a bath-rubber, and I had time then, but that was long ago. Books ain't nutting for me."

But over the river from all this is another picture which disturbs me even more than my present surroundings because, as seen from here, it is seemingly beautiful and inviting. Its tall walls are those of a fabled city. I can almost hear the tinkle of endless wealth in banks, the honks of automobiles, the fanfare of a great constructive trade life. At night all its myriad lights seem to wink at me and exclaim, "Why so incompetent? Why so idle, so poor? Why live in such a wretched neighborhood? Why not cross over and join the gay throng, make a successful way for yourself? Why sit aside from this great game of materiality, pretending to ignore it or to feel superior?"

So it seems to me as I sit and think. But, alas, I haven't the least faculty for making money, not the least. All the wonderful things I see or of which I hear are apparently not for me. I have no material, constructive sense. I am not quick at figures, nor am I clever with my hands. I can only think and write, in a way. I see these vast institutions (there are great warehouses on this side, too), filled to overflowing, apparently, with the financially interested and capable, but I—I have not the least idea how to do likewise. Yet I am not lazy; I toil over my stories or bounce out of bed and hurry to my work of a morning. I have never earned more than thirty-five dollars a week. No, I am not brilliant financially.

But the thing that troubles me most is the constant palaver going on in the papers and everywhere concerning right, truth, duty, justice, mercy, and the like, things which I do not find expressed very clearly in my own motives or in the motives of

those immediately about me; also the apparently earnest belief of ever so many editors, authors, social reformers, et cetera, that every person, however weak or dull-appearing externally, contains within himself the seed or the mechanism for producing endless energy and ability, providing he can only be made to realize that he has it. In other words, we are all Napoleons, only we don't know it or won't believe it. We are lazy Napoleons, idle Hannibals, wasteful and indifferent John D. Rockefellers. Turn the pages of any magazine—are there not advertisements of and treatises on How to Be Successful, the authors thereof offering to impart their knowledge of how so to be for a comparative song?

Well, as I say, I am not one who can believe that. In my very humble estimation, people are not so. They are in the main, as I see it, weak and limited, exceedingly so, like Vaclav Melka or Mrs. Wscrinkuus; and to fill their humble brains with notions of an impossible supremacy, if it could be done, would be to send them forth to breast the ocean in a cockle-shell. And yet here on my table, borrowed from the local library for purposes of idle or critical examination, is a book entitled, "Take It!"—"It" meaning *the world;* and another, "It's Yours!"—the "It" in this case meaning that same great world! All you have to do is to decide so to do—and to try! Am I a fool to smile at this very stout doctrine, to doubt whether you can get more than four quarts out of any four-quart measure, if so much?

But to return to this same matter of right, truth, justice, mercy, so freely advertised in these days and so clearly defined, apparently, in everyone's mind as open paths by which they may proceed. In the main it seems to me that people are not concerned about right, or truth, or justice, or mercy, or duty, as abstract principles or working rules, nor do I believe that the average man knows clearly or even semi-clearly what is meant by the words. His only relation to them, so far as I can see, is that he finds them used in a certain reckless, thoughtless way to represent some method of adjustment by which he would like to think he is protected from assault or saved from misery, and so uses them himself. His concern for them as related to the other individual is that the other individual should

not infringe on him, and I am now speaking of the common unsuccessful mass as well as of the successful.

Mrs. Wscrinkuus, poor woman, is stingy and slightly suspicious, although she goes to church Sundays and believes that Christ's Sermon on the Mount is the living truth. She does not want anyone to be mean to her; she does not do anything mean to other people, largely because she has no particular taste or capacity in that direction. Supposing I should advise her to take "It," assure her that "It" was hers, by right of capability! What would become of "right," "truth," "justice," "mercy," in that case?

Or, once more, let us take Jacob Feilchenfeld and John Spitovesky, who care for no man beyond their trade and whose attitude toward right, truth, mercy, justice is as I have pointed out. Suppose I should tell them to take "It," or assure them that "It" was theirs? Of what import would the message be? Vaclav Melka does favors only in return for favors. He does not like priests because they are always taking up collections. If you told him to take "It," he would proceed to take something away from the very good fathers first of all. Everywhere I find the common man imbued with this feeling for self-protection and self-advancement. "Truth" is something that must be told to him; "justice" is what he deserves—although if it costs him nothing he will gladly see it extended to the other fellow. . . .

I will admit that in cases such as lying, stealing, and the like, there is always a so-called moral thing to do or say when these so-called moral principles or beatitudes are inveighed against. You have ridden on a street-car; pay your fare. You have received five dollars from a given man; return it. You have had endless favors from a given individual; do not malign him. Such are the obvious and commonplace things with which these great words are concerned, and in these *prima facie* cases, these so-called principles work well enough.

But take a case where temperament or body-needs or appetites fly in the face of man-made order, where a great spirit-thirst stands out against a life-made convention. Here is a man-made law, and here is dire necessity. On which side is Right? On which side God?

(1) A girl falls in love with a boy to whom the father takes an instant dislike. The father is not better than the lover; just different. The girl and boy are aflame (no chemical law of their invention, mind you), and when the father opposes them, they wed secretly. Result, rage. A weak temperament on the part of the father (no invention of his own) causes him to drink. On sight, in liquor, he kills the youth. The law says he must be hanged unless justified. A lie on the part of the girl defaming the lover-husband will save the father. On which side now do right, truth, justice, mercy, stand?

(2) A man has a great trade idea. He sees how, by combining fourteen companies, he can reduce the cost of manufacture and sell a very necessary product to the public at a reduced rate, while he makes himself rich. In the matter of principle and procedure (right, truth, justice), since his competitors will not sell out, he is confronted by the following propositions: (a) forming a joint-stock company and permitting them all to share in the profits; (b) giving them the idea, asking nothing, and allowing them to form a company of their own, so helping humanity; (c) making a secret combination with four or five and underselling the others and so compelling them to sell or quit; (d) doing nothing, letting time and chance work and the public wait. Now it so happens that the second and fourth are the only things that can be done without opposition. He is a man of brains and ideals. What are his rights, duties, privileges? Where do justice, mercy, truth, fit in here, and how?

(3) A man's son has committed a crime. The man realizes that owing to deficiencies of his own he has never been able to give the boy an adequate training or a fair chance. The law demands that he give up his son, even though he loves him dearly and feels himself responsible. Where do right, justice, mercy work here, and can they be made harmonious and consonant?

These are but three instances from the current papers. I have cited them to show how topsy-turvy the world seems to me, how impossible of a fixed explanation or rule. Scarcely any two individuals but will be at variance on these propositions. Yet the religionists, the moralists, the editorial writers preach

a faith and an obvious line of duty which they grandiosely label "right," or "true," or "just," or "merciful." My observation and experience lead me to believe that there is scarcely a so-called sane, right, merciful, true, just solution to anything.

"But only look," someone is sure to cry, "at some of the beautiful, wonderful, helpful things which Divine Providence, or Life, or Force, or Energy, has provided now and here for man! Railroads; telegraphy; the telephone; theaters; gas, electricity; clothing of all sorts; newspapers; books; hotels; stores; fire departments; hospitals; plumbing; the pleasures of love and sex; music." An admirable list, truly, and provided by one struggling genius or another, or by the slow, cataclysmic processes of nature: fires, deaths, and painful births. Aside from the fact that all of these things can be and are used for evil as well as for good purposes (trust oppression, enemy wars, and the like), still it might as well be supplemented by such things as jails, detectives, penitentiaries, courts of law—good or evil things, as you choose to look at them. All of these things are good in the hands of good people, evil in the hands of evil, and nature seems not to care which group uses them. A hospital will aid a scoundrel as readily as a good man, and vice versa.

Common dust swept into our atmosphere makes our beautiful sunsets and blue sky. Sidereal space, as we know it, is said to be one welter of strangely-flowing streams of rock and dust, a wretched mass made attractive only by some vast compulsory coalition into a star. Stars clash and blaze, and the whole great complicated system seems one erosive, chaffering, bickering effort, with here and there a tendency to stillness and petrifaction. This world as we know it, the human race and the accompanying welter of animals and insects, do they not, aside from momentary phases of delight and beauty, often strike you as dull, aimless, cruel, useless? Are not the processes by which they are produced, or those by which they live (the Chicago slaughterhouses, for instance) stark, relentless, brutal, shameful even?—life living on life, the preying of one on another, the compulsory aging of all, the hungers, thirsts, destroying losses and pains. . . .

But I was talking of Jersey City and my difficulty in adjusting myself to the life about me, thinking as I do. Yet such

facts as I can gather only confound me the more. Take the daily papers which I have been reading to beguile my loneliness, and note that:

(1) Two old people who lived near me, after working hard for years to supply themselves with a competence, were ruined by the failure of a bank and were compelled to seek work, in which they were not successful. They were forced to make a choice between living on charity, and dying. Wishing to be as agreeable to the world as possible, they chose death by gas, locking the doors of their bare little home, stuffing paper and clothing into chinks and under doors and windows, and turning on the gas, seated side-by-side and hand-in-hand. Naturally the end came quickly enough, for Divine Mind has no opposition to ordinary illuminating gas killing anyone; and yet at the same time, according to the same papers, in this very same world,

(2) The sixteen-year-old son of a multi-millionaire real-estate holder was left over fifty million dollars by his fond father, who did not know what else to do with it, said son having not as yet done anything to deserve it, save to be the son of the aforesaid father.

(3) A somewhat bored group of Newport millionairesses give a dinner for the pet dogs of their equally wealthy friends, one particular dog or dogess being host or hostess.

(4) A Staten Island brewer worth twenty millions died of heart failure, induced by undue joy over having been elected snare drummer of a Shriners' lodge, after spending thousands upon thousands in organizing a band of his own and developing sufficient influence to cause a Shriners' organization to tolerate him.

(5) A millionaire politician and horse-racer erected a fifteen-thousand-dollar monument to a horse.

(6) An uneducated darkey, trying to make his way North, climbed upon the carriage trucks of a Pullman and was swept North into a blizzard, where he was finally found dying of exhaustion, arms and legs frozen, and did die—a victim to his effort to better his condition. . . .

It is because of these things that I sit in my hall-bedroom, a great panorama of beauty spread out before me, and in attempting to write of this thing, life, find myself confused. The

scenes that I look upon are beautiful enough—sun, moon, and stars swinging in their courses, seemingly mathematically and with great art or charm. And the river at this moment is begemmed with thousands of lights—a truly artistic and poetic spectacle and one not to be gainsaid. By day it is gray, or blue, or green, wondrous shades by turns; by night a jewel world. Gulls wheel over it. Tugs strain cheerily to and fro, emitting gorgeous plumes of smoke. Snows, rains, warmths, colds come in endless variety, the fillip, force, and color of our days.

Still I am confused. Life seems to prove but one thing to me: that the various statements concerning right, truth, justice, mercy are palaver merely, an earnest and necessitous attempt perhaps at balance of equation, where all things are so very much unbalanced, paradoxical, and contradictory—the small-change names for a thing or things of which we have not yet caught the meaning. History teaches me little save that nothing is really dependable or assured, but all inexplicable. Current action, it appears, demonstrates much the same thing. Kings and emperors have risen and gone. Generals and captains have warred and departed. Philosophers have dreamed, poets have written—and I, mussing around among religions, philosophies, fictions, and facts, can find nothing wherewith to salve my vaulting egoism, no light, and no way to be anything more than the humblest servitor.

Among so much that is tempestuous and glittering I merely look out at the river flowing by now, after millions of years of silence and waste, and say to myself, "Where there is so much order and love of order everywhere and in everyone, there must be some great elemental spirit holding for order of sorts, at any rate. Stars do not swing in given orbits for nothing surely—or at least I might have faith to that extent." But when I step out and encounter, as I daily do, lust and greed, plotting and trapping, envy and all uncharitableness, and even murder—all severely condemned by the social code, the Bible, and a thousand wise laws and saws—and see also, as I daily do, vast schemes of chicane grinding the faces of the poor, wars brutally involving the death of millions whose lives are precious to them, because of the love of power on the part of some one or many, I am not so sure. Illusions hold too many; lust

and greed, vast and bleary-eyed, dominate too many more. Ignorance, vast and almost unconquerable, hugs and licks its chains in reverence. Brute strength sits empurpled and laughs a throaty laugh.

Yet here is the great river—that is beautiful; and Mr. Woolworth's tower, a strange attempt on the part of man to seem more than he is; and a thousand other evidences of hopes and dreams, all too frail perhaps against the endless drag toward nothingness, but still lovely and comforting. . . . And yet here also is Vaclav Melka, who longs to be a bath-rubber again! John Spitovesky, who doesn't care; Jacob Feilchenfeld, who never heard; and millions of others like them; and I—I think and grow confused—and earn nineteen-twenty a week or less. . . .

Come to think of it, is it not a wonder, holding such *outré* views as I do, that I earn anything at all?

QUESTIONS ON THE TEXT

1. Why is John Paradiso qualified to judge of life about him?
2. How did Paradiso's room differentiate him from his neighbors?
3. What is the author's attitude toward the church? Toward what he reads?
4. What are the two things that keep Paradiso constantly thinking?
5. Is inability to make up one's mind an admission of mental weakness?
6. Do the foreign dwellers in the slums have any intellectual life?
7. What is the moral code of the slums?
8. What questionings did the beautiful city across the river stimulate in the author's mind?
9. Is a man who does not make money a failure?
10. Are truth, duty, justice, and mercy weak or powerful influences in modern living?
11. Is every person potentially great? Are there no inferior people?
12. What effect do you get from magazine articles telling you how to be successful?
13. What idea does the average person have of right, truth, justice, and mercy?
14. What do you think would happen if Paradiso's three friends tried to take "It"?
15. What is the dominating influence in the thinking of the common man?
16. Is a person's duty always clear in the case of lying, stealing, and the like?
17. What would be your attitude on each of the three cases which the author gives?

18. Is the author right in saying that there seems to be no just solution to anything?
19. Are material comforts good in the hands of good people and bad in the hands of bad people?
20. Is life fundamentally dull, aimless, cruel, and useless?
21. Are you discouraged by the meaninglessness of life as represented by the six examples cited by the author?
22. Are right, mercy, and the like merely names for things of which we have not yet caught the real meaning?
23. What is the effect upon Paradiso of the eternal, peacefully flowing river? Of his daily contact with his fellowmen?
24. Is Paradiso to be blamed for being unable to solve the paradox of a beautiful, yet brutal, world?
25. Is it strange that a man with such a philosophy as Paradiso expresses in these notes should not be a money-maker?
26. Is Mr. Dreiser's doubt and pessimism based upon a sound evaluation of facts or upon morbid imagination?
27. What is realism in literature? Does it necessarily show life as cruel and useless?
28. How does Mr. Dreiser show his love for the ideal and the beautiful?
29. Do you prefer this essay or John Galsworthy's "Castles in Spain" which also speaks of the place of beauty in life?

ENVIRONMENT AND THE CRIMINAL

I was with a party that inspected the prison at Stateville, Illinois, for educational purposes. Believing that I could derive more benefit from engaging in conversation with an inmate than by merely looking around, I kept on the look-out for a prospective "companion." As we passed the prison kitchen, I noticed a man sitting inside. I paused at the door and watched him. He had a moody, hardened expression on his face, and he did his work mechanically. I could see that his thoughts were far away from his prison environment. I walked in, seated myself on a stool similar to the one he occupied, and spoke to him. No one interfered with us, and he proved to be talkative, thereby belying his facial expression. Of course, I tried to get him to speak of himself, and after he had overcome his reticence, he told me this story. I have partially translated it from the vernacular of a West Side gangster.

"Since I've been here in the pen, something has set me to thinking—you know, I've never had a chance in this world. Somehow or other, I just wanted to talk to a fellow like you, and after I tell you how I've lived, maybe you'll understand that I've never had a chance.

"We lived on Forty-second Street, right near the Stock Yards, and there were fourteen kids in our family. The old man killed cattle for Swift and Company in the Yards, and he was just as tough as his job. I only went to school until I was thirteen, not long enough to learn anything. The old man didn't care if I had never gone, and my mother was so busy bearing kids, and caring for them, that I was allowed to run loose. I got in with one of the gangs in the neighborhood that made a specialty of breaking into box cars, and stealing what they could carry away. Then along came

Prohibition, and the old man—he was a hard drinker anyway—tried to drink all the moonshine in town every night. The harder the liquor was to get, the more he drank. Things got pretty tough around home, and I pulled out—I was sixteen then and I haven't been back since. I've always felt sorry for my mother. She didn't have as much of a chance as I did, and I was too dumb to understand that it was my place to help her. . . . You want to know how I got in here? Well, it was like this. . . .

"The gang I hung around with got mixed up with pretty fast company, and we finally went in with some real toughs—a bootleg gang. Three of us were put on a big truck to guard the booze from South Milwaukee against highjackers. Course we had guns, but I had toted one since I was sixteen. I had a car of my own, and always lots of jack. You see, they were liberal with us, and we each got a good cut out of the profits. Things went on pretty smooth for over two years; then Al Brucci's gang began to edge into our territory. We had a good district and those hoodlums were jealous. We had gun fights with Al's gang at least once a week from then on. You see, Al was backed by some big politicians, and he just hankered after Mike's—Mike Andrea, my boss's—business. That's how I got mine—politics.

"Mike was backing a fellow for state's attorney who had a big drag with the higher-ups. You see, he had to get a good friend in office to protect him against Brucci. We quit the beer for about a month and worked the precincts. Brucci's men were out against our candidate and both gangs lost men in gun fights. Mike had an elaborate plan to stuff the boxes to make sure that our man would get in. Two of us were detailed to stuff a certain box. We did it, but when we were coming out of the building one of Brucci's men shot my pal in the back. He was there for the same purpose we were, only we had beat him to it. Well—I got him and the cops got me. It's a good thing that Mike got McCarthy as my lawyer, or they would have hung me. As it was, the judge gave me twenty years. I figure on staying here five more years at the most—that will make seven years in all. You see, money will still talk when this affair has pretty well blown over. . . .

"The worst thing about this prison business is thinking. If I'd only had the chance you've got."

It was in a thoughtful mood that I rejoined my party. The prisoner's story tallied with what I knew about this episode from the newspapers, and I considered myself fortunate in having conversed with the notorious "Nick" Lebrio. Then *I* started thinking.

The conditions which so greatly influenced the life of Nick Lebrio are prevalent in shaping the lives of hundreds of thousands of our future citizens. Theodore Dreiser is right in questioning the validity of right, mercy, truth, and justice as ideals in the lives of these people. Illiterate parents—a large family—a father's weakness and small income—a low class of associates—little schooling—liquor traffic and easy money: I turned all these over in my mind as we rode home. I finally came to the conclusion that it was, indeed, a kind turn of fate that I was not subject to such an environment. A useful, upright citizen is a rarity in the congested, lower-class quarters of our large cities, and society has yet to work out a plan whereby these social derelicts may be transformed into workers for the common good.

P. G. G.

THEME SUBJECTS

1. Life in the Slums
2. How I Would Answer Mr. Dreiser
3. Environment and the Criminal
4. Are Material Comforts Good or Bad?
5. Beauty in a Brutal World
6. Selfishness in a Beautiful World
7. Debunking the Success Magazines
8. Take "It"!
9. Optimism *vs.* Pessimism
10. The Saddest Misfit I Have Ever Known
11. Low-Grade Citizens and Their Reading (the Church, Politics, Lawlessness)
12. Money: The Measure of Success?
13. Human Limitations
14. The Seamy (or The Sunny) Side of Life
15. A Story of the Slums
16. The Paradox of Daily Living
17. Truth (Justice, Duty, Mercy): The Most Powerful Influence in the World
18. The Moral Code of the Slums
19. Potential Napoleons
20. Correspondence Courses to Become Great Executives!
21. The Joy Some People Derive from Being Miserable
22. A Pretty Good World After All
23. John Galsworthy *vs.* John Paradiso
24. The Pessimism of Theodore Dreiser
25. Realism in Modern Literature
26. What Is the Other Half Doing?
27. Why the Slums?
28. Skyscrapers and Slums

GOOD-BYE, AMERICA![1]

H. W. Nevinson

In mist and driving snow the towers of New York fade from view. The great ship slides down the river. Already the dark, broad seas gloom before her. Good-bye, most beautiful of modern cities! Good-bye to glimmering spires and lighted bastions, dreamlike as the castles and cathedrals of a romantic vision! Good-bye to thin films of white steam that issue from central furnaces and flit in dissolving wreaths around those precipitous heights! Good-bye to heaven-piled offices, so clean, so warm, where lovely stenographers, with silk stockings and powdered faces, sit leisurely at work or converse in charming ease! Good-bye, New York! I am going home. I am going to an ancient city of mean and moldering streets, of ignoble coverts for mankind, extended monotonously over many miles; of grimy smoke clinging closer than a blanket; of smudgy typists who know little of silk or powder, and less of leisure and charming ease. Good-bye, New York! I am going home.

Good-bye to beautiful "apartments" and "homes"! Good-bye to windows looking far over the city as from a mountain-peak! Good-bye to central heating and radiators, fit symbols of the hearts they warm! Good-bye to frequent and well-appointed bathrooms, glory of the plumber's art! Good-bye to suburban gardens running into each other without hedge or fence to separate friend from friend or enemy from enemy! Good-bye to shady verandas where rocking-chairs stand ranged in rows, ready for reading the voluminous Sunday papers and the *Saturday Evening Post!* Good-bye, America! I am going home. I am going to a land where every man's house is his prison—a land of open fires and chilly rooms and frozen water pipes, of washing stands and slop pails, and one bath per

[1] From *The Nation* (London).

household at the most; a land of fences and hedges and walls, where people sit aloof and see no reason to make themselves seasick by rocking upon shore. Good-bye, America, I am going home.

Good-bye to the copious meals—early grapefruit, the "cereals," eggs broken in a glass! Good-bye to oysters, large and small, to celery and olives beside the soup, to "sea food," to sublimated viands, to bleeding duck, to the salad course, to the "individual pie" or the thick wedge of apple pie, to the invariable slab of ice cream, to the coffee, also bland with cream; to the home-brewed alcohol! I am going to the land of joints and roots and solid pudding; the land of ham and eggs and violent tea; the land where oysters are good for suicides alone, and where mustard grows and whiskey flows. Good-bye, America! I am going home.

Good-bye to the long stream of motors—"limousines" or "flivvers"! Good-bye to the signal lights upon Fifth Avenue, gold, crimson, and green; the sudden halt when the green light shines, as though at the magic word an enchanted princess had fallen asleep; the hurried rush for the leisurely lunch at noon; the deliberate appearance of hustle and bustle in business; the Jews, innumerable as the Red Sea sand! Good-bye to outside staircases for escape from fire. Good-bye to scrappy suburbs littered with rubbish of old boards, empty cans, and boots! Good-bye to standardized villages and small towns, alike in litter, in ropes of electric wires along the streets, in clanking "trolleys," in chapels, stores, railway stations, Main Streets, and isolated houses flung at random over the country! Good-bye to miles of advertisements imploring me in ten-foot letters to eat somebody's codfish ("No Bones!"), or smoke somebody's cigarettes ("They Satisfy!"), or sleep with innocence in the "Faultless Nightgown!" Good-bye to long trains where one smokes in a lavatory, and sleeps at night upon a shelf screened with heavy green curtains and heated with stifling air, while over your head or under your back the baby yells and the mother tosses moaning, until at last you reach your "stopping-off place," and a semi-negro sweeps you down with a little broom, as in a supreme rite of worship! Good-bye to the house that is labeled "One Hundred Years Old," for the amaze-

ment of mortality! Good-bye to thin woods and fields inclosed with casual pales, old hoops, and lengths of wire! I am going to the land of a policeman's finger, where the horse and bicycle still drag out a lingering life; a land of old villages and towns as little like each other as one woman is like the next; a land where trains are short, and one seldom sleeps in them, for in any direction within a day they will reach a sea; a land of vast and ancient trees, of houses time-honored three centuries ago, of cathedrals that have been growing for a thousand years, and of village churches built while people believed in God. Good-bye, America! I am going home.

Good-bye to the land of a new language in growth, of split infinitives and cross-bred words; the land where a dinner jacket is a "Tuxedo," a spittoon a "cuspidor"; where your opinion is called your "reaction," and where "vamp," instead of meaning an improvised accompaniment to song, means a dangerous female! Good-bye to the land where grotesque exaggeration is called humor, and people gape in bewilderment at irony, as a bullock gazes at a dog straying in his field! Good-bye to the land where strangers say "Glad to meet you, sir," and really seem glad; where children whine their little desires, and never grow much older; where men keep their trousers up with belts that run through loops, and women have to bathe in stockings! I am going to a land of ancient speech where we still say "record" and "concord" for "recud" and "concud," where "necessarily" and "extraordinarily" must be taken at one rush—a hedge ditch-and-rail in the hunting field; where we do not "commute" or "check" or "page," but "take a season" and "register" and "send a boy round"; where we never say we are glad to meet a stranger, and seldom are; where humor is understatement and irony is our habitual resource in danger or distress; where children are told they are meant to be seen and not heard; where it is "bad form" to express emotions, and suspenders are a strictly feminine article of attire. Good-bye, America! I am going home.

Good-bye to the multitudinous papers, indefinite of opinion, crammed with insignificant news, and asking you to continue a first-page article on page 23, column 5! Good-bye to the weary platitude, accepted as wisdom's latest revelation! Good-

bye to the docile audiences that lap rhetoric for substance! Good-bye to politicians contending for aims more practical than principles! Good-bye to Republicans and Democrats, distinguishable only by mutual hatred! Good-bye to the land where Liberals are thought dangerous and Radicals show red! Where Mr. Gompers is called a Socialist, and Mr. Asquith would seem advanced! A land too large for concentrated indignation; a land where wealth beyond the dreams of British profiteers dwells, dresses, gorges, and luxuriates, emulated and unashamed! I am going to a land of politics violently divergent; a land where even coalitions cannot coalesce; where meetings break up in a turbulent disorder, and no platitude avails to soothe the savage beast; a land fierce for personal freedom and indignant with rage for justice; a land where wealth is taxed out of sight, or for very shame strives to disguise its luxury; a land where an ancient order is passing away and leaders whom you call extreme are hailed by Lord Chancellors as the very fortifications of security. Good-bye, America! I am going home.

Good-bye to prose chopped up to look like verse! Good-bye to the indiscriminate appetite which gulps lectures as opiates and "printed matter" as literature! Good-bye to the wizards and witches who ask to psychoanalyze my complexes, inhibitions, and silly dreams! Good-bye to the exuberant religious or fantastic beliefs by which unsatisfied mankind still strives desperately to penetrate beyond the flaming bulwarks of the world! Good-bye, Americans! I am going to a land very much like yours, I am going to your spiritual home.

QUESTIONS ON THE TEXT

1. What is the difference between New York and London as cities?
2. What contrasts in living conditions are to be noted in England and America?
3. How do meals in America differ from those in England?
4. Contrast England and America on: means of travel, the countryside, villages, the antiquity of houses, churches.
5. What is the difference between the two countries in the use of words, sense of humor, cordiality, dress, treatment of children?
6. How do American and English newspapers, political parties, and attitude toward luxury differ?

7. What does Mr. Nevinson think of our American free verse, of our mania for lectures, of our cults and fads?
8. Is England more radical or more conservative than America?
9. In what sense is England America's spiritual home?
10. Which single criticism that Mr. Nevinson directs against America seems to you to be most valid?
11. Do you think that Mr. Nevinson is fair in his contrasts of England and America?
12. Is Mr. Nevinson—as he is shown by this essay—a liberal or a conservative?

GOOD-BYE, FRESHMAN YEAR!

The campus fades from view and I turn my face toward another city. Good-bye to the red-roofed buildings, the shady walks and quiet streets. I am a freshman and I am going home. I am going to a city where clouds of black soot hover over the buildings and occasionally descend upon one's person, where iron bars are placed about the few surviving trees, and vehicles of every description dash up and down the narrow streets.

Good-bye, late breakfasts uptown. Good-bye, old Spinning Wheel of the friendly dances. I am going where one breakfasts with one's family at a given hour, where one scarcely knows the neighbors, and where one dances lifelessly among strangers at a night-club.

Good-bye, dormitory of untold adventures. Good-bye, disordered, comfortable room, so absolutely my own. Good-bye, fire escapes and moonlight serenades. I am going where one may not shout familiarly at the passers-by from the window, where one must keep one's belongings in order, and not be unduly musical during the later hours because of the proximity of others, not romantically inclined.

Good-bye to seven-thirty classes, heralded by insistent bells. Good-bye to cold rooms and clanking radiators on winter mornings. Good-bye, dormitory food, the thick puddings and questionable stews. I am going home, where one is not expected to listen to lectures at unearthly hours, where the heating system works and food *is* food.

Good-bye, Freshman Year! Good-bye to allowances spent before their arrival. Good-bye, pledge duties and heavy laundry bags. Good-bye, good-bye, term papers of a hundred references, and geology hikes entailing excavating for fossils. I am leaving for the base of my financial supply, where one does not carry one's laundry through town, and term papers and geology trips exist only in fancy.

Good-bye, dime movies and ten-o'clock evenings. Good-bye, "campused" weeks and unending suspicion. I am going to a place where movies are the same but the prices are different, where one is never sentenced to a week within the confines of one's living quarters, and one's honesty is taken for granted, whether it exists or not.

Good-bye, Freshman Year! and midnight cramming for exams, aided by quantities of black coffee. I am going home—but I shall be coming back!

J. G. L.

THEME SUBJECTS

1. Life in England *vs.* Life in America
2. England: America's Spiritual Home
3. Why I Should Rather Live in England Than in America (in America Than in England)
4. Good-bye, England! I'm Going Home (as written by an American)
5. America—the Land of Standardization
6. English Gardens (Country Gentlemen, Humor, Bathing Facilities, Lecturers in America)
7. How I Would Defend America Against the Criticism of a Foreigner
8. Materialism in America—a Mask That Hides Its Soul
9. American *vs.* English Meals
10. The Automobile: The Symbol of American Civilization
11. Radical England—Conservative America
12. The Typical American Abroad
13. Freedom of the Younger Generation in America
14. America: The Land of Immature Ideals (Jazz Music and the Picture Show, Yellow Journalism, Cheap Politicians, Prohibition, Smug Complacency, the Gunman and the Bootlegger)
15. The $ Rules America
16. Why I Would (or Would Not) Prohibit Billboard Advertising
17. Radiator or Fireplace?
18. The World's Suspicion of America
19. Is the World Becoming Americanized?
20. The American Language (Stenographer, Business Man, Chautauqua, Type of Humor, Skyscraper)
21. English Villages *vs.* American "Main Streets"
22. The Lavish Display of American Wealth
23. Efficiency: Curse or Blessing?
24. Must America Adopt a More Critical Attitude Toward Herself?
25. Ties That Bind England and America
26. Reasons for Disagreement Between England and America
27. The Good Side (or The Bad Side) of the Radio (the Telephone, the Automobile, the Talking Machine)
28. America—the Land of Opportunity
29. Sunday Newspapers in America
30. The English Trait of Suppressing the Emotions
31. Transportation Facilities in England and America
32. British *vs.* American Politics
33. The Comforts of Life in America
34. The Good Side of Main Street
35. The Romance of Big Business
36. Are Children Better Trained in England Than in America?
37. The Crudeness of America
38. America—the Most Idealistic Nation in the World
39. America—In Spite of Her Faults—My Home!
40. Foreign Criticism of America
41. Lawlessness in America
42. American Supremacy in the World
43. Old England and Young America

44. The Rocking-Chair: The Symbol of American Indolence
45. The Billboard: The Eye-Sore of America
46. American Exaggeration *vs.* English Understatement as a Source of Humor
47. The Genial American *vs.* the Taciturn Englishman
48. Individual Thinking in England and America
49. America's Craving for Antiques
50. England: The Mother of Our Institutions
51. Why I Am Glad to Be an American
52. Speed-Mad America
53. America—Unhampered by Tradition
54. The Stereotyped American Suburb
55. Good-bye, Freshman Year!

THE DODGING OF PRESSURES[1]

RANDOLPH S. BOURNE

FOR a truly sincere life one talent is needed,—the ability to steer clear of the forces that would warp and conventionalize and harden the personality and its own free choices and bents. All the kingdoms of this world lie waiting to claim the allegiance of the youth who enters on the career of life, and sentinels and guards stand ready to fetter and enslave him the moment he steps unwarily over the wall out of the free open road of his own individuality. And unless he dodges them and keeps straight on his path, dusty and barren though it may be, he will find himself chained a prisoner for life, and little by little his own soul will rot out of him and vanish. The wise men of the past have often preached the duty of this open road, they have summoned youth to self-reliance, but they have not paid sufficient heed to the enemies that would impede his progress. They have been too intent on encouraging him to be independent and lead his own life, to point out to him the direction from which the subtle influences that might control him would come. As a result, young men have too often believed that they were hewing out a career for themselves when they were really simply offering themselves up to some institutional Moloch to be destroyed, or, at the best, passively allowing the career or profession they had adopted to mold and carve them. Instead of working out their own destiny, they were actually allowing an alien destiny to work them out. Youth enters the big world of acting and thinking, a huge bundle of susceptibilities, keenly alive and plastic, and so eager to achieve and perform that it will accept almost the first opportunity that comes to it. Now each youth has his own unique personality and interweaving web of tendencies and inclinations,

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such as no other person has ever had before. It is essential that these trends and abilities be so stimulated by experience that they shall be developed to their highest capacity. And they can usually be depended upon, if freedom and opportunity are given, to grow of themselves upward toward the sun and air. If a youth does not develop, it is usually because his nature has been blocked and thwarted by the social pressures to which every one of us is subjected, and which only a few have the strength or the wisdom to resist. These pressures come often in the guise of good fortune, and the youth meets them halfway, goes with them gladly, and lets them crush him. He will do it all, too, with so easy a conscience, for is not this meeting the world and making it one's own? It is meeting the world, but it is too often only to have the world make the youth its own.

Our spiritual guides and leaders, then, have been too positive, too heartening, if such a thing be possible. They have either not seen the dangers that lurked in the path, or they have not cared to discourage and depress us by pointing them out. Many of our modern guides, in their panegyrics on success, even glorify as aids on the journey these very dangers themselves, and urge the youth to rely upon them, when he should have been warned not to gaze at all on the dazzling lure. The youth is urged to imitate men who are themselves victims of the very influences that he should dodge, and doctrines and habits are pressed upon him which he should ceaselessly question and never once make his own unless he is sure that they fit him. He will have need to be ever alert to the dangers, and, in early youth at least, would better think more of dodging them than of attaining the goal to which his elders tempt him. Their best service to him would be to warn him against themselves and their influence, rather than to encourage him to become like them.

The dangers that I speak of are the influences and inducements which come to youth from family, business, church, society, state, to compromise with himself and become in more or less degree conformed to their pattern and type. "Be like us!" they all cry, "it is easiest and safest thus! We guarantee you popularity and fortune at so small a price,—only the price

of your best self!" Thus they seduce him insidiously rather than openly attack him. They throw their silky chains over him and draw him in. Or they press gently but ceaselessly upon him, rubbing away his original roughness, polishing him down, molding him relentlessly, and yet with how kindly and solicitous a touch, to their shape and manner. As he feels their caressing pressure against him in the darkness, small wonder is it that he mistakes it for the warm touch of friends and guides. They are friends and guides who always end, however, by being masters and tyrants. They force him to perpetuate old errors, to keep alive dying customs, to breathe new life into vicious prejudices, to take his stand against the saving new. They kill his soul, and then use the carcass as a barricade against the advancing hosts of light. They train him to protect and conserve their own outworn institutions when he should be the first, by reason of his clear insight and freedom from crusted prejudice, to attack them.

The youth's only salvation lies, then, in dodging these pressures. It is not his business to make his own way in life so much as it is to prevent someone else from making it for him. His business is to keep the way clear, and the sky open above his head. Then he will grow and be nurtured according to his needs and his inner nature. He must fight constantly to keep from his head those coverings that institutions and persons in the guise of making him warm and safe throw over his body. If young people would spend half the time in warding away the unfavorable influences that they now spend in conscientiously planning what they are going to be, they would achieve success and maintain their individuality. It seems, curiously enough, that one can live one's true life and guarantee one's individuality best in this indirect way,—not by projecting one's self out upon the world aggressively, but by keeping the track clear along which one's true life may run. A sane, well-rounded, original life is attained not so much by taking thought for it as by the dodging of pressures that would limit and warp its natural growth. The youth must travel the straight road serenely, confident that "his own will come to him." All he must strive for is to recognize his own when it does come, and to absorb and assimilate it. His imagination must be large

enough to envisage himself and his own needs. This wisdom, however, comes to too many of us only after we are hopelessly compromised, after we are encrusted over so deeply that, even if we try to break away, our struggles are at the expense of our growth. The first duty of self-conscious youth is to dodge the pressures, his second to survey the world eagerly to see what is "his own." If he goes boldly ahead at first to seek his own, without first making provision for silencing the voices that whisper continually at his side, "Conform!"—he will soon find himself on alien ground, and, if not a prisoner, a naturalized citizen before he has time to think.

Nor is this a mere invitation to whimsicality and eccentricity. These epithets, in our daily life, are somewhat loosely used for all sorts of behavior ranging from nonconformity to pure freakishness. If we really had more original, unspoiled people in the world, we should not use these terms so frequently. If we really had more people who were satisfying their healthy desires, and living the life that their whole inner conscience told them was best, we should not find eccentric or queer the self-sustaining men and women who live without regard to prejudice. And all real whimsicality is a result rather of the thwarting of individuality than of letting it run riot. It is when persons of strong personality are subjected to pressures heavier than they can bear that we get real outbursts of eccentricity. For something unnatural has occurred, a spontaneous flow and progress has been checked. Your eccentric man par excellence is your perfectly conventional man, who never offends in the slightest way by any original action or thought. For he has yielded to every variety of pressure that has been brought to bear upon him, and his original nature has been completely obscured. The pressures have been, however, uniform on every side, so that they have seemingly canceled each other. But this equilibrium simply conceals the forces that have crushed him. The conventional person is, therefore, not the most natural but the most unnatural of persons. His harmlessness is a proof of his tremendous eccentricity. He has been rubbed down smooth on all sides like a rock until he has dropped noiselessly into his place in society. But at what a cost does he obtain this peace! At the cost of depersonalizing himself, and sacrificing his

very nature, which, as in every normal person, is precious and worthy of permanence and growth. This treason to one's self is perhaps the greatest mistake of youth, the one unpardonable sin. It is worse than sowing one's wild oats, for they are reaped and justice is done; or casting one's bread upon the waters, for that returneth after many days. But this sin is the throwing away in wilfulness or carelessness the priceless jewel of selfhood, and with no return, either of recompense or punishment.

How early and insidious is the pressure upon us to conform to some type whose fitness we have not examined, but which we are forced to take strictly on authority! On the children in the family what a petty tyranny of ideas and manners is imposed! Under the guise of being brought up, how many habits of doubtful value we learned, how many moral opinions of doubtful significance we absorbed, how many strange biases that harass and perplex us in our later life we had fastened upon our minds, how many natural and beautiful tendencies we were forced to suppress! The tyranny of manners, of conventional politeness, of puritanical taboos, of superstitious religion, was all imposed upon us for no reason that our elders could devise, but simply that they in turn had had them imposed upon them. Much of our early education was as automatic and unconscious as the handing down of the immemorial traditions in a primitive savage tribe. Now I am far from saying that this household tradition of manners and morals is not an excellent thing for us to acquire. Many of the habits are so useful that it is a wise provision that we should obtain them as naturally as the air we breathe. And it is a pressure that we could not, at that age, avoid, even if we would. But this childhood influence is a sample of true pressure, for it is both unconscious and irresistible. Were we to infringe any of the rules laid down for us, the whole displeasure of the family descended upon our heads; they seemed to vie with each other in expressing their disapproval of our conduct. So, simply to retain our self-respect, we were forced into their pattern of doing things, and for no other reason than that it was their pattern.

This early pressure, however, was mild in comparison with what we experienced as we grew older. We found then that more and more of our actions came insensibly but in some way

or other before this court of appeal. We could choose our friends, for instance, only with reservations. If we consorted with little boys who were not clean, or who came from the less reputable portions of the town, we were made to feel the vague family disapproval, perhaps not outspoken, but as an undercurrent to their attitude. And usually we did not need flagrantly to offend to be taught the need of judicious selection, for we were sensitive to the feeling that we knew those around us would entertain, and so avoided the objectionable people from a diffused feeling that they were not "nice." When we grew old enough to move in the youthful social world, we felt this circle of tyranny suddenly widen. It was our "set" now that dictated our choices. The family pressure had been rather subtle and uneasy; this was bold and direct. Here were the most arbitrary selections and disqualifications, girls and boys being banned for no imaginable reason except that they were slightly out of the ordinary, and our little world circumscribed by a rigid public opinion which punished nonconformity by expulsion. If we tried to dodge this pressure and assert our own privileges of making lovers and friends, we were soon delivered an ultimatum, and if we refused to obey, we were speedily cast out into utter darkness, where, strange to say, we lacked even the approbation of the banned. Sometimes we were not allowed to choose our partners to whom we paid our momentary devotions, sometimes we were not allowed to give them up. The price we paid for free participation in the parties and dances and love-affairs of this little social world of youth was an almost military obedience to the general feeling of propriety and suitability of our relationships with others, and to the general will of those in whose circle we went. There was apt to be a rather severe code of propriety, which bore especially upon the girls. Many frank and natural actions and expressions of opinion were thus inhibited, from no real feeling of self-respect, but from the vague, uncomfortable feeling that somebody would not approve. This price for society was one that we were all willing to pay, but it was a bad training. Our own natural likings and dislikings got blunted; we ceased to seek out our own kind of people and enjoy them and ourselves in our own way, but we "went with" the people that our companions

thought we ought to "go with," and we played the games and behaved generally as they thought we ought to do.

The family rather corroborated this pressure than attempted to fortify us in our own individuality. For their honor seemed to be involved in what we did, and if all our walk in life was well pleasing to those around us, they were well pleased with us. And all through life, as long at least as we were protected under the sheltering wing of the family, its members constituted a sort of supreme court over all our relations in life. In resisting the other pressures that were brought to bear on us, we rarely found that we had the family's undivided support. They loved, like all social groups, a smoothly running person, and as soon as they found us doing unconventional things or having unusual friends they were vaguely uneasy, as if they were harboring in their midst some unpredictable animal who would draw upon them the disapproving glances of the society around them. The family philosophy has a horror for the "queer." The table-board is too often a place where the eccentricities of the world get thoroughly aired. The dread of deviation from accepted standards is impressed upon us from our youth up. The threat which always brought us to terms was—"If you do this, you will be considered queer!" There was very little fight left in us after that.

But the family has other formidable weapons for bringing us to terms. It knows us through and through as none of our friends and enemies know us. It sees us in undress, when all our outward decorations of spirit and shams and pretenses are thrown off, and it is not deceived by the apologies and excuses that pass muster in the world at large and even to our own conscience. We can conceal nothing from it; it knows all our weakest spots and vulnerable feelings. It does not hesitate to take shameless advantage of that knowledge. Its most powerful weapon is ridicule. It can adopt no subtler method, for we in our turn know all its own vulnerabilities. And where the world at large is generally too polite to employ ridicule upon us, but works with gentler methods of approbation and coldness, our family associates feel no such compunction. Knowing us as they do, they are able to make that ridicule tell. We may have longings for freedom and individuality, but it is a terrible

dilemma that faces us. Most men would rather be slaves than butts; they would rather be coraled with the herd than endure its taunts at their independence.

Besides the pressure on a youth or girl to think the way the family does, there is often the pressure brought upon them to sacrifice themselves for its benefit. I do not mean to deprecate that perfectly natural and proper desire to make some return for the care and kindness that have been lavished upon them. But the family insistence often goes much further than this. It demands not only that its young people shall recompense it for what it has done for them, but that they do it in the kind of work and vocation that shall seem proper to it. How often, when the youth or girl is on the point of choosing a congenial occupation or profession, does the family council step in and, with the utmost apparent good-will in the world, dictate differently! And too often the motives are really policy or ambition, or, at best, sheer prejudice. If the youth be not persuaded, then he must bear the brunt of lonely toil without the sympathy or support of those most dear to him. Far harder is the lot of the young woman. For there is still so much prejudice against a girl's performing useful work in society, apart from her God-given duty of getting married, that her initiative is crushed at the very beginning. The need of cultivating some particular talent or interest, even if she has not to earn her living, seems to be seldom felt. Yet women, with their narrower life, have a greater need of sane and vigorous spiritual habits than do men. It is imperative that a girl be prevented from growing up into a useless, fleshly, and trivial woman, of the type one sees so much of nowadays. Even if a girl does marry, a few intellectual interests and gifts and tastes will not be found to detract from her charm or usefulness. The world never needed so much as it does to-day women of large hearts and large minds, whose home and sphere are capable of embracing something beyond the four corners of their kitchen. And the world can get such women only by allowing them the initiative and opportunity to acquire varied interests and qualities while they are young.

The family often forges sentimental bonds to keep it living together long after the motive and desire have departed. There

is no group so uncongenial as an uncongenial family. The constant rubbing together accentuates all the divergencies and misunderstandings. Yet sometimes a family whose members are hopelessly mismated will cling together through sheer inertia or through a conscientious feeling of duty. And duty to too many of us is simply a stimulus to that curious love for futile suffering that forms one of the darker qualities of the puritan soul. Family duty may not only warp and mutilate many a life that would bloom healthily outside in another environment, but it may actually mean the pauperization of the weaker members. The claims of members of the family upon each other are often overwhelming, and still more often quite fictitious in their justice. Yet that old feeling of the indissolubility of the family will often allow the weak, who might, if forced to shift for themselves, become strong, to suck the lifeblood from the stronger members. Coöperation, when it is free and spontaneous and on a basis of congeniality, is the foundation of all social life and progress, but forced cohesion can do little good. The average family is about as well mated as any similar group would be, picked out at random from society. And this means, where the supersition of indissolubility is still effective, that the members share not only all the benefits, but also all each others' shortcomings and irritations. Family life thus not only presses upon its youth to conform to its customs and habits and to the opinions of the little social world in which it lives, but also drags its youth down with its claims and warps it by its tension of uncongeniality, checks its spontaneity by its lack of appreciation, and injures its soul by friction and misunderstanding.

This family pressure upon youth is serious, and potent for much good and evil in his later life. It is necessary that he understand how to analyze it without passion or prejudice, and find out just how he can dodge the unfavorable pressure without injury to the love that is borne him or the love that he bears to the others. But let him not believe that his love is best shown by submission. It is best shown by a resolute determination and assertion of his own individuality. Only he must know, without the cavil of a doubt, what that individuality is; he must have a real imaginative anticipation of its potentiali-

ties. Only with this intuition will he know where to dodge and how to dodge.

It is true that the modern generation seems to be changing all this. Family cohesion and authority no longer mean what they did even twenty years ago. The youth of to-day are wilful, selfish, heartless, in their rebellion. They are changing the system blindly and blunderingly. They feel the pressure, and without stopping to ask questions or analyze the situation, they burst the doors and flee away. Their seeming initiative is more animal spirits than anything else. They have exploded the myth that their elders have any superhuman wisdom of experience to share with them, or any incontrovertible philosophy of life with which to guide their wandering footsteps. But it must be admitted that most have failed so far to find a wisdom and a philosophy to take its place. They have too often thrown away the benefits of family influence on account of mere trivialities of misunderstanding. They have not waited for the real warpings of initiative, the real pressure of prejudice, but have kicked up their heels at the first breath of authority. They have not so much dodged the pressure as fled it altogether. Instead of being intent on brushing away the annoying obstacles that interfered with the free growth of their own worthier selves, they have mistaken the means for the end, and have merely brushed off the interferences, without first having any consciousness of that worthier self. Now of course this is no solution. It is only as they substitute for the authority that they throw off a definite authority of their own, crystallized out of their own ideals and purposes, that they will gain or help others to gain. For lack of a vision the people perish. For lack of a vision of their own personalities, and the fresh, free, aggressive, forward, fearless, radical life that we all ought to lead, and could lead if we only had the imagination for it, the youth of to-day will cast off the narrowing, confining fetters of authority only to wander without any light at all. This is not to say that this aimless wandering is not better than the prison-house, but it is to say that the emancipation of the spirit is insufficient without a new means of spiritual livelihood to take its place. The youth of to-day cannot rest on their liberation; they must see their freedom as simply the setting free of

forces within themselves for a cleaner, sincerer life, and for radical work in society. The road is cut out before them by pioneers; they have but to let themselves grow out in that direction.

I have painted the family pressures in this somewhat lurid hue because they are patterns of the other attacks which are made upon the youth as he meets the world. The family is a little microcosm, a sheltered group where youth feels all those currents of influence that sway men in their social life. Some of them are exaggerated, some perverted, but they are most of them there in that little world. It is no new discovery that in family life one can find heaven or one can find hell. The only pressure that is practically absent in the family is the economic pressure, by which I mean the inducements, and even necessities, that a youth is under of conforming to codes or customs and changing his ideals and ideas, when he comes to earn his livelihood. This pressure affects him as soon as he looks for an opening, as he calls it, in which to make his living. At that time all this talk of natural talents or bents or interests begins to sound far away and ideal. He soon finds that these things have no commercial value in themselves and will go but a short way toward providing him with his living. The majority of us "go to work" as soon as our short "education" is completed, if not before, and we go not by choice, but wherever opportunity is given. Hence the ridiculous misfits, the apathy, the restlessness and discontent. The world of young people around us seems too largely to be one where both men and girls are engaged in work in which they have no interest, and for which they have no aptitude. They are mournfully fettered to their work; all they can seem to do is to make the best of it, and snatch out of the free moments what pleasure and exhilaration they can. They have little hope for a change. There is too much of a scramble for places in this busy, crowded world, to make a change anything but hazardous. It is true that restlessness often forces a change, but it is rarely for the better, or in the line of any natural choice or interest. One leaves one's job, but then one takes thankfully the first job that presents itself; the last state may be worse than the first. By this economic pressure most of us are sidetracked, turned off from our natural

path, and fastened irrevocably to some work that we could only acquire an interest in at the expense of our souls.

It is a pressure, too, that cannot easily be dodged. We can frankly recognize our defeat, plunge boldly at the work and make it a part of ourselves; this course of action, which most of us adopt, is really, however, simply an unconditional surrender. We can drift along apathetically, without interest either in our work or our own personalities; this course is even more disastrous. Or we can quietly wait until we have found the vocation that guarantees the success of our personalities; this course is an ideal that is possible to very few. And yet, did we but know it, a little thought at the beginning would often have prevented the misfit, and a little boldness when one has discovered the misfit would often have secured the favorable change. That self-recognition, which is the only basis for a genuine spiritual success in life, is the thing that too many of us lack. The apathy comes from a real ignorance of what our true work is. Then we are twice a slave,—a prey to our circumstance and a prey to our ignorance.

Like all discoveries, what one's work is can be found only by experiment. But this can often be an imaginative experiment. One can take an "inventory of one's personality," and discover one's interests, and the kind of activity one feels at home with or takes joy in. Yet it is true that there are many qualities which cannot be discovered by the imagination, which need the fairy touch of actual use to develop them. There is no royal road to this success. Here the obstacles are usually too thick to be dodged. We do not often enough recognize the incredible stupidity of our civilization where so much of the work is uninteresting and monotonous. That we should consider it a sort of triumph that a man like Mr. John Burroughs should have been able to live his life as he chose, travel along his own highroad, and develop himself in his own natural direction, is a curious reflection on our ideals of success and on the incompleteness of our civilization. Such a man has triumphed, however, because he has known what to dodge. He has not been crushed by the social opinion of his little world, or lured by specious success, or fettered by his "job," or hood-

winked by prejudice. He has kept his spirit clear and pure straight through life. It would be well for modern youth if they could let an ideal like this color their lives, and permeate all their thoughts and ambitions. It would be well if they could keep before them such an ideal as a pillar of fire by day and a cloud by night.

If we cannot dodge this economic pressure, at least we can face it. If we are situated so that we have no choice in regard to our work, we may still resist the influences which its uncongeniality would bring to bear upon us. This is not done by forcing an interest in it, or liking for it. If the work is socially wasteful or useless or even pernicious, as so much business and industrial work to-day is, it is our bounden duty not to be interested in it or to like it. We should not be playing our right place in society if we enjoyed such a prostitution of energies. One of the most insidious of the economic pressures is this awaking the interest of youth in useless and wasteful work, work that takes away energy from production to dissipate in barter and speculation and all the thousand ways that men have discovered of causing money to flow from one pocket to another without the transference of any fair equivalent of real wealth. We can dodge these pressures not by immolating ourselves, but by letting the routine work lie very lightly on our soul. We can understand clearly the nature and effects of this useless work we are doing, and keep it from either alluring or smothering us. We can cultivate a disinterested aloofness toward it, and keep from breathing its poisonous atmosphere. The extra hours we can fill with real interests, and make them glow with an intensity that will make our life almost as rich as if we were wholly given over to a real lifework. We can thus live in two worlds, one of which is the more precious because it is one of freedom from very real oppression. And that oppression will seem light because it has the reverse shield of liberty. If we do drudgery, it must be our care to see that it does not stifle us. The one thing needful in all our work and play is that we should always be on top, that our true personality should always be in control. Our life must not be passive, running simply by the momentum furnished by another; it

must have the motive power within itself; although it gets the fuel from the stimulation of the world about it, the steam and power must be manufactured within itself.

These counsels of aloofness from drudgery suggest the possibilities of avoiding the economic pressures where they are too heavy completely to dodge, and where the work is an irrevocable misfit. But the pressures of success are even more deadly than those of routine. How early is one affected by that first pressure of worldly opinion which says that lack of success in business or a profession is disgraceful! The one devil of our modern world is failure, and many are the charms used by the medicine men to ward him away. If we lived in a state of society where virtue was its own reward, where our actions were automatically measured and our rewards duly proportioned to our efforts, a lack of success would be a real indication of weakness and flaw, or, at best, ill-preparation. But where business success is largely dependent on the possession of capital, a lucky risk, the ability to intimidate or deceive, and where professional success is so often dependent upon self-assertion or some irrelevant but pleasing trait of personality, failure means nothing more than bad luck, or, at most, inability to please those clients to whom one has made one's appeal. To dodge this pressure of fancied failure and humiliation is to have gone a long way toward guaranteeing one's real success. We are justified in adopting a pharisaical attitude toward success,—"Lord, I thank thee that I have not succeeded as other men have!" To have judged one's self by the inner standards of truth to one's own personality, to count the consciousness of having done well, regardless of the corroboration of a public, as success, is to have avoided this most discouraging of pressures.

It is even doubtful whether business or professional success, except in the domain of science and art, can be attained without a certain betrayal of soul. The betrayal may have been small, but at some point one has been compressed, one has yielded to alien forces and conformed to what the heart did not give assent to. It may be that one has kept silent when one should have spoken, that one has feigned interests and enthusiasms, or done work that one knew was idle and useless, in order to

achieve some goal; but always that goal has been reached not spontaneously but under a foreign pressure. More often than not the fortunate one has not felt the direct pressure, has not been quite conscious of the sacrifice, but only vaguely uneasy and aware that all was not right within him, and has won his peace only by drugging his uneasiness with visions of the final triumph. The pressure is always upon him to keep silent and conform. He must not only adopt all the outward forms and ceremonies, as in the family and social life, but he must also adopt the traditional ideals.

The novice soon finds that he is expected to defend the citadel, even against his own heresies. The lawyer who finds anomalies in the law, injustice in the courts, is not encouraged to publish abroad his facts, or make proposals for reform. The student who finds antiquated method, erroneous hypotheses in his subject, is not expected to use his knowledge and his genius to remodel the study. The minister who comes upon new and living interpretations for his old creeds is not encouraged to speak forth the truth that is in him. Nor is the business man who finds corrupt practices in his business encouraged to give the secrets away. There is a constant social pressure on these "reformers" to leave things alone.

And this does not arise from any corrupt connivance with the wrong, or from any sympathy with the evildoers. The cry rises equally from the corrupt and the holy, from the men who are responsible for the abuses and those who are innocent, from those who know of them and those who do not. It is simply the instinctive reaction of the herd against anything that savors of the unusual; it is the tendency of every social group simply to resist change. This alarm at innovation is universal, from college presidents to Catholic peasants, in fashionable club or sewing circle or political party. On the radical there is immediately brought, without examination, without reason or excuse, the whole pressure of the organization to stultify his vision and force him back into the required grooves. The methods employed are many: a warning is issued against him as being unsound and unsafe; his motive is to make trouble, or revenge himself on the directors for some slight; finally he is solemnly pilloried as an "enemy of the people." Excellent

reasons are discovered for his suppression. Effective working of an organization requires coöperation, but also subordination; in the interests of efficiency, therefore, individual opinion cannot be allowed full sway. The reputation of the organization before the world depends on its presenting a harmonious and united front; internal disagreements and criticisms tend to destroy the respect of the public. Smoothness of working is imperative; a certain individual liberty must, therefore, be sacrificed for the success of the organization. And if these plausible excuses fail, there is always the appeal to authority and to tried and tested experience. Now all these reasons are simply apologies brought up after the fact to justify the first instinctive reaction. What they all mean is this, and only this: He would unsettle things; away with him!

In olden times, they had sterner ways of enforcing these pressures. But although the stake and dungeon have disappeared, the spirit of conservatism does not seem to have changed very much. Educated men still defend the hoariest abuses, still stand sponsor for utterly antiquated laws and ideals. That is why the youth of this generation has to be so suspicious of those who seem to speak authoritatively. He knows not whom he can trust, for few there are who speak from their own inner conviction. Most of our leaders and molders of public opinion speak simply as puppets pulled by the strings of the conservative bigotry of their class or group. It is well that the youth of to-day should know this, for the knowledge will go far toward steeling him against that most insidious form of pressure that comes from the intellectual and spiritual prestige of successful and honored men. When youth sees that a large part of their success has been simply their succumbing to social pressure, and that their honor is based largely on the fact that they do not annoy vested interests with proposals or agitations for betterment, he will seek to discover new standards of success, and find his prophets and guides among the less fortunate, perhaps, but among those who have retained their real integrity. This numbing palsy of conservative assent which steals over so many brilliant and sincere young men as they are subjected to the influence of prestige and authority in their profession is the most dangerous disease that threatens youth. It

can be resisted only by constant criticism and candid vigilance. "Prove all things; hold fast to that which is good," should be the motto of the intellectual life. Only by testing and comparing all the ideals that are presented to one is it possible to dodge that pressure of authority that would crush the soul's original enthusiasms and beliefs. Not doubt but convention is the real enemy of youth.

Yet these spiritual pressures are comparatively easy to dodge when one is once awake to them. It is the physical pressure that those in power are able to bring to bear upon the dissenter that constitutes the real problem. The weak man soon becomes convinced of his hardihood and audacity in supposing that his ideas could be more valuable than the running tradition, and recants his heresies. But those who stick stiff-neckedly out are soon crushed. When the youth is settled in life, has trained for his profession and burned his bridges behind him, it means a great deal to combat authority. For those in power can make use of the economic pressure to force him to conformity. It is the shame of our universities that they are giving constant illustrations of this use of arbitrary power, directed usually against nonconformity in social and political opinion. Recent examples show the length to which even these supposedly enlightened institutions are willing to go to prevent social heresy in their midst. Often such harsh measures are not needed. A subtle appeal to a man's honor is effective. "While you are a member of a society," it is said, "it is your duty to think in harmony with its ideals and policies. If you no longer agree with those ideals, it is your duty to withdraw. You can fight honorably for your own ideas only from the outside." All that need be said about this doctrine, so fair and reasonable on the surface, is that it contains all the philosophic support that would perpetuate the evil of the world forever. For it means attacking vested evil from the weakest vantage-point; it means wilfully withdrawing to the greatest distance, shooting one's puny arrows at the citadel, and then expecting to capture it. It means also to deny any possibility of progress within the organization itself. For as soon as dissent from the common inertia developed, it would be automatically eliminated. It is a principle, of course, that plays directly into the hands of the conserva-

tors. It is an appeal to honor that is dishonorable. Let it seduce no man's sincerity!

The principal object of every organization, as every youth soon discovers who feels dissatisfaction with the policies of church, club, college, or party, is to remain true to type. Each is organized with a central vigilance committee, whose ostensible function is direction, but whose real business is to resist threatening change and keep matters as they are. The ideal is smoothness; every part of the machine is expected to run along in its well-oiled groove. Youths who have tried to introduce their new ideas into such organizations know the weight of this fearful resistance. It seems usually as if all the wisdom and experience of these elders had taught them only the excellence of doing nothing at all. Their favorite epithet for those who have individual opinions is "trouble-makers," forgetting that men do not run the risk of the unpopularity and opprobrium that aggressiveness always causes, for the sheer love of making trouble. Through an instinct of self-preservation, such an organization always places loyalty above truth, the permanence of the organization above the permanence of its principles. Even in churches we are told that to alter one's opinion of a creed to which one has once given allegiance is basely to betray one's higher nature. These are the pressures that keep wavering men in the footpaths where they have once put their feet, and stunt their truer, growing selves. How many souls a false loyalty has blunted none can say; perhaps almost as many as false duty!

In the dodging of these pressures many a man finds the real spiritual battle of his life. They are a challenge to all his courage and faith. Unless he understands their nature, his defeat will bring despair or cynicism. When the group is weak and he is strong, he may resist successfully, press back in his turn, actually create a public opinion that will support him, and transfuse it all with his new spirit and attitude. Fortunate, indeed, is he who cannot only dodge these pressures but dissolve them! If he is weak and his efforts are useless, and the pressure threatens to crush him, he would better withdraw and let the organization go to its own diseased perdition. If he can remain within without sacrifice to his principles, this is

well, for then he has a vantage-ground for the enunciation of those principles. Eternal vigilance, however, is the price of his liberty.

The secret ambition of the group seems to be to turn out all its members as nearly alike as possible. It seeks to create a type to which all new adherents shall be molded. Each group, then, that we have relations with is ceaselessly working to mold us to its type and pattern. It is this marvelous unseen power that a group has of forming after its own image all that come under its influence, that conquers men. It has the two instincts of self-preservation and propagation strongly developed, and we tend unthinkingly to measure its value in terms of its success in the expression of those instincts. Rather should it be measured always in terms of its ability to create and stimulate varied individuality. This is the new ideal of social life. This is what makes it so imperative that young men of to-day should recognize and dodge the pressures that would thwart the assertion of this ideal. The aim of the group must be to cultivate personality, leaving open the road for each to follow his own. The bond of cohesion will be the common direction in which those roads point, but this is far from saying that all the travelers must be alike. It is enough that there be a common aim and a common ideal.

Societies are rarely content with this, however; they demand a close mechanical similarity, and a conformity to a reactionary and not a progressive type. If we would be resolute in turning our gaze toward the common aim, and dodging the pressure of the common pattern, our family, business, and social life would be filled with a new spirit. We can scarcely imagine the achievement and liberation that would result. Individuality would come to its own; it would no longer be suspect. Youth would no longer be fettered and bound, but would come to its own as the leaven and even leader of life. Men would worship progress as they now worship stagnation; their ideal in working together would be a living effectiveness instead of a mechanical efficiency.

This gospel is no call to ease and comfort. It is rather one of peril. The youth of this generation will not be so lightly seduced, or go so innocently into the bonds of conservatism

and convention, under the impression that they are following the inspired road to success. Their consciences will be more delicate. They know now the dangers that confront them and the road they are called on to tread. It is not an easy road. It is beset with opportunities for real eccentricity, for selfishness, for wilfulness, for mere bravado. It would be surprising, after the long premium that had been placed on the pattern, not to see a reaction in favor of sheer freakishness. Many of our modern radicals are examples of this reaction. Yet their method is so sound, their goal so clear and noble, their spirit so sincere, that they are true pioneers of the new individuality. Their raciness is but the raciness of all pioneers everywhere. And much of their irresponsibility is a result of that intolerable pressure against which they are revolting. They have dodged it, but it dogs them and concentrates itself sullenly behind them to punish them for their temerity. The scorn of the world hurts and hampers them. That ridicule which the family employed against deviation is employed in all large social movements against the innovators. Yet slowly and surely the new social ideal makes its way.

It is not a call to the surrendering of obligations, in family or business or profession, but it is a call to the criticism of obligations. Youth must distinguish carefully between the essential duties and the non-essential, between those which make for the realization of the best common ideals, and those which make merely for the maintenance of a dogma or unchallenged superstition. By resisting the pressures that would warp, do we really best serve society; by allowing our free personality to develop, do we contribute most to the common good. We must recognize that our real duty is always found running in the direction of our worthiest desires. No duty that runs roughshod over the personality can have a legitimate claim upon us. We serve by being as well as by doing.

It is easy to distort this teaching into a counsel to unbridled selfishness. And that, of course, is the risk. But shall we not dare to take the risk? It may be also that in our care to dodge the pressures, we may lose all the inestimable influences of good that come along mixed in with the hurtful. But shall we not take the risk? Our judgments can only grow by exercise;

we can only learn by constantly discriminating. Self-recognition is necessary to know one's road, but, knowing the road, the price of the mistakes and perils is worth paying. The following of that road will be all the discipline one needs. Discipline does not mean being molded by outside forces, but sticking to one's road against the forces that would deflect or bury the soul. People speak of finding one's niche in the world. Society, as we have seen, is one vast conspiracy for carving one into the kind of a statue it likes, and then placing it in the most convenient niche it has. But for us, not the niche but the open road, with the spirit always traveling, always criticizing, always learning, always escaping the pressures that threaten its integrity. With its own fresh power it will keep strong and true to the journey's end.

QUESTIONS ON THE TEXT

1. What are the forces which hinder the living of a sincere life?
2. Wherein have the wise men of the past failed in their advice to youth?
3. What blocks and thwarts the natural development of youth?
4. What is the danger to youth in modeling their lives after successful men?
5. At what price is youth guaranteed popularity and fortune?
6. What uses do conservative forces make youth serve?
7. In what direction lies youth's salvation?
8. What are the first and second duties of the youth who would make the most of his life?
9. What is the cause of outbursts of whimsicality and eccentricity? Who is the truly eccentric man?
10. Why is the conventional man the most unnatural of persons?
11. What is the one unpardonable sin of youth?
12. What pressures to conform are brought to bear upon children? Upon the growing youth? Upon young men and women?
13. Do *you* have to render military obedience to your social set?
14. Are *your* family a sort of supreme court over your relations in life?
15. What is the most powerful weapon of control the family has?
16. Should the family choose vocations for its children?
17. What does the author say of the need of careers for women?
18. Should the family be held together for sentimental reasons? From a sense of duty?
19. Should family obligations be allowed to ruin individual lives?
20. How is one's love for one's family best shown?
21. Has youth to-day, in dodging its pressures, found any satisfactory philosophy of control to take their place?
22. What are the results of economic pressure?

23. Why are so many people misfits in the work they undertake?
24. What three courses are open to the person who finds himself a misfit in his work?
25. How can we find our real work in life?
26. What attitude does the author advise for persons who must do useless work?
27. Is failure in business or a profession necessarily a disgrace?
28. Can a man succeed in business or a profession to-day without "a certain betrayal of soul"?
29. Is the attitude of the group always against change? What reasons does business find for suppressing the radical?
30. Why does youth distrust the utterances of its middle-aged leaders?
31. Should one withdraw from an organization before he criticizes it?
32. What pressures arise from a man's membership in various organizations?
33. What is always the aim of the group? What should it be?
34. To what extremes is the reaction from conformity likely to go?
35. Do you agree that youth must be critical of obligations?
36. By what means do we contribute most to the common good?
37. Will following the open road give one all the self-discipline he needs?
38. Refute Mr. Bourne's arguments by showing, at as many points as you can, that there is a higher heroism in accepting pressures than in dodging them.

LEADING ONE'S OWN LIFE

All-night discussions in college dormitories are wont to run on the subject of leading one's own life. Conventions are pooh-poohed. Laws of society are laughed at, and are all set aside before the great desire to be individual.

What do we college students mean when we cry for individualism? Certainly we do not desire to *be* different, for that would be easy enough to accomplish. Anyone by diverging from the normal may be as whimsical or as eccentric as he pleases. It isn't that we desire to *appear* different, or we would not apply ourselves whole-heartedly to a slavish study of the prevailing dictates of style and fashion in collegiate clothes. It isn't that we desire to *act* differently, for our main object at college seems to be that of going to the accepted places and doing the accepted things.

If the desire for individuality, then, does not consist in being different, looking different, or even in wanting to act differently, in what does it consist?

I think that when these college discussions are closely analyzed the desire to be individual is distilled down to a longing for personal freedom. Dormitory rules and faculty-made conventions are about all that are rebelled against. Students do not seem very anxious to advocate radical economic theories. They aren't enough interested in companionate marriage even to learn what it is, and they do not have enough desire for true individualism to develop their own minds. They are merely canaries breaking their wings on the gilded bars of their cages. Were they really set free in the woods, they wouldn't know what to do.

E. C.

THEME SUBJECTS

1. The "Yes" Man
2. Leading One's Own Life
3. Accepting Legitimate Pressures
4. Why I Am (or Am Not) a "Joiner"
5. Belonging to the Right Social Set
6. The Sacred Duty of Preserving One's Individuality
7. Should the Family Dictate a Son's Vocation (a Daughter's Marriage)?
8. Compromising with Life
9. The Freedom of Modern Youth
10. Is Family Life Breaking Up in America?
11. Liberty *vs.* Self-Discipline
12. Are Radicals a Nuisance?
13. The Tyranny of One's Family (Social Group, Church, Friends, Club, Business, Profession)
14. Social Pressures: Avoidable or Inevitable?
15. The Dangers of Conformity
16. The Penalty of Eccentricity
17. Why I Like (or Dislike) Eccentric People
18. Why I Am Afraid of Ridicule
19. Has Modern Youth a Workable Philosophy of Life?
20. Choosing a Life Work
21. Round Pegs in Square Holes
22. Should a Woman Have a Career?
23. The World's View of Success (or Failure)
24. My Definition of Success (or Failure)
25. A Successful Man
26. The Saddest Failure I Ever Knew
27. Selling One's Soul for Success
28. A Man Who Failed
29. The Pressure Against Reform
30. Must Individual Liberty Be Sacrificed to Group Success?
31. The Cult of Being Different
32. Dangerous Cranks
33. Are Individualists Poor Sports?
34. The Innate Conservatism of Organized Groups
35. The Dodging of Responsibilities
36. Is Youth Aware of the Pressures of Life?
37. The Pressure of Tradition
38. The Dangers of Over-organization
39. Following the Crowd
40. The Ludicrous Pressure of Style
41. The Value of Organizations to Society

THE CASE FOR WORLD PEACE

WAR [1]

George Santayana

To fight is a radical instinct; if men have nothing else to fight over they will fight over words, fancies, or women, or they will fight because they dislike each other's looks, or because they have met walking in opposite directions. To knock a thing down, especially if it is cocked at an arrogant angle, is a deep delight to the blood. To fight for a reason and in a calculating spirit is something your true warrior despises; even a coward might screw his courage up to such a reasonable conflict. The joy and glory of fighting lie in its pure spontaneity and consequent generosity; you are not fighting for gain, but for sport and for victory. Victory, no doubt, has its fruits for the victor. If fighting were not a possible means of livelihood the bellicose instinct could never have established itself in any long-lived race. A few men can live on plunder, just as there is room in the world for some beasts of prey; other men are reduced to living on industry, just as there are diligent bees, ants, and herbivorous kine. But victory need have no good fruits for the people whose army is victorious. That it sometimes does so is an ulterior and blessed circumstance hardly to be reckoned upon.

Since barbarism has its pleasures it naturally has its apologists. There are panegyrists of war who say that without a periodical bleeding a race decays and loses its manhood. Experience is directly opposed to this shameless assertion. It is war that wastes a nation's wealth, chokes its industries, kills its flower, narrows its sympathies, condemns it to be governed by adventurers, and leaves the puny, deformed, and unmanly to breed the next generation. Internecine war, foreign and

[1] From *Little Essays*. Printed in Great Britain. Charles Scribner's Sons are the American publishers.

civil, brought about the greatest setback which the life of reason has ever suffered; it exterminated the Greek and Italian aristocracies. Instead of being descended from heroes, modern nations are descended from slaves; and it is not their bodies only that show it. After a long peace, if the conditions of life are propitious, we observe a people's energies bursting their barriers; they become aggressive on the strength they have stored up in their remote and unchecked development. It is the unmutilated race, fresh from the struggle with nature (in which the best survive, while in war it is often the best that perish), that descends victoriously into the arena of nations and conquers disciplined armies at the first blow, becomes the military aristocracy of the next epoch and is itself ultimately sapped and decimated by luxury and battle, and merged at last into the ignoble conglomerate beneath. Then, perhaps, in some other virgin country a genuine humanity is again found, capable of victory because unbled by war. To call war the soil of courage and virtue is like calling debauchery the soil of love.

Blind courage is an animal virtue indispensable in a world full of dangers and evils where a certain insensibility and dash are requisite to skirt the precipice without vertigo. Such animal courage seems therefore beautiful rather than desperate or cruel, and being the lowest and most instinctive of virtues it is the one most widely and sincerely admired. In the form of steadiness under risks rationally taken, and perseverance so long as there is a chance of success, courage is a true virtue; but it ceases to be one when the love of danger, a useful passion when danger is unavoidable, begins to lead men into evils which it was unnecessary to face. Bravado, provocativeness, and a gambler's instinct, with a love of hitting hard for the sake of exercise, is a temper which ought already to be counted among the vices rather than the virtues of man. To delight in war is a merit in the soldier, a dangerous quality in the captain, and a positive crime in the statesman.

The panegyrist of war places himself on the lowest level on which a moralist or patriot can stand and shows as great a want of refined feeling as of right reason. For the glories of war are all blood-stained, delirious, and infected with crime; the combative instinct is a savage prompting by which one

man's good is found in another's evil. The existence of such a contradiction in the moral world is the original sin of nature, whence flows every other wrong. He is a willing accomplice of that perversity in things who delights in another's discomfiture or in his own, and craves the blind tension of plunging into danger without reason, or the idiot's pleasure in facing a pure chance. To find joy in another's trouble is, as man is constituted, not unnatural, though it is wicked; and to find joy in one's own trouble, though it be madness, is not yet impossible for man. These are the chaotic depths of that dreaming nature out of which humanity has to grow.

QUESTIONS ON THE TEXT

1. Do men have a valid reason for fighting?
2. What element of generosity is there in fighting?
3. What has established the bellicose instinct in the human race?
4. Do men fight primarily for gain?
5. Does war toughen racial fiber?
6. What is the effect of war on a nation?
7. What proof is there that modern nations are descended from slaves?
8. How does war differ from nature in the contest for survival?
9. What sort of virtue is courage? Why is it so admired?
10. In what form is courage a true virtue? In what form a vice?
11. Why is it criminal for a statesman to delight in war?
12. What are the glories of war as Santayana describes them?
13. Why is finding joy in another's trouble wicked?
14. Is it right to find joy in your own trouble?
15. Was Woodrow Wilson's "Too proud to fight" a high or a foolish ideal?
16. Are strenuous games a substitute for fighting?
17. Are boys who "fight it out" likely to be the best of friends afterward? What of nations which "fight it out"?
18. Is it right to avoid fighting if someone attacks you?
19. Does unpreparedness invite attack?
20. Should industry be conscripted in future wars?
21. Should future wars be so conducted that profiteering will be eliminated?
22. Would you be willing to make money out of war?
23. Should only persons who want war do the fighting?
24. Do the common people of nations have any real reason for fighting each other?
25. Will wars ever be fought again for the glory of a ruler?
26. Should we accept the decision of an arbitration tribunal in favor of a nation weaker than ourselves?
27. Can reason rule men in time of war?

28. Why are "hymns of hate" sung in war time?
29. What are the instincts appealed to by war propaganda?

ECONOMIC ADVANTAGE: THE CAUSE OF WAR

International politics cannot be held solely responsible for having caused any war. It is true, however, that international politics do not usually function in such a manner as to prevent war.

It is generally conceded that international competition for economic supremacy is the major cause for war. Each nation has ambitions to rise to the same economic plane that is enjoyed by its neighbor. To attain a higher level of economic advantage it is often necessary for a nation to add to its territorial domain. This competition for additional territory is often regarded as the major cause for wars, but the contest over territory is but a minor part of the larger economic competition. I believe that the contest over territory is but one point of friction between competing nations.

It is an established fact that the wars between England and France in the eighteenth century were purely "economic" wars. Although the World War has been too recent for us to judge definitely the causes, it is apparent to me that they are the same as the causes of the Franco-British wars.

We often hear the pronouncement, "Germany was surrounded by a ring of enemies in 1914." Some men give this situation as the cause for the late war. It is true that Germany was surrounded by a "ring of enemies," which the Germans themselves termed "a ring of steel," but we must look into the conditions that brought this situation about if we are to determine the real causes of the war.

After the Battle of Waterloo, Great Britain was unquestionably the most powerful nation in the world throughout the nineteenth century. Great Britain has, since the days of Queen Elizabeth, possessed unquestionable economic solvency. In other words, Great Britain enjoyed an enviable position "at the top of the heap." Now, I shall endeavor to show how Germany set out to replace England in world leadership—and almost succeeded.

Headed by a group of astute militarists and statesmen, among whom the brilliant Bismarck was the outstanding figure, Germany advanced to the position of a world power during the nineteenth century. First, the various divisions of the present German Republic were united; then the Germans became imbued with the strong spirit of nationalism which they called "kultur." It was the constant aim of the German leaders to have the fatherland replace Great Britain "at the top of the heap." In the furtherance of this plan, Germany acquired a colonial empire, built a great merchant marine and an equally great fighting navy, developed all the resources at her command into tremendous manufacturing activity, and vied continually with England for the control of the various hinterlands which furnish so many products for a manufacturing nation. In short, Germany's army was far superior to England's; the German navy was next to the British navy in fighting strength; and Germany united all her powers in the desperate attempt to gain control of world trade—the only thing

in which England actually surpassed Germany. Now, it is clearly to be seen that the main issue of the contest narrows down to economic rivalry.

The fact was well known that war was inevitable if Germany persisted in her attempts to have German ships and German goods take the place of the Island Empire's carriers and products in the markets of the world. The next step is easily foreseen. Both nations allied themselves with powerful states in order that they should not be alone when the break came. England allied herself with Russia and France, and these three constituted the famous "ring of steel." I believe that the two nations actually feared the outcome if they were to fight it out alone. As the result of taking sides, by 1914 the powers of Europe were so enmeshed in alliances that an intra-European war was assured.

In this essay, I have endeavored to show that economic competition is the major cause for war. I believe that conditions and events prior to 1914 show conclusively that the Great War was a struggle for economic supremacy, and I am quite sure that if we study the background of the major wars in history we should arrive at the same conclusion. People are now wondering whether there will be a "next war." My answer to this question is that the next war will be upon us as soon as the economic life of a great power is seriously threatened. There is only one recourse in that situation. There can be no arbitration. Business means war.

G. P. G.

THEME SUBJECTS

1. Economic Advantage: The Cause of War
2. Instinct *vs.* Reason in War
3. Does War Toughen the Racial Fiber?
4. The Effect of War on Wealth and Industry (on National Stock, on National Ideals)
5. Is the Military Hero Too Highly Honored?
6. The Delusive Fruits of Military Victory
7. Nature Conserves the Best—War Destroys It
8. The Effect of Overemphasis on War in Histories
9. Public Opinion: The Greatest Deterrent of War
10. The Responsibility of Diplomats for War
11. The Intelligentsia and War
12. Conscientious Objections to War
13. Hymns of Hate
14. War Propaganda
15. Fighting—a Natural Animal Instinct
16. War Brings Out the Best (or Worst) in a Nation
17. Big Fleets or Good Roads?
18. A Big Army or More Schools?
19. Territorial Expansion: A Cause of War
20. Physical Courage *vs.* Moral Courage
21. Can War Be Defended?
22. The Outlawry of War
23. One Suggestion Toward a Plan for World Peace
24. World Brotherhood: A Workable Ideal

25. Preparedness: A Deterrent (or An Incentive) of War
26. Why I Support (or Oppose) a Large Army and Navy
27. The Profiteer: A Curse of Modern Warfare
28. Arbitration as the Solution of International Differences
29. The League of Nations: The Hope (or The Delusion) of Mankind
30. Why I Believe in (or Oppose) the League of Nations.

THE FUTURE OF MILITARISM [1]

G. Lowes Dickinson

The political relations of the European States have consisted for centuries past of war and preparation for war. In the present war,[2] this practice has culminated in a catastrophe which, it might seem, must lead to a reaction. Perhaps it may. But it certainly will not do so, unless it be by a deliberate and conscious change in the ideas and the wills of men. Meantime people already talk of the "next war." It is therefore important to make some forecast of what kind of a war that is likely to be, and, more generally, what kind of a future the continuation and extension of militarism would prepare for mankind.

A Russian general, Skugarewski, has recently attempted a forecast of the next war, which he anticipates in ten or twenty years, if Germany is not "conclusively conquered." He starts by remarking that every war he can remember, beginning from the Crimean War, was an "unprecedented" war; and his moral is that "humanity must at last learn how to prepare for war." "In the future struggle of nations all men capable of bearing arms will be taken into the ranks of the nations' armies, and for them everything will be ready in peace time." This will mean that Russia will have an army of forty millions and Germany of twenty millions. For an army of forty million men three hundred thousand officers will be required. To secure them "it will be necessary to introduce conscription for officers: all young men who have received not even complete middle-school education will be obliged to serve as officers." Further, it will be necessary to replace, so far as possible, by women the men who under existing arrangements are kept in the rear by non-combatant duties. Perhaps therefore "it will be neces-

[1] From *The Choice Before Us*. Copyright, 1917, by Dodd, Mead & Company. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

[2] This essay was written during the World War.

sary to introduce conscription for girls and childless widows, so that more men can be sent to the front." As to armaments, "there will be required for such an army one hundred thousand guns, a million maxims, tens of thousands of motor cars, armored, freight, and light cars. By the beginning of the war at least fifty million gun-projectiles must be prepared, and five thousand million rifle cartridges. Besides machine-gun detachments, each company of a regiment will have its portable machine guns on light stands." Aviation, of course, "will receive special development." "It is clear that in ten to twenty years every State will reckon the numbers of its dirigibles in thousands and the number of its aëroplanes in tens, if not hundreds of thousands. The dropping of shells from above on to large stretches of country will be extensively practised. And if the laws of war permit the application of inflammable materials and substances for the development of poisonous gases, then the raids of aërial flotillas will instantly convert large districts of several square versts into complete deserts where every vestige of animal and vegetable life will be slain and where large units of armies will be annihilated to a single man." The range of guns will be enormously increased and "perhaps Dover will be shelled from Calais." The general proceeds to estimate the cost of such a war at twenty millions a day. The peace establishment of Russia will cost a hundred millions a year.

"Besides the existing material conscriptions, it may perhaps be necessary to introduce conscription for grain, meat, and fodder. All industrial establishments—mills, factories, workshops, even handicraftsmen—on declaration of war will have to work for the army in accordance with a special plan of mobilization." In short, "expedients for the extermination of humanity will be of such a nature that everything of which we hear nowadays will pale in comparison. The number of killed will be reckoned by millions, of wounded by tens of millions."

This is not a romance by Mr. Wells. It is a very sober description, certainly not overdrawn, of what is likely to occur in that "next war" to which so many people are already looking forward. Let us carry the description a little further.

And, first, as to methods of war. It is as probable as anything can be that these will be of a kind which will make the

worst that has been done in this war seem by comparison like humanity and kindness. Not only will every weapon that has been used in this war be employed in the next, except those that have been rendered obsolete by the invention of worse ones, but science will have discovered new and far more destructive means of murder. We have long applied chemistry to war; but we have not begun to apply bacteriology. In the future, the deliberate spread of lethal diseases among the enemy is likely to be a principal and recognized method of destruction. Further the war will be waged, without any restriction, on non-combatants. Already a German professor has written a book to show that this is permitted by the "new" law of nations, created by the experiences of this war. And, of course, the logic of war is in favor of it, for a munition-worker, or a producer of any kind, is just as much helping the enemy to win the war as a soldier at the front.

We must therefore expect that in any future war any and every weapon of extermination will be used freely against non-combatants as well as combatants. Rules of war may be drawn up to prevent this. But the issues of a modern war are so tremendous, that such rules are likely to break at the first tension put upon them. One combatant succumbs to one temptation, another to another. Each breach of the law by one is followed by breaches by the others, under guise of reprisals. Neither religion, morals, nor humanity have availed to arrest this process in the present war. Why should we suppose they will be more potent in the future?

But destruction by war does not end with the lives of the immediate sufferers. Every man of sound stock who is killed childless extinguishes with himself whole generations. But it is the sound that are killed in war, and the unsound preserved, for it is the sound that are selected to go to the front. Further, among those that survive, men and women, the conditions of war tend to disseminate over wider and wider areas venereal and other diseases, and this again reacts upon the stock. So that, whoever wins or loses the war, winners and losers alike have impaired irremediably the strength of their nation. War may preserve liberty for posterity, but it is a posterity weakened and enfeebled that will enjoy it.

War, then, means not merely the destruction of the best among the living, but an irreparable impoverishment of the race; and that on a scale proportional to the scale of the war. But the scale of modern wars is world-wide. So, therefore, is the impoverishment. War is a way of racial suicide. Soldiers and statesmen do not think of such remote effects; but they do not cease to happen because they are not thought of. And in comparison with them victory or defeat, and the other results of war, are negligible in the balance.

Let us turn now from the biological to the social effects of war. War implies preparation for war. And if the international anarchy is to continue, so that States are compelled to arm against one another, each driving on each to ever more tremendous efforts, there can be no pause in the process and no limit to it. We have no right to dismiss as improbable, still less as impossible, any extremity that lies in the logic of the movement. Let us therefore without shrinking develop that logic to the full.

First, universal service will be introduced as a permanent institution into the countries that have hitherto escaped it; and it is probable that it will be organized on the complete Prussian model. There are, I am aware, some who look forward to what they call a "popular" army, such as is maintained in Switzerland and was proposed for France by Jaurès. Their idea is, first, that an army may be organized for defense only, and not for offense. Secondly, that it may be so organized that it cannot become the instrument of a military caste. A full discussion of these points is not possible here; but there are one or two obvious considerations which must be borne in mind. In the first place, there is not, and cannot be, any clear and universally accepted distinction between offense and defense, until there is an international agreement as to what shall constitute offense. Every nation in every war that I have ever heard of has claimed to be on the defensive. The mere act of declaring war, or of taking the first step in war, cannot be accepted as proof of aggression, for it may be merely a reasonable precaution of defense. It may be urged that the act of invasion should be the test of offense, and that an army of defense must never cross the frontier. But would any military

authority accept that view? And, in particular, is it applicable to this country,[1] where in any future war the transport of an army to the Continent will be the first necessity, if any of our continental allies are also involved? The Territorials were enlisted for home defense; and we see what has come of that, under the first pressure of war. The distinction, then, between an army for offense and an army for defense is unreal and must remain unreal, unless and until we have a system of international agreements and guarantees which would transform the whole situation out of which wars arise.

Secondly, whatever organization be adopted for an army, however short the period to be spent in barracks, however democratic the method of recruiting and promotion, it does not seem possible that a force on the modern scale of numbers and efficiency could be maintained without the aid of a very large class of professional officers, and without giving to these a large measure of social prestige and political influence. The British tradition, whereby the officer rarely appears in uniform, and is not felt in time of peace as an element in society or in politics, must disappear, it would seem, with the permanent adoption of universal service. The more numerous, highly-trained, and intelligent the officer caste, the more influential they will become. And as they will be trained exclusively for war, and will regard war both as their own sole business and as the sole business of the nation, they are not likely to abstain from bringing their influence to bear upon foreign policy. But such political influence of an officer caste is precisely one of the most important elements in militarism. And the moment officers begin to wear their uniforms in time of peace will be the moment when militarism starts to run its course in England.

In any case, whatever form of military organization be adopted, we shall have everywhere universal service; and that, as General Skugarewski foresees, on a scale hitherto unknown in history. Every man between the ages, let us say, of seventeen and fifty, will be liable to military service. Boys under seventeen will have compulsory "preliminary training" as boy scouts. in officers' training corps, and the like. Women and girls will be enrolled for the various non-combatant services—unless in-

[1] The author refers to England.

deed, which is quite possible, it be decided to raise combatant corps of amazons. In any case, the question of the fitness of people for military service, in character or temperament or conviction, will not enter into consideration. In the past, in pagan societies—ancient India, for example, or Japan—men were selected as soldiers by their own choice or by hereditary aptitude. In the twentieth century of Him who came to bring peace among mankind, we do not hesitate to compel all men into the army without reference to their aptitude or choice, and in defiance of their moral, religious, or political scruples. Thus, as conscription extends, so does the necessity of persecution. And if international war is to continue, persecution will be established as an institution in all countries.

Having forced the men (and the women it may be) into the army, the next thing will be to train them. What the object of military training is was once summed up as follows by a military officer. "The one object," he said, "of a military system is to overcome a man's natural reluctance to kill and to be killed. To accomplish this we have three devices. The first is to make the soldier more afraid of his own officers than he is of the enemy. The second is to convert him into an automaton by perpetual drill, so that he obeys instinctively every order given without any intervention of his own choice or will. The third device is a just cause." This last device is rather the business of the politicians than the soldiers, and it is one they very well understand. As to the others there seems to be some question, in modern warfare, as to the extent to which it is necessary to destroy the soldier's individuality. But it can hardly be doubtful that the more it is possible to overcome beforehand, not only his reluctance to kill and to be killed, but his squeamishness as to methods of killing, the better soldier he will be. And we may expect developments in this direction which would surprise and shock our present susceptibilities, formed, as they have been, in and for peace.

But to make a nation efficient for war it will not be enough to conscript the whole population, to train them in the use of any and every weapon, and to counteract their humane instincts. Much more important will be the religious and moral training.

The soul as well as the body of a good soldier must be militarized; and for this purpose a new direction must be given to the State religion. Exactly how revolutionary the change must be it is not easy to say. The attitude of the clergy in the present war has shown that the apparent teaching of the Gospels need not interfere with an enthusiastic support of war by ministers of a Christian Church; and that, in the view of many, the dispensation of Jesus left standing in full authority that of the God of the Jews. The Sermon on the Mount, we have been told in effect, was merely a string of amiable metaphors. The real Jesus Whom we are to treat as our Master was the one Who used the scourge of small cords in the Temple, not the one who bade us turn the other cheek. When He said, "Greater love hath no man than this, that he give his life for his friend," what He meant was that we are to kill our enemies. And when He said, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," He already by anticipation condemned those who, in the future, in His name, might refuse military service. This adaptability of Christianity, as professed by the Churches, suggests that its forms might still be preserved even in an era of universal militarism. Nor need we be troubled by the fact that Christianity is a universal religion, and that all Christians are supposed to worship the same God. For we have seen also, in this war, that each nation can claim, with the full support of its Church, that its national god is really the universal god; so that Christian nations may not only fight against one another with a good conscience, but each may be sure, in so doing, that it is fighting for the true God, Who is being denied by its enemies.

There seems, then, on the whole, good reason to think that the forms of Christianity may still continue to direct the militaristic societies of the future. At the same time we must make no mistake about the reality. The real religion of the future, if war is to continue, will be the religion of the God-State; for the essential requirement will be an unquestioning submission to the will of the State. It is this that has given such moral strength to the Germans in the present war, and the fact will be noted and its lesson applied by other nations.

QUESTIONS ON THE TEXT

1. What has been the basis of the political relations of European states?
2. According to Skugarewski: What will be the size of future armies? What will women do in the next war? What will be the type of armaments? What part will aviation play? What will be the cost of the next war? What will happen to industry? How many will be killed?
3. What new scientific methods will be used in the next war?
4. On what grounds will non-combatants not be spared in the next war?
5. Why do rules fail in warfare?
6. How is posterity weakened by war?
7. What are the real results of war's victories and defeats?
8. What are the social effects of war?
9. Can one tell an offensive from a defensive war?
10. What are the dangers of a professional soldier class?
11. Can an officer caste be avoided in a highly developed military state?
12. Is compulsory military training justified in American colleges?
13. What are three devices used in making good soldiers?
14. Can war and Christianity exist in the same world?
15. How do Christian countries justify their fighting each other?
16. Do you think that the religion of the future will be a God-State?
17. Does this essay present a fair view of the future of war?
18. What can stop the trend toward war?
19. Will education eradicate war?
20. What shall be the intelligent man's attitude toward war?
21. Is it a safe argument that future wars will become so horrible that they will not occur?

WAR IN THE FUTURE

War in the future will be a terrible thing. Not that it has not been terrible enough in the past, but henceforth it will be even more hideous. After each war in history people have said, "There will be no more wars. Now that new and more deadly weapons have been invented, it is incredible that men will be so heartless as to slaughter each other by such barbaric means." And yet after each war has come another and more awful one.

Each war has been fought on a larger and more terrifying scale than the one before. Armies in the future will consist of forty to fifty million men, and a war will involve all the nations of the world instead of three or four.

War in the future will be fought in the most appalling ways the human mind can conceive. Men, women, and children will be enlisted in the next war, the men to fight, and the women and children to take their places in industrial and agricultural activities.

Long-range guns will be so developed that they will shoot incredible distances. Poisonous gases will be so powerful that great areas of land will be made destitute of life, both human and plant, in an amazingly short time. Sea warfare will have developed: submarines will be more numerous and deadly, and battleships, larger and more invincible. A great

deal of the next war will take place in the air. Improvements in aviation are being made all the time, and distance is no longer a factor of defense for remote countries.

One of the most terrible ways in which future wars will be fought is by the use of disease germs. Once introduced into a country, they will spread until whole nations are struggling in the throes of dreadful epidemics. Millions of people will be killed in this manner. The new code of war says that non-participants are not to be spared, for in a sense they are participants in that they relieve the men at home so that they may go to war and fight.

Future wars will be fought in the fields and in the cities as well as on the battle-fronts. Grain, sugar, and other necessities of life must be raised for the nation and for the soldiers. These commodities are just as important in carrying on a successful war as the materials of actual warfare.

But where can all this lead? Will wars keep on becoming more and more tremendous until all men are destroyed? This nobody can answer,—and only time will tell.

D. T.

THEME SUBJECTS

1. War in the Future
2. The Menace of the War Machine
3. Why I Admire (or Despise) the Conscientious Objector
4. The Advantages and Disadvantages of Universal Military Training
5. Does War Give Us Elastic Consciences?
6. Chemistry and Bacteriology in the Next War
7. Is War Ever Justifiable?
8. Christianity and War
9. What Should the Church Stand For in the Next War?
10. Education: Can It Prevent War?
11. War Propaganda
12. Why Is Every War "Defensive"?
13. The Conscription of Industry in War
14. A Program for Outlawing War
15. War's Influence on Racial Stock
16. Civilized Barbarism
17. The Church of Mars
18. The Futility of Rules in Modern Warfare
19. A Plan for World Peace
20. Every Citizen—a Combatant in the War of the Future
21. Can Any Nation Win in Modern War?
22. Economic Competition: The Root of Twentieth Century War
23. Should the United States Prepare for War?
24. Can Arbitration Solve International Differences?
25. Is Another World War Impending?
26. A Woman's Place in War
27. Can a Nation Preserve Neutrality under Modern War Conditions?
28. What Noble Qualities in Men Are Revealed in War?
29. Can Military Training Be Justified on the Ground of Physical Development?
30. After the Next War Is Over

FREE SPEECH IN PEACE AND WAR[1]

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

(a) To an Anxious Friend

July 27, 1922.

You tell me that law is above freedom of utterance. And I reply that you can have no wise laws nor free enforcement of wise laws unless there is free expression of the wisdom of the people—and, alas, their folly with it. But if there is freedom, folly will die of its own poison, and the wisdom will survive. That is the history of the race. It is the proof of man's kinship with God. You say that freedom of utterance is not for time of stress, and I reply with the sad truth that only in time of stress is freedom of utterance in danger. No one questions it in calm days, because it is not needed. And the reverse is true also; only when free utterance is suppressed is it needed, and when it is needed, it is most vital to justice. Peace is good. But if you are interested in peace through force and without free discussion—that is to say, free utterance decently and in order—your interest in justice is slight. And peace without justice is tyranny, no matter how you may sugar-coat it with expediency. This state to-day is in more danger from suppression than from violence, because, in the end, suppression leads to violence. Violence, indeed, is the child of suppression. Whoever pleads for justice helps to keep the peace; and whoever tramples upon the plea for justice temperately made in the name of peace only outrages peace and kills something fine in the heart of man which God put there when we got our manhood. When that is killed, brute meets brute on each side of the line.

So, dear friend, put fear out of your heart. This nation will survive, this state will prosper, the orderly business of

[1] From the Emporia (Kansas) *Gazette*. Used by permission of the author.

life will go forward if only men can speak in whatever way given them to utter what their hearts hold—by voice, by posted card, by letter or by press. Reason never has failed men. Only force and repression have made the wrecks in the world.

(b) The Two Broken Old Men

February 1, 1921.

One at Washington, palsied and frail, who made war and brought a hundred million people into a great cataclysm that piled up debt for countless generations, and filled the land with hate and suspicion. In some future day the fruits of the war will ripen into righteousness, but now they are bitter persimmons. The war and all that it stands for—justly or unjustly—is accursed in the hearts of the people.

Another old man is working under the broiling sun in the federal prison at Atlanta. He stood up and denounced war—this war, all war—as God's curse upon the world. So the first old man sent the second old man to jail. The present, with its greed and suspicion and depression and hatreds, seems to justify this old man's curse upon war; yet he is in prison.

And on the other hand the future with its united world under a league of peace, "the federation of the world," for which the frail old man at Washington brought America into the war will justify that old man. But the two broken old men, each despising the immediate endeavor and the immediate aims of the other, yet both working for the same brotherhood of man, present a strange concord of discords that will merge into ultimate harmonies. Wilson and Debs, two sad old men, wrecks of the war!

(c) The Unpardonable Sin

April 26, 1922.

The one sin which society never forgives is that of the man or woman who opposes war, as war. To say forthright and boldly that dispute between nations may be settled by arbitrations, by conference, or by adjudication means in the mob's mind that you are a traitor to your country.

In every allied country the pacifist is called a pro-German. And in Germany the pacifist is called a pro-ally. For instance, read the record of the Countess Treuberg, the well-known German pacifist. Countess Treuberg will be recalled as the wife of the former chamberlain to the King of Bavaria.

During the war she came into conflict with German authorities by protesting in high quarters against the submarine campaign and by urging that Belgian women ought to be returned to Belgium instead of held in slavery in Germany. She was interned by the Germans. Early in July last she published a book, "Among Politicians and Diplomats," revealing in a frank manner the whole story of her activities during the war. Since the publication of her book German reactionary feeling has been infuriated against her.

Countess Treuberg stayed in Salzburg last December with her mother and children, and then noticed that her wide correspondence, mostly with English and American friends, was being opened. She complained to the German State Secretary, von Haniel, and on March 6, Countess Treuberg received an order to leave Austria immediately, issued by the Salzburg local authorities on the basis of a denunciatory order which read as follows:

"Countess Treuberg is the author of a book appearing at Strasburg which, especially in the matter of fixing responsibility for war guilt, threatens to damage the interests of the Austrian republic and the German Empire. She has solely frequented allied enemy subjects, mostly English and American, and is suspected of living by money given her by the Entente."

Countess Treuberg's appeal against the expulsion order was negatived, and she went to Vienna. She appealed to the Austrian Government, but was sent back to the German legation, where no one would receive her. Then she went to the Austrian police, who promised her protection, but asked her to sign a statement promising to keep quiet. This she refused to do. Finally she went to a high British official. A few days later she was informed by the police that they were willing to protect her in Vienna. She has now been privately informed by the German legation that the German Foreign Office is by no means in sympathy with the commissioner who issued the ex-

pulsion order. Since then German officers have thoroughly searched her rooms in Salzburg. She is afraid to return to Salzburg, having been informed that if she does she will be handed over to the Bavarians.

If she had murdered a man, she might have been pardoned. If she had stolen money, she could have got away with it. But to preach peace, to call attention to the criminal blunders of diplomats and rulers who bring on war for their own glory, and through their own stupidity—there was the scarlet sin, the crime unspeakable, the unforgivable iniquity.

How much better are we than the Germans? When a public man desires to cut down armament, and to provide for a tribunal where international differences may be settled—bang! go the guns against him.

QUESTIONS ON THE TEXT

1. Is law above freedom of utterance?
2. Should absolute freedom of speech be allowed in time of stress?
3. In what sense is freedom of speech necessary only in times of stress?
4. Does suppression of free speech lead to violence?
5. What is the relation of reason and suppression?
6. Which was right—Wilson or Debs?
7. Were the two old men aiming at the same ideal?
8. Were Wilson and Debs as surely casualties of the War as the men who died at the front?
9. Are the defeats of the moment often the ultimate victories?
10. Why is public opposition to war the unpardonable sin?
11. Do you admire or condemn Countess Treuberg?
12. Do you sanction the actions of the German officials toward the Countess?
13. Is it so much more serious to lay bare the roots of war than to murder or to steal?
14. Is the fate of the man who preaches peace in war time inevitable?
15. Is a man justified in standing for any opinion as long as he will abide by the consequences?
16. What are the fundamental sins of mankind?

MY ATTITUDE TOWARD WAR

War, I think, is the curse of the human race. This curse has remained with civilization from the time of Greece and Rome. Besides war, gladitorial combats, banishment, and slavery were the other institutions of that time. Civilization has been able to rid itself of these obnoxious institu-

tions with the exception of war. Now civilization must rid itself of war also. Something must take its place, and that something is universal peace. Hence, it is peace which should demand the attention of nations to-day.

I am so much in favor of peace that I might well be listed among extreme pacifists. A pacifist, such as Debs was, sometimes brings dishonor upon his country. I do not care to be that style of pacifist. I would much rather follow William Jennings Bryan. During peace, he fought for his pacifistic ideas, but during war, he remained silent. He did nothing which would bring about civil war in his country. He did not do anything that would make the country lose the war. He did everything that a red-blooded American of pacifistic ideas would do. He allowed his patriotism to come first and his personal ideas second. When our country is in actual war, it is our duty to forget our personal opinions. Our duty, then, in time of war, is to do everything for our country and nothing against it.

Would I fight for my nation in time of war? Yes. I think that there are very few soldiers who are so foolish as to *believe* in war. They fight for their nation's honor. They do not want to see their nation conquered. They want their homes and their families to be safe. Since there is not a true instrument of peace to stop a war that has already started, they fight. These are my reasons for saying that I would fight.

The past has seen the waste of lives. The past has seen a sacrifice by a mother, a father, a sister or a brother. The past has seen general havoc—a wild expenditure of money, a wreck of homes, a destruction of territory. The past has seen the nation in the wrong conquer the one in the right. The results of war, they say. Pages of our histories are filled with such tainted results of war.

And what of that war—the World War? History has recorded no greater slaughter of people. Regardless of any reasons for that war, it seems to me that it could have been prevented. Had the nations reacted against war, had the nations established a judicial system whose decisions were binding, then the blame for the murder of the Archduke of Austria could have been settled by peaceful means. But there was no such system. During peace the nations failed to work for the permanency of peace. War came and talk of peace was useless. Once started, the war had to be fought to a finish.

My purpose is to work now for an everlasting peace. The people have seen the cruel results of war. Surely, the nations are tired of war. It is time that we live and work for peace. It is time that nations do all in their power to establish peace. It is time that nations begin to expend for the good of peace rather than for the evils of war. There is for me, as there has no doubt been for thousands of others, the hope of the future in Longfellow's lines:

> Were half the power that fills the world with terror
> Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
> Given to redeem the human mind from error,
> There were no need of arsenals and forts:
>
> The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
> And every nation that should lift again
> Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
> Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!

G. L.

THEME SUBJECTS

1. Freedom of Speech
2. The Freedom of the Press
3. My Attitude Toward War
4. The Bravery of the Pacifist
5. Moral Courage *vs.* Physical Courage
6. Is Suppression of Thought Ever Justifiable?
7. The Victory of Defeat
8. The Curse of War
9. Present Discords: Ultimate Harmonies
10. What Are the Really Unpardonable Sins?
11. Arbitration as a Solution of War
12. Is War Propaganda Justifiable?
13. Does Suppression Breed Violence?
14. The Fallacy of Peace at Any Price

A POTENTIAL SUBSTITUTE FOR WAR[1]

PERCY MACKAYE

ON a battlefield of northern France the sun had just set. After hours of bloody fighting, the enemy had retreated. Except for the dead and dying, the field was almost deserted.

Seated on a round, stumplike object, one lonely figure, huge and forlorn, loomed in the crimson glow.

He was dressed in gorgeous regalia, almost unscotched by the grime of battle. His big shoulders drooped. In one hand he held a little rod of dark wood. He stared at it dumbly.

Suddenly out of the dusk a detachment of French troopers approached and surrounded him.

"Surrender, or be shot!"

The figure stirred with slow dignity, but deigned no reply. Instead he raised the little rod to his bearded face and kissed it.

Struck with curiosity, the Frenchmen—who were peasants—examined their prisoner more closely: Scarlet, blue, gold, orange—a superb uniform; the breast and shoulders gleaming with decorations, badges, and prismatic emblems!

Here was no common soldier in gray field-clothes. Not so; unmistakably he had the air of a commander—a dreamy pathos, a disdainful scorn of their presence.

Their Gallic imaginations took fire. They whispered together.

Whom could they have captured: a general?—a prince?

He carried no weapons, but—that little black rod: he had kissed it!

Might it be—? (They had heard of scepters.) Might this really be—a king—or the war-lord of some imperial principality, scornful of flight, grandly stoical in defeat?

Their peasant hearts fluttered.

"Who are you?" their leader asked in German.

[1] From *The North American Review*, May, 1915. Reprinted by permission.

"Who *I* am!" retorted the huge figure with melancholy disdain. "My God! I am the Imperial Band-Master."

This anecdote—cabled last autumn from the front to the American press—whether it be truth or fiction, conveys an apt symbol for the theme of this article.

Those French peasants showed a subtle intuition in their awed estimate of their prize. They had caught—not King nor Kaiser, to be sure, but a far mightier personage.

Throned on a drum and sceptered with a baton, clothed in the gorgeous habiliments of pageantry, the Imperial Band-Master—to-day as ever—is overlord of the battle-fields of Europe, the master director of all belligerents. Whoever wins, his throne is not shaken; though Czar or Kaiser fall, his scepter remains unchallenged. Empires and democracies alike are his domain, where he has lorded it over millions of loyal subjects for ten thousands of years. *"Vivat Imperator!" "Hoch der Kaiser!" "Vive la République!"* "God save the King!"—to the vast encore of those world plaudits he responds with perennial baton, and bows his smiling acknowledgments. For his domain, as old and elemental as man, is the empire of Art—the realm of music, color, dance, symbolism, pageantry, where his imperial palace is the theater.

Throughout human history this monarch of art has never been dethroned. He can never be dethroned, for he alone reigns by divine right—the might of imagination. Master director of his theater (in the soul of man), he has even sought his most vital expression in dramatic conflict, wherein his most grandly executed compositions have been *wars*.

Yet must this ever be so? May not the growth of his art develop forms of dramatic conflict which shall be more gloriously expressible in beauty and joy than in blood and suffering?

This question (which involves the uses of the art of the theater) is probably the most important question to-day for the world to answer:

Is there a substitute for war?

"When peace is made as handsome as war," said the President of the United States in a recent speech, "there will be hope of war's passing." This pregnant phrase was but a fleeting remark of the President, not elaborated nor urged further upon

the thought of our people, yet it involves an idea of deepest public importance.

It is hardly conceivable, in short, that human beings should for ages have endured the organized waste and torture of war if the magician Art had not hypnotized their imaginations and led them by glorious visions to the charnels of battle-fields.

For let us remember it is art—the colorful art of the theater, its music, spectacle, and symbolism put to war's purposes—which has exerted this hypnotism toward destruction. In this time of world havoc, therefore, shall we not ask ourselves:

How may the glorious visions of dramatic art lure the imaginations of men away from war to peace?

How may peace be made "as handsome as war," and as compelling?

Let us consider some of the "handsomeness" of war and some of the ugliness of peace, as these exist.

War is made splendid by noble human attributes: by self-sacrifice, courage, patience, enkindled will-power; it creates out of petty dissensions, as by magic, the majestic solidarity of a people; within national boundaries, it exalts social service.

For these valid attributes and incentives, the devisers of war create magnificent symbols. Under their expert control, the chaotic, drifting, meanly competitive life of everyday peace becomes transfigured by order, discipline, organization, imbued with a majestic unity of design: *the enacting of a national drama in which the people themselves participate.*

Statesmen and military leaders—recognizing what the disciples of peace ignore—utilize the full potency of the imaginative arts born of the theater, and employ for their ends the ecstasy and pomp of music and pageantry with a perfection of "stage management" that would stagger a Reinhardt. Symbolism they call to their aid, to provide for Patriotism her radiant flags and uniforms. The art of the music-maker peals in brass to the multitude. Poetry and Dance stride forth, like strange colossi, in the public squares, exhorting the populace with rhythms of marching regiments, that leap forth like glorious stanzas on the breath of a rhapsodist. A choral shout—as old as the chanting of Homer—invokes and unifies the nation.

Yes, the designers of war are masters of imaginative appeal.

Of the realism of war—of death, mutilation, hate, hunger, rape, stench, disease, bonded generations, and national debt—they are purposely uneloquent. Instead—and wisely, for their ends—they exalt war's self-sacrifice, heroism, solidarity; and for these they create impassioned symbols of color and grandeur.

In rivalry with these radiant appeals the artless disciples of peace present—what? Their meek symbol—a dove.

Now nothing may be more potent to the multitude than a symbol. The flaming colors of a flag have set cities on fire; the refrain of a song has wrought revolution. The cartoonist interprets the vast social forces of his time almost wholly through symbols. In appealing to the popular imagination, therefore, it is of prime importance to a cause whether its symbols are dynamic or sedative.

Of all causes in history the cause of international peace is probably the noblest, yet—of all symbols appealing to the world's imagination—its symbol, the dove, is probably the most anæmic. Some other, more compelling, must take its place before its cause can plead effectually against that of its rival. The Dove is no match for the Devil. If war is ever to be vanquished, it will be by St. George or Raphael, not by the bird of Noah. In brief, it is only Peace Militant, not Peace Dormant, that can supplant the heroic figure of War in the hearts of nations.

But by Peace Militant I do not mean Peace panoplied upon dreadnaughts, glaring at her image in two oceans through Krupp-steel binoculars: for such is that false peace, no other than war disguised, which betrayed the world in August, 1914.

No; I mean by Peace Militant—not War disguised as a hypocritical time-server, but War self-purged and self-subdued to the functions of social service: not Peace armed with a sword, but Peace armed with *the symbol of a sword*—that "moral equivalent of war" of which William James has written with wise eloquence.

But the mere existence of a moral equivalent is not enough; it must be made effectual. Social service exists among all peoples, but it is not made to appeal sufficiently to popular imagination.

My object, then, in this article is to suggest that *the "moral*

equivalent of war" can be made fascinating and effectual by utilizing (and perhaps only by utilizing) the dynamic arts of the theater to give it symbolical expression.

Thus a practical substitute for the dramatic conflict of war would be its moral equivalent expressed through the manifold forms of dramatic art.

James urged the doctrine of his "moral equivalent" as a philosopher, and his philosophy is sound. But the people are not persuaded by philosophers, however masterful in ideas; they are only persuaded by artists, masterful in art.

The people themselves hardly realize this, yet daily by the millions they are conjured by their artists of the theater as by magicians. (For an example, in passing, let anyone observe what popular conjuring is performed by a master of motion-picture art like Griffith with the perniciously unsound philosophy of Dixon's "Birth of a Nation.") Therefore it greatly behooves our artists to build upon sound philosophy; but, above all, it behooves our people, if they believe in self-government, to recognize the overwhelming power of dramatic art and their own susceptibility to it.

In seeking, then, a moral equivalent for war, what moral equivalents do we find under the conditions of peace?

In business, the prevailing conditions of peace are drab and selfish; its dramatic conflicts are sordid, petty, when individualistic; and when they are corporate they are no less sordid on their vaster scale. Industrialism is so contaminated by suffering, disease, injustice, ugliness, ennui, death, hatred, and dulled despair that to millions of laborers the conditions of war seem hopeful and visionary in comparison.

These are fundamental facts which all workers for permanent peace must face in their problem. The conditions of industrialism, in short, *are* war, stripped of its dignity and national solidarity.

As superstructure upon this sordid base rises the dwelling of conventional calm we call "peace," wherein the minority thousands pass their lives in comparative satisfaction and leisure.

These drab, chaotic, suffering conditions of our "peace," however, are transfigured by the ever-growing numbers of those who are working to make them lovelier and more just.

Among these are dedicated groups—workers in settlements, workers for public health, for the conservation of nature, for scientific inventions, for popular education, for solidarity in labor, for emancipation of women and children, and for scores of other civilized objects. These, separately banded together, constitute separate armies of social service. In each we find at work the moral equivalents of war—self-sacrifice, energized will, solidarity, courageous fighting, devotion to a cause deemed holy.

Here, then, in our midst, the moral equivalents of war are actively at work for social regeneration. But are they effectual? What is wrong with the working of these equivalents that they are unable to supplant their monstrous pseudotype that now ravages all Europe?

They are armies of social service, yes; but they are not yet *the* army: they are not coördinated, harmonized: they lack mutual relationship—solidarity. But social service is *one* cause, not many. It has many banners, but only one valid flag—the flag of brotherhood.

But now we are speaking figuratively; for *actually* these armies of peace have, with few exceptions, no adequate symbols of their service—no banners, uniforms, fighting hymns, rhythmic marches, pageantry of spiritual meanings made sensuous. Instead, their officers meet in drab committees, their constituents read dry pamphlets in separate homes, or in offices to the clicking of typewriters; or, at best they gather chaotically together in a rented hall, listening to drab-coated talkers from a platform, or waving dry hand-bills for rallying banners.

Drab—that is their disease.

Their dreams are more glorious than the dreams of war: their dreams are incarnadine, flushed with fighting angels; but they clothe them—and they *stifle* them—in drab. That is their dire heritage from the Puritan.

War's ministers are wiser. They acknowledge the eternal pagan in mankind and utilize it.[1] Even Cromwell marched to

[1] The modern use of khaki for uniforms is a *concession* to drab, under compulsion of the practical expediences of field fighting; but it is an exception which does not always hold in the martial dress parades of peace, and in France not yet on the battle-field. Khaki, moreover, though drab, remains a symbol romantic to the popular imagination.

rhythmic drums. So—to cope with war—the organizers of peace must acknowledge man's paganism, and exalt it.

Such is the basic appeal of the Salvation Army; and such, in a subtler sense, is the secret of the extraordinary growth of the Boy Scouts organization and of the Camp Fire Girls.

In the appeal of each, idealism adopts its special symbolism.

General Booth, Baden-Powell, Luther Gulick—each in his own way—seeks to popularize William James.

The moral equivalents of war, then, are ineffectual in our prevailing society from two chief causes:

First, the fighting armies of peace are not properly organized; and, secondly, their functions are not properly symbolized.

To achieve these two great objects, mutually related, may well become the function of a new profession of the twentieth century—the profession of Civic Engineering. For the problems involved are so large and various that their solution takes on the dignity and efficiency of an expert science, essentially related to that which has solved so grandly problems like the building of the Panama Canal.

To achieve the first object, organization, will require the directive insight of one who may aptly be called the Political Engineer; to achieve the second object, symbolism, will require the Dramatic Engineer.

In his latest volume, *The Happiness of Nations,* James MacKaye has contributed the constructive outline of "a beginning in political engineering," based on the clear-reasoned philosophy of his larger work, *The Economy of Happiness.* In an organization of society such as he there suggests, the armies of peace might permanently establish the moral equivalents of war. To our present time, when the happiness of nations was never more crucially at stake, the reasonings of his volume are deeply pertinent. As related to this article, they apply directly to the realization of the first object above referred to, organization.

Concerning the second object, dramatic symbolism, I may perhaps appropriately close these suggestions by reference to recent practical observation and experience of my own.

In May, 1914, the *Pageant and Masque of Saint Louis* (the Pageant written by Thomas Wood Stevens, the Masque written by myself and produced in association with Joseph Lindon

Smith, with music by Frederick S. Converse) was given out of doors at four performances by more than seven thousand citizens of Saint Louis before audiences aggregating half a million people.

The task of that production, successfully achieved by the coöperation and participation of a great modern community, was one which truly involved the art of the theater as an expert form of civic engineering. During its preparation, its vast-scale activities leavened the people with the moral equivalents of war: self-sacrifice, solidarity, energized will, militant devotion to a civic cause—these were truly attained, and have partially been retained during the months which have followed.

These objects, moreover, were truly and splendidly symbolized to the people by means of the color, music, pageantry, dramatic conflict, and architectural harmony created by the many-sided art of the theater there put to civic uses.

The theme itself of the Masque—the socialization of community life—was expressed not by a superimposed show, but by the dramatic revelation of a reality it had helped to create; an actual regeneration of community life, from which have directly resulted—as practical acquisitions to Saint Louis—a new progressive city charter, the completion of a municipal bridge, a city choral society, and the hopeful assurance of a great out-door theater of the people in their public park.

The great experiment there consummated so successfully may well lead not only to its emulation elsewhere, but to the national consideration of the art of the theater in a new light—the light of a practical science, akin to engineering.

The present time is peculiarly auspicious for this widened civic scope of the theater's art. On the one hand, that art itself—rekindled from within by the constructive discoveries of its creative artists in production, architecture, music, and the dance—stands at the threshold of a splendid renascence. On the other hand—stirred from within by the portentous menace of world war—civic ardor has never been more deeply roused than now to discover effectual means for combating the enemies of society—poverty, disease, unemployment, political corruption, and all the hosts of embattled ignorance. To this war against all social and economic causes of war dramatic art offers a popular

symbolism of magnificent scope and variety: it offers a new method of social science.

Thus, developed as an expert profession, this potential science of dramatic engineering may yet become a powerful national factor in organizing militant social service as an effectual substitute for war.

If so—conversely—our "Imperial Band-Master" may yet supplant the "Dove" by our troubled waters, and dedicate his baton to the councils and cabinets of peace.

QUESTIONS ON THE TEXT

1. How did the Band-Master represent something mightier than either King or Kaiser?
2. Why are drama and pageantry the inevitable accompaniments of war?
3. By what divine right does the monarch of art rule in human affairs?
4. How has war maintained its grip upon people for ages?
5. What noble human qualities are revealed in war?
6. What are the magnificent symbols of war?
7. How have military leaders utilized the imaginative arts to aid them in waging wars?
8. What part of war do its designers emphasize? What part do they ignore?
9. What is the power of a symbol? What qualities must a good symbol possess?
10. What is the symbol of peace and what is the matter with it?
11. What does Mr. MacKaye mean by Peace Militant?
12. How does the author think the "moral equivalent of war" can be made effectual?
13. Are the philosophers or the artists better able to persuade the people?
14. Is modern business, in reality, war on a small scale without its dignity and its spirit of national solidarity?
15. What groups are at work developing by self-sacrifice the moral equivalent of war?
16. What is wrong with social service as the moral equivalent of war?
17. What is the disease that detracts from the success of social regeneration programs?
18. How has war made use of man's inherent paganism?
19. What modern peace-time organizations are now appealing to man's love of color and drama?
20. What are the two chief causes of the failure of modern moral equivalents of war?
21. What two kinds of engineers will achieve the ends of the armies of peace?
22. What examples of successful dramatic symbolism in peace time does Mr. MacKaye give?

23. What were the concrete results to the community of the *Pageant and Masque of Saint Louis?*
24. What are the chief enemies of society? Will men ever really unite to fight these common enemies?
25. Will the science of dramatic engineering displace the Imperial Band-Master of war?
26. What is the power of the motion picture in directing public thought?
27. Does a uniform make a cause?
28. Would men fight if the pageantry could be removed from war?
29. Is the trend of modern war away from colorful display on the battle-field?
30. What do peace-time dress-parades and military balls reveal of man's innate desire for display?
31. Do school histories, in pictures and text matter, present the truth about war?
32. Can the human race be educated to the point where it will evaluate intelligently "the pomp and circumstance" of war?
33. Is Mr. MacKaye's suggestion of the use of the theater and dramatic art, as a substitute activity for war, likely to be adopted?
34. How would you dramatize peace?

LESSONS PEACE SHOULD LEARN FROM WAR

We have just done with a great war—the greatest war, in fact, of all history. Again the nations are calm and are concerned with internal affairs. But are they interested only in the pursuits of peace—is war forgotten?

Again we are holding our peace conferences; the youths of the nation are participating in Peace Declamation Contests. The old question is again before us—"Shall we have world peace?" War is certainly not forgotten. War holds our interest even after it has died—but no, war does not die—it slumbers on as a demon in hibernation. Some day (and some have predicted soon) this demon will awaken from his slumber and stalk forth in noise and glory to arouse the nation to arms.

Why does war so attract us and peace seem so drably uninteresting? It is the noise that war makes, the uproar and rhythm that it forces upon us—these things draw the whole nation to worship them. Men in fields and offices are alike lured by the even beat of the drum, the measured tread of feet, the snap and system of military life—the very primitiveness of war captivates us, and leads us by its hypnotic spell through unthinkable horrors and barbarous crimes.

We are caught in the spirit of war. Does not peace have a spirit? All of us rush to war without heeding the still small voice that is peace. The thing that peace lacks is noise, just plain noise, and rhythm. It needs music and uniforms, system and an apparent purpose—all of which it does not have.

Let us give peace a purpose. She too must have her royal band-master who shall wave as powerful a baton as that of war. She must be up and ready with her regiments to fight the peace-time battles of humanity

against ignorance, disease, and political corruption. She must enroll, as soldiers of the common good, men who can see the glory of self-sacrifice, who can fight for human advancement with a courage greater than has ever been known on a battle-field.

Peace should learn that her success may not be attained by sitting at home, while war goes out to get the spoils. What war does she must do better, more colorfully, more appealingly. She must use the same dramatic methods of propaganda and display that war has found so successful. Peace has but to learn to make a noise—a loud noise—and to make that noise before war does.

A. K. S.

THEME SUBJECTS

1. The Imperial Band-Master or the Dove?
2. War—an Appeal to the Pagan in Man
3. Can Peace Be Made as Attractive as War?
4. Community Spirit as a Substitute for War
5. The Lure of the Uniform
6. The Pageantry of War
7. Lessons Peace Should Learn from War
8. My Suggestion for a Substitute for War
9. Soldiers of the Common Good
10. How to Dramatize Peace
11. Olympic Games (Motion Pictures, Music, Art, Radio, Rotarianism) as a Means of Better International Understanding
12. The Failure of Philosophical Peace
13. The Romance of War—the Drabness of Peace
14. Drama as a Moral Equivalent of War
15. The Magnificent Symbols of War
16. The Symbols of Peace
17. Business (Civic Coöperation, Social Service) as a Moral Equivalent of War
18. Peace Militant: An Impossible Paradox?
19. Modern Industrialism: War Stripped of Its Dignity
20. War Music
21. War Films
22. Military Balls and Dress-Parades
23. Epaulets and Feathers in Peace Time
24. War Plays in the Theater (in the Movies)
25. The Salvation Army: A Dramatic Success
26. Why Do Boys Like to Be Boy Scouts?
27. Khaki on the Battle-field—Color on Parade
28. War Against Disease (Vice, Poverty, Unemployment, Political Corruption, Ignorance)
29. The Bloody Business of War
30. War in the School Histories
31. Social Work as a Profession
32. The Community Chest
33. Drabness—the Disease of Industrialism
34. A Warless World

TOLD BY THE SCHOOLMASTER [1]

JOHN GALSWORTHY

WE all remember still, I suppose, the singular beauty of the summer when the war broke out. I was then schoolmaster in a village on the Thames. Nearly fifty, with a game shoulder and extremely deficient sight, there was no question of my fitness for military service, and this, as with many other sensitive people, induced in me, I suppose, a mood abnormally receptive. The perfect weather, that glowing countryside, with corn harvest just beginning, and the apples already ripening, the quiet nights trembling with moonlight and shadow, and, in it all, this great horror launched and growing, the weazening of Europe deliberately undertaken, the death-warrant of millions of young men signed. Such summer loveliness walking hand in hand with murder thus magnified beyond conception was too piercingly ironical!

One of those evenings toward the end of August, when the news of Mons was coming through, I left my house at the end of the village street, and walked up toward the Downs. I have never known anything more entrancing than the beauty of that night. All was still, and colored like the bloom of dark grapes, so warm, so tremulous. A rush of stars was yielding to the moon fast riding up, and from the corn-stooks of that early harvest the shadows were stealing out. We had no daylight-saving then, and it was perhaps half-past nine when I passed two of my former scholars, a boy and a girl, standing silently at the edge of an old gravel pit, opposite a beech clump. They looked up and gave me good evening. Passing on over the crest, I could see the unhedged fields to either hand; the corn stooked and the corn standing, just gilded under the moon; the swelling Downs of a blue-gray; and the beech clump I had passed, dark-cut against the brightening sky. The moon itself

[1] From *The Forum*, December, 1926. Used by permission of the author and of *The Forum*.

was almost golden, as if it would be warm to the touch, and from it came a rain of glamour over sky and fields, woods, downs, farmhouses, and the river down below. All seemed in a conspiracy of unreality to one obsessed, like me, by visions of the stark and trampling carnage going on out there. Refuging from that grim comparison I remember thinking that Joe Beckett and Betty Roofe were absurdly young to be sweethearting, if indeed they were, for they hadn't altogether looked like it. They could hardly be sixteen yet, for they had only left school last year. Betty Roofe had been head of the girls,—an interesting child, alert, self-contained, with a well-shaped, dark-eyed little face, and a head set on very straight. She was the daughter of the village laundress, and I used to think too good for washing clothes, but she was already at it and as things went in that village, would probably go on doing it till she married. Joe Beckett was working on Carver's farm down there below me, and the gravel pit was about half way between their homes. A good boy, Joe, freckled, reddish in the hair, and rather too small in the head; with blue eyes that looked at you very straight and a short nose; a well-grown boy, very big for his age, and impulsive in spite of the careful stodginess of all young rustics; a curious vein of the sensitive in him, but a great deal of obstinacy too,—altogether an interesting blend!

I was still standing there when up he came on his way to Carver's and I look back to that next moment with as much regret as to any in my life.

He held out his hand.

"Good-bye, sir, in case I don't see you again."

"Why, where are you off to, Joe?"

"Joinin' up."

"Joining up? But, my dear boy, you're two years under age, at least."

He grinned. "I'm sixteen this month, but I bet I can make out to be eighteen. They ain't particular, I'm told."

I looked him up and down. It was true, he could pass for eighteen well enough, with military needs what they were. And possessed, as everyone was just then, by patriotism and anxiety at the news, all I said was:

"I don't think you ought, Joe; but I admire your spirit."

He stood there silent, sheepish at my words. Then:

"Well, good-bye, sir. I'm goin' in to ——ford to-morrow."

I gave his hand a good hard squeeze. He grinned again, and without looking back, ran off down the hill toward Carver's farm, leaving me alone once more with the unearthly glamour of that night. God! What a crime was war! From this hushed moonlit peace boys were hurrying off to that business of man-made death as if there were not Nature's deaths galore to fight against. And we,—we could only admire them for it! Well! I have never ceased to curse the sentiment which stopped me from informing the recruiting authorities of that boy's real age.

Crossing back over the crest of the hill toward home, I came on the child Betty, at the edge of the gravel pit where I had left her.

"Well, Betty, was Joe telling you?"

"Yes, sir. He's going to join up."

"What did you say to him?"

"I said he was a fool, but he's so headstrong, Joe!" Her voice was even enough, but she was quivering all over.

"It's very plucky of him, Betty."

"M'm! Joe just gets things into his head. I don't see that he has any call to go, and,—and leave me."

I couldn't help a smile. She saw it, and said sullenly:

"Yes, I'm young, and so's Joe; but he's my boy, for all that!"

And then, ashamed or startled at such expansiveness, she tossed her head, swerved into the beech clump like a shying foal, and ran off among the trees. I stood a few minutes, listening to the owls, then went home and read myself into forgetfulness on Scott's first polar book.

So Joe went, and we knew him no more for a whole year. And Betty continued with her mother, washing for the village.

In September, 1915, just after term had begun again, I was standing one afternoon in the village schoolroom pinning up on the wall a pictorial piece of imperial information for the benefit of my scholars, and thinking, as usual, of the war and

its lingering deadlock. The sunlight slanted through on to my dusty forms and desks, and under the pollard lime trees on the far side of the street I could see a soldier standing with a girl. Suddenly he crossed over to the school, and there in the doorway was young Joe Beckett, in his absurd short-tailed khaki jacket, square and tanned to the color of his freckles, looking indeed quite a man.

"How d'you do, sir?"

"And you, Joe?"

"Oh! I'm fine. I thought I'd like to see you. Just got our marching orders. Off to France to-morrow, been havin' my leave."

I felt the catch at my throat that we all felt when youngsters whom we knew were going out for the first time.

"Was that Betty with you out there?"

"Yes,—fact is, I've got something to tell you, sir. She and I were spliced last week at ——mouth. We been stayin' there since, and I brought her home to-day, as I got to go to-night."

I was staring hard, and he went on hurriedly:

"She just went off there, and I joined her for my leave. We didn't want any fuss, you see, because of our bein' too young."

"Young!"

The blankness of my tone took the grin off his face.

"Well, I was seventeen a week ago, and she'll be seventeen next month."

"Married? Honest Injun, Joe?"

He went to the door, and whistled. In came Betty, dressed in dark blue, very neat and self-contained; only the flush on her round young face marked any disturbance.

"Show him your lines, Betty, and your ring."

The girl held out the official slip, and from it I read that a registrar had married them at ——mouth, under right names and wrong ages. Then she slipped a glove off, and held up her left hand,—there was the magic hoop! Well! the folly was committed,—no use in crabbing it!

"Very good of you to tell me, Joe," I said, at last. "Am I the first to know?"

"Yes, sir. You see, I've got to go at once; and like as not her mother won't want it to get about till she's a bit older.

I thought I'd like to tell *you,* in case they said it wasn't all straight and proper."

"Nothing I say will alter the fact that you've falsified your ages."

Joe grinned again.

"That's all right," he said. "I got it from a lawyer's clerk in my platoon. It's a marriage all the same."

"Yes, I believe that's so."

"Well, sir, there she is till I come back." Suddenly, his face changed, he looked for all the world as if he were going to cry; and they stood gazing at each other exactly as if they were alone.

The lodger at the carpenter's, three doors down the street, was performing her usual afternoon solo on the piano: *"Connais-tu le pays?"* from *Mignon.* And whenever I hear it now, seldom enough in days contemptuous of harmony, it brings Joe and Betty back through a broad sunbeam full of dancing motes of dust; it epitomizes for me all the *Drang,*—as the Germans call it,—of those horrible years, when marriage, birth, death, and every human activity were speeded up to their limit, and we did from year's end to year's end all that an enlightened humanity should not be doing, and left undone most of what it should have done.

"What time is it, sir?" Joe asked me suddenly.

"Five o'clock."

"Lord! I must run for it. My kit's at the station. Could I leave her here, sir?"

I nodded, and walked into the little room beyond. When I came back she was sitting where she used to sit in school, bowed over her arms spread out on the inky desk. Her dark bobbed hair was all I could see, and the quivering jerky movement of her young shoulders. Joe had gone. Well! That was the normal state of Europe, then! I went back into the little room to give her time, but when I returned once more, she, too, had gone.

The second winter passed, more muddy, more bloody even than the first, and less shot through with hopes of an ending. Betty showed me three or four of Joe's letters, simple screeds with a phrase here and there of awkward and half-smothered

feeling, and signed always: "Your loving hubby, Joe." Her marriage was accepted in the village. Child-marriage was quite common then. In April it began to be obvious that their union was to be "blessed" as they call it.

One day early in May I was passing Mrs. Roofe's when I saw that lady in her patch of garden, and stopped to ask after Betty.

"Nearin' her time. I've written to Joe Beckett. Happen he'll get leave."

"I think that was a mistake, Mrs. Roofe. I would have waited till it was over."

"Maybe you're right, sir, but Betty's that fidgety about him not knowin'. She's dreadful young, you know, t'ave a child. I didn't 'ave my first till I was twenty-one."

"Everything goes fast these days, Mrs. Roofe."

"Not my washin'. I can't get the help, with Betty like this. It's a sad business this about the baby comin'. If he does get killed, I suppose she'll get a pension, sir?"

Pension? Married in the wrong age, with the boy still under service age, if they came to look into it. I really didn't know.

"Oh! surely, Mrs. Roofe, but we won't think about his being killed. Joe's a fine boy."

Mrs. Roofe's worn face darkened.

"He was a fool to join up before his time; plenty of chance after, seemingly, and then to marry my girl, like this! Well, young folk *are* fools!" . . .

I was sitting over my Pensions work one evening, a month later, for it had now fallen to me to keep things listed in the village, when someone knocked at my door, and who should be standing there but Joe Beckett!

"Why! Joe! Got leave?"

"Ah! I had to come and see her. I haven't been there yet,—didn' dare. How is she, sir?"

Pale and dusty, as if from a hard journey, his uniform all muddy and unbrushed, and his reddish hair standing up anyhow,—he looked wretched, poor boy!

"She's all right, Joe. But it must be very near, from what her mother says."

"I haven't had any sleep for nights, thinking of her,—such a kid, she is!"

"Does she know you're coming?"

"No, I haven't said nothing."

"Better be careful. I wouldn't risk a shock. Have you anywhere to sleep?"

"No, sir."

"Well, you can stay here, if you like. They won't have room for you there." He seemed to back away from me.

"Thank ye, sir, I wouldn' like to put you out."

"Not a bit, Joe. Delighted to have you, and hear your adventures."

He shook his head. "I don' want to talk of them," he said darkly. "Don't you think I could see 'er to-night, sir? I've come a long way for it, my God! I have!"

"Well, try! But see her mother first."

"Yes, sir," and he touched his forehead. His face, so young a face, already had that look in the eyes of men who stare death down.

He went away, and I didn't see him again that night. They had managed apparently to screw him into their tiny cottage. He was only just in time, for two days later Betty had a boy-child. He came to me, the same evening, after dark, very excited.

"She's a wonder," he said, "but if I'd known, I'd never ha' done it, sir, I never would. You can't tell what you're doing till it's too late, it seems."

Strange saying from that young father, till afterwards it was made too clear!

Betty recovered quickly and was out within three weeks.

Joe seemed to have long leave, for he was still about, but I had little talk with him, for, though always friendly, he seemed shy of me, and as to talking of the war,—not a word! One evening I passed him and Betty leaning on a gate, close to the river,—a warm evening of early July, when the Somme battle was at its height. Out there hell incarnate; and here intense peace, the quietly flowing river, the willows, and unstirring aspens, the light slowly dying; and those two young things,

with their arms round each other, and their heads close together, —her bobbed dark hair and Joe's reddish mop, getting quite long! I took good care not to disturb them. His last night, perhaps, before he went back into the furnace!

It was no business of mine to have my doubts, but I had been having them long before that very dreadful night when, just as I was going to bed, something rattled on my window, and going down, I found Betty outside, distracted.

"Oh, sir, come quick! They've 'rested Joe."

As we went over, she told me:

"Oh, sir, I was afraid there was some mistake about his leave,—it was so long. I thought he'd get into trouble over it, so I asked Bill Pateman" (the village constable) "and now they've come and 'rested him for deserting. Oh! What have I done? What have I done?"

Outside the Roofes' cottage, Joe was standing between a corporal's guard, and Betty flung herself into his arms. Inside, I could hear Mrs. Roofe expostulating with the corporal, and the baby crying. In the sleeping quiet of the village street, smelling of hay just harvested, it was atrocious.

I spoke to Joe. He answered quietly, in her arms:

"I asked for leave, but they wouldn't give it. I had to come. I couldn't stick it, knowing how it was with her."

"Where was your regiment?"

"In the line."

"Good God!"

Just then the corporal came out. I took him apart.

"I was his schoolmaster, corporal," I said. "The poor chap joined up when he was just sixteen,—he's still under age, you see,—and now he's got this child wife and a new-born baby!"

The corporal nodded. His face was twitching, a lined, decent face with a moustache.

"I know, sir," he muttered, "I know. Cruel work, but I've got to take him. He'll have to go back to France."

"What does it mean?"

He lifted his arms from his sides and let them drop, and that gesture was somehow the most expressive and dreadful I ever saw.

"Deserting in face of the enemy," he whispered hoarsely. "Bad business! Can you get that girl away, sir?"

But Joe himself undid the grip of her arms, and held her from him; bending, he kissed her hair and face; then, with a groan, he literally pushed her into my arms and marched straight off between the guard.

And I was left in the dark, sweet-scented street, with that distracted child struggling in my grasp.

"Oh! My God! My God! My God!" over and over and over. And what could one say or do?

All the rest of that night, after Mrs. Roofe had got Betty back into the cottage, I sat up writing in duplicate the facts about Joe Beckett.

I sent one copy to his regimental headquarters, the other to the chaplain of his regiment in France. I sent fresh copies two days later with duplicates of his birth certificates to make quite sure. It was all I could do. Then came a fortnight of waiting for news. Betty was still distracted. The thought that, through her anxiety, she herself had delivered him into their hands nearly sent her off her head. Probably her baby alone kept her from insanity or suicide. And all that time the battle of the Somme raged, and hundreds of thousands of women in England and France and Germany were in daily terror for their menfolk. Yet none, I think, could have had quite the feelings of that child. Her mother, poor woman, would come over to me at the schoolhouse, and ask if I had heard anything.

"Better for the poor girl to know the worst," she said, "if it is the worst. The anxiety's killin' 'er."

But I had no news and could not get any at headquarters. The thing was being dealt with in France. Never was the scale and pitch of the world's horror more brought home to me. This deadly little tragedy was as nothing,—just a fragment of straw whirling round in that terrible wind.

And then one day I did get news,—a letter from the chaplain, and seeing what it was, I stuck it in my pocket and sneaked down to the river,—literally afraid to open it till I was alone. Crouched up there, with my back to a haystack, I took it out with trembling fingers.

"Dear Sir,

The boy Joe Beckett was shot to-day at dawn. I am distressed at having to tell you and the poor child, his wife. War is a cruel thing, indeed!"

I had known it. Poor Joe! Poor Betty! Poor, poor Betty! I read on:

"I did all I could; the facts you sent were put before the Court Martial and the point of his age considered. But all leave had been stopped; his request had been definitely refused; the regiment was actually in the line, with fighting going on,—and the situation extremely critical in that sector. Private considerations count for nothing in such circumstances,—the rule is adamant. Perhaps it has to be,—I cannot say. But I have been greatly distressed by the whole thing, and the Court itself was much moved. The poor boy seemed dazed; he wouldn't talk, didn't seem to take in anything; indeed, they tell me that all he said after the verdict, certainly all I heard him say was: 'My poor wife! My poor wife!' over and over again. He stood up well at the end."

He stood up well at the end! I can see him yet, poor impulsive Joe. Desertion, but not cowardice, by the Lord! No one who looked into those straight blue eyes could believe that. But they bandaged them, I suppose. Well! a bullet in a billet more or less, what was it in that wholesale slaughter? As a raindrop on a willow tree drips into the river and away to sea,—so that boy, like a million others, dripped to dust. A little ironical though, that his own side should shoot him, who went to fight for them two years before he needed, to shoot him who wouldn't be legal food for powder for another month! A little ironical, perhaps, that he had left this son,—legacy to such an implacable world! But there's no moral to a true tale like this,—unless it be that the rhythm of life and death cares not a jot for any of us!

QUESTIONS ON THE TEXT

1. What is Mr. Galsworthy's purpose in emphasizing the beauty of the summer scenery?
2. How does the author interest the reader in Joe and Betty?
3. What is the irony of Joe's falsifying his age?
4. Should the schoolmaster have told the authorities of Joe's real age?
5. How is Mr. Galsworthy skilful in condensing Joe's year at camp into two sentences?
6. How does Mr. Galsworthy make the parting of Joe and Betty, when Joe leaves for France, a symbol of the tragedies of war?

7. What is the irony of Betty's having asked the constable about Joe's extended leave?
8. Why was the time of Joe's desertion particularly inopportune?
9. How is Mr. Galsworthy's artistic economy shown in his characterization of the corporal in a single line?
10. How is Mr. Galsworthy's supreme art shown in the treatment of the pathos of the climax?
11. What constitutes the tragic irony of Joe's fate?
12. Is Mr. Galsworthy right in saying that the rhythm of life and death cannot consider the individual?
13. What would you have done if you had sat as a judge at Joe's court martial?
14. What would Abraham Lincoln have done if Joe's case had come into his hands?
15. Will Mr. Galsworthy's story have any effect in opening men's eyes to the truth about war?
16. Must the individual be sacrificed in the interests of maintaining discipline?
17. Where does discipline stop and mercy begin?
18. Is discipline to punish the person for what he has done, to deter him from repetition of the wrong action, or to use him as an example to others?

ONE OF LIFE'S LITTLE TRAGEDIES

Not long ago, it was my fortune to have as a visitor, a fellow who had seen active service throughout the entire combat of the Argonne Forest in the late World War. During our conversation he told me a story which, while not dealing directly with the actual war, gave a pathetic representation of what war really is:

"Last year, in France, I visited the old, once familiar scenes of the Argonne Forest. On my exploring trip I had as a companion a fellow who had the misfortune—or should I say fortune?—to have had no part in the war. Means of transportation to the battle-fields being difficult to obtain, we were compelled to motor out with an old, white-haired lady of perhaps sixty years, who had the kindest, softest, yet the most piercing eyes I have ever seen. We were unable to carry on a conversation with her, as she spoke no English and but a smattering of French. We could only guess at her nationality.

"We stopped at several historical spots, marked here and there with the shell-holes and partly caved-in trenches of almost ten years ago. The old lady never moved from her seat, but my American friend had the desire to see everything; he stopped the guide at several unscheduled places. He was becoming impatient at his inability to visualize the true meaning of war. He was trying so hard to grasp it—to feel it, and yet he could not.

"We had been riding steadily for some time without conversation when the old lady motioned for the guide to halt the car. The spot was where the thousands of little white crosses ceased and the black ones began. Leaving the car, she walked searchingly among the black crosses, while we occupied ourselves by examining the ruins of an old machine-gun 'pill-

box.' We were standing meditatingly at the side of the 'pill-box' when the guide suddenly tapped my friend's shoulder. 'Pardon, monsieur,' he said quickly, in his not bad English, 'but you have asked to see something of war, is it not so?' Pointing back of him, and lowering his voice, he said, 'It is there. That is war, monsieur.'

"The place indicated by the guide was an inclosure of black crosses, the crosses that marked where the German soldiers lay. But what held my attention was the woman who was kneeling beside one of the little black crosses, and even as we gazed, her hand rose to her mouth to stifle a cry—and she suddenly crumpled forward over the mound beneath the cross.

"I glanced at my friend. His eyes had grown rather wide—his whole expression had changed. Still watching the woman, he slowly removed his hat, and the fingers of his other hand brushed clumsily at his eyes. I think he understood war then."

F. L. D.

THEME SUBJECTS

1. A Sad Story a Soldier Told Me
2. A Humorous Incident a Soldier Told Me
3. One of Life's Little Tragedies
4. Man: A Pawn in the Hand of Fate
5. Does Making Exceptions Undermine Discipline?
6. Discipline *vs.* Sympathy
7. The Literary Art of John Galsworthy
8. The Irony of War
9. Women—the Indirect Victims of War
10. The Iron Discipline of War
11. Court Martial Justice
12. The Grim Realities of War
13. The Truth about War
14. My Impressions of the World War (as remembered by a child)
15. Is a Deserter Always a Coward?
16. The Pathos of War

CULTURE AND LIFE

AMERICANISM: SELECTIVE OR SENTIMENTAL[1]

Must the Patriot Surrender His Right of Criticism?

GLENN FRANK

SOME day when my colleague, Mr. Van Doren, is busier than usual at building stone fences on his Cornwall farm, I want to invade the critical pages he has preëmpted in this magazine and write an article on "The Remarkable Rightness of Heywood Broun."

Blessed with an insatiable curiosity and bound by professional obligation to produce a wide newspaper column of copy six days a week, Mr. Broun comes as near as may be humanly possible to "saying something" every day. He usually manages, in the course of a column, to turn out one or two remarkable phrases, but his brightness of phrasing is singularly unlabored. His style is innocent of the deliberate crackle of Chesterton or the conscious cuteness of Michael Arlen. His good phrases are sparks rather than sparklers. And sparks are not fashioned; they just fly off.

Mr. Broun's mind interests me far more than his method. Listed among the ultra-sophisticated writers, he seems to me to be essentially naïve. By which I do not mean gullible, but fresh, free, almost wholly unhampered by any traditions, and blessed with the penetrative simplicity of a child's mind. He has a setter's nose for reality. There is something reminiscent of the early Greeks in the apparent ease and sureness with which he edges his way into the essential meaning of the thing that is up for discussion. He is a refreshing example of how interesting and important even the casual operations of a good mind can be when it works freely and honestly. Mr. Broun is a standing rebuke to an age of standardized journalism in which

[1] From *The Century Magazine,* November, 1924. Reprinted by permission of The Century Co.

so many writers are content to play court chaplain to the mind of the majority. Just because he has an honest mind, day in and day out, there is, it seems to me, a remarkable rightness about his conclusions.

All of which is a roundabout way of introducing one example of Mr. Broun's "rightness" which I want to use as the text of this paper. The other day he said one of the soundest and most incisive things that has yet been said on the mauled and mistreated subject of Americanism.

Frances G. De Nanny wrote to Mr. Broun saying: "You speak of the claim of the Klan as to newspapers being subsidized and seek to throw some doubt on it. Do you think that a paper that was not trying to keep the foreign interest in good humor would publish your column every day with all its jeers and sneers at everything American?"

To which Mr. Broun replied: "I don't know just what foreign interests I am supposed to serve, and as I cup my hand to my ear I fail to hear any particular rumble of laughter with an accent. And anyway, I don't sneer and jeer at everything American. Most of my enthusiasms are local. I think that in this broad land a man should be able to find plenty of people to love and, also, an adequate number to despise. An enthusiasm should come as the result of a selective process. America is too big and too varied in its types to be swallowed whole.

"If you happen to like the Americanism of Eugene V. Debs, you can't very consistently applaud the Americanism of Calvin Coolidge. If Senator Borah has breadth of vision, Charles E. Hughes hasn't. Willa Cather and Harold Bell Wright can't both be great writers. I like the religious leadership of John Haynes Holmes and so I have an acute contempt for John Roach Straton."

Mr. Broun then proceeds to list a few Americans who seem to him at the moment "either glamorous or important or both." Twenty-six names leap readily to his mind. His list of likes and dislikes is not important one way or the other to this discussion. I should make a somewhat different list, and so would every reader of these pages. After listing the twenty-six Americans about whom he is most enthusiastic, Mr. Broun goes on to say, "That is only a partial list, but it already outnumbers

those at whom I would jeer and sneer." When he attempts to list the Americans he cordially hates, he can readily recall only eight names. "If I set my mind to it," he says, "there must be more men (and women) whom I hate, but this is the best I can do at a moment's notice. It seems to me that my enthusiasm for America and Americans is running away with my better judgment. I must put more time on sneering and jeering."

As I have just said, Mr. Broun's list of personal enthusiasms and hatreds is not important to this discussion, but he has, as I see it, made an important contribution to the discussion of Americanism by insisting that any Americanism worth having must come as a result of our having personally discovered in American life specific ideas, institutions, and personalities which we can enthusiastically believe in and loyally promote entirely independent of the fact that they are American.

That is to say, the highest type of Americanism is selective rather than sentimental. The best American is the man who has selected out of American life all the things that seem to him admirable, that stimulate in him a genuine enthusiasm, that by their inherent virtue and vitality win his instinctive loyalty, and matches his loyalty to these things by a frank and fearless effort toward the criticism and correction of any idea, institution, or leadership in America that seems to him to violate or vitiate the things that make America a worthy fatherland.

Only so can patriotism be made a spiritual dynamic in men's lives. This selective sort of Americanism is, of course, far removed from the sentimental sort of Americanism that comes as the result of a blind surrender to an indefinite something called patriotism. By this standard Americanism becomes an enthusiasm rather than an obligation. Selective Americanism is the only psychologically sound patriotism we can have. A nation cannot command loyalty; it must attract it. America can stimulate in its citizens the highest love of country only by making itself lovable. The strident appeal of the professional patriots for one hundred per cent Americanism is the same futile technic that the nagging mother adopts when she shouts at her saucy child, "I'll teach you to respect your parents." Neither respectful children nor patriotic citizens are made that

way. Our emotions of respect and loyalty cannot be ordered about as if they were privates on a parade-ground. A conscripted enthusiasm or a drafted loyalty is pretty shoddy material out of which to try to build a nation.

It may be that love is blind, but patriotism is obligated to keep its eyes open if it is to be more than a racial egotism or a jingo passion. The patriot must not surrender his right of criticism. If he does, he degenerates into a mere blatherskite who does his country more harm than good. If in order to be a good American I had to adjourn my intelligence and pretend that I thought America flawless, I should prefer to go through life a man without a country. A man who believes so sincerely in, say, half of the things that characterize the social, political, industrial, and religious life of America that he puts his best powers at their service, and then leaves no stone unturned to criticize and correct the other half that seems to him unworthy of America, is, as I see it, a far better patriot than the man whose patriotism consists chiefly in his boisterous protestation that he is a one hundred per cent American. There is an authentic fifty per cent Americanism that is more patriotic than an artificial one hundred per cent Americanism.

Patriotism is a result rather than a cause of sound national life. The professional patriots put the cart before the horse. The worthiest patriotism is not merely the will-to-defend that arises in war time. It is that prideful sense of satisfaction that comes to a creative people when they are working successfully for the increase, the enrichment, and the spiritual unity of their national life, a sense of satisfaction that merges imperceptibly into a determination further to develop and faithfully to defend the common life they are creating.

The day we decreed universal education we set the stage for a new kind of patriotism. In the age of autocratic kings and uneducated subjects the ideal patriot was the man who was uncritically loyal and subserviently obedient to a state he did not take the trouble to understand and for the quality of whose life he felt no personal responsibility. But in this time of free and far-flung education the ideal patriot is not merely the good soldier in war time and the uncritical press agent of

his nation in peace time, but the intelligent builder of his nation. And this means that he dare not "swallow his country whole," but that intelligent discrimination and a sound selective sense must dictate his loyalties.

Since the war I have time and again poked fun at the professional patriot who, while talking loudest about one hundred per cent Americanism, is unable to give an intelligent and detailed definition of what he means by Americanism. I am beginning to realize that such gibes are essentially unfair, for the simple reason that no permanent definition of Americanism is possible. Americanism is not a thing that can be isolated and graded by watching a man's reactions to the questions in, say, a National Security League catechism. And yet, since there are great groups of Americans who persist in thinking that patriotism and Americanism are things that can be commanded by power of agitation, it is important that we try to arrive at some fairly clear notion of what Americanism is or ought to be. I have tried to draft a definition of Americanism many times. I have never felt satisfied with the result. But I want to jot down here some of the things that I think constitute the necessary raw materials of such a definition.

Americanism is not a sentimental loyalty to a set of timeless principles of life and government that we must assume are applicable to every sort of situation in every generation.

Americanism is, on the contrary, a selective loyalty to a set of frankly tentative principles of life and government that we must compel to justify themselves by their workability in each succeeding generation.

With these two general statements as a starting-point, I want to list some of the more specific things that I think Americanism is not. We may thus get at some aspects of Americanism by a process of elimination.

First, Americanism is not an uncritical belief in the goodness of all things American just because they are American. I have already argued this point at length. Gullibility and patriotism are not synonyms. Patriotism is not blindness to the faults of the fatherland. "Look at 'em!" said the indulgent mother of the awkward recruit as she watched his company

march down the street. "Everyone of 'em out o' step but Jim." That indulgent spirit is appealing in a mother, but appalling in a patriot.

Second, Americanism is not whistling to keep up courage. It is bad enough to be honestly blind to the faults of one's country. It is worse to know them and then refuse to acknowledge them in the belief that it is unpatriotic to be critical of one's own. That spirit is a subtle subsidy of all the things that eat away a nation's greatness.

Third, Americanism is not a matter of race. I do not want to enter now into the hopelessly tangled discussion of Nordic superiority. In the light of such knowledge as I have been able to gain as a merely lay reader of the literature of biology and anthropology, I suspect that the Nordic apologists have been, to say the least, a bit hasty in their generalization. I fear they are dogmatists in scientists' clothing.

But even if all that the Nordic apologists assert be true, we dare not attempt to make Americanism a matter of race. As I said some months ago in a discussion of immigration, for us the die has been cast. Whether we regard it as a subtle poison or the elixir of life, foreign blood is in the veins of our national life. We are already a medley of peoples. We face a problem of social procedure as well as a problem of biology and anthropology. We cannot tear apart the racial strands of our national life, make outcasts of all but our own Nordic folk, and proceed to breed back to a one-race America. That way lies an ugly century of race hatred, social bigotry, and organized intolerance, with the spirit of the Nordics poisoned in the process.

For one thing, then, Americanism must be a way of living together for citizens of various racial ancestries. There has just come from the press a singularly sane volume on "Christianity and the Race Problem" by J. H. Oldham. It has already attracted wide attention in England, where even the racially pessimistic Dean Inge has commended it for its "conspicuous fairness and ability." I am glad that it has been published in America. It is in no sense the mere exhortation that its title might suggest. It seems to me to be about the sanest thing that has been written on the race problem. I wish every American

who has read Madison Grant's and Lothrop Stoddard's books would read Mr. Oldham's volume. It is the best guide I know for the patriotic American who wants to make up his mind about the current controversy regarding the racial future of America.

Fourth, Americanism is not belief in the infallibility of the majority. We are to-day suffering from that "tyranny of the majority" against which Alexis de Tocqueville warned us in 1835. I mean by this no attack upon what we call "majority rule" in government. By and large, men have found no better way of living together than by freely discussing their problems, expressing their opinions by vote, and abiding by the result until further investigation and discussion changes enough minds to change the vote. Majority rule is far from perfect, but there is nothing better in sight to take its place. Aristocracies go to seed, and dictators are poisoned by their own power.

Democracy cannot work unless the minority is sportsmanlike, but we are likely to overlook the fact that the majority is also obligated to be sportsmanlike. And that is what the majority is not. The besetting sin of the majority is this: it wants to use the device of majority rule for silencing controversy as well as for settling contests. It wants to standardize opinion. And that spells the death of any nation that permits it. The majority has never taken an advance step on its own initiative. It has always been prodded into progress by a minority. This means that any Americanism worth having must guarantee the utmost freedom of thought and discussion. A valid Americanism will protect its pioneers. Living together in organized society is in itself a vast compromise, and in the compromise there should be give and take both on the part of the minority and on the part of the majority. The peace of society implies the control of institutions by the majority; the progress of society implies the creation of ideas by the minority. The minority must be sportsmanlike in allowing the majority to decide contests; the majority must be sportsmanlike in allowing the minority to direct discussion.

Fifth, Americanism is not pure democracy. That is to say, the American tradition is not a tradition of pure democracy; it is a tradition of representative republicanism. I do not want

to over-simplify, but it is fair to say, I think, that pure democracy tends to government by delegates, while republicanism tends to government by representatives. Democracy rests on the assumption that the crowd should do the thinking and the official should carry out its orders in detail. Republicanism rests on the assumption that the crowd should select its superior men and, unless they betray their trust, should give them a pretty free rein for leadership. Republicanism is thus a synthesis of the democratic and the aristocratic principles of government. It is to the lasting credit of the fathers that they sought to found this republic on such a synthesis. Or so I think, at any rate. The founders of the American Republic did not foresee many of the developments that have taken place. They did not adequately provide for the meeting of the problems that have been raised by the advance of industrialism, the development of the plutocracy, and the workings of the party system. Their work is not sacrosanct. It is not lese-majesty to discuss the wisdom of revising the Constitution they framed. But in any intelligent effort toward keeping the tools of our government fitted to the tasks of our government, I think we shall do well to preserve the principle that sound government must somehow manage to be democratic enough to curb its strong men's irresponsibility and aristocratic enough to use its strong men's strength for purposes of leadership.

Sixth, Americanism is not slavery to the opinions of the fathers. I have just been suggesting this point. We are nearing the end of a Presidential campaign in which a distressing amount of demagoguery has been indulged in. And, I am sorry to say, all the demogoguery has not been uttered from soapboxes. Unless I am far afield in judgment, the most dangerous demagoguery is that which plays upon the fears of the timid-minded and seeks to convince them that safety, happiness, and prosperity are to be found only in a blind following of everything the founders of the republic thought and did. Government, like education, ought to be an adventure rather than a ritual. It is treason to the fathers to assume that their minds died when they wrote the Constitution, and that had they been living all these years they would have settled down to the routine job of running the machine they created, making no

attempt to readjust its parts in the light of new knowledge and new needs. Americanism implies loyalty to the fathers, but the highest loyalty consists in meeting the issues of our generation with the same intelligence and sense of responsibility with which they met the issues of their generation.

I suspect that, if we found him, we should discover that the most patriotic American is some man who is doing his best for America and saying the least about his Americanism.

QUESTIONS ON THE TEXT

1. What is Glenn Frank's opinion of Mr. Broun's mind?
2. Are *your* enthusiasms the result of a selective process?
3. Why is it unintelligent to "swallow America whole"?
4. Have you a list of well-known persons whom you like or dislike?
5. Should we be enthusiastic about anything just because it is American?
6. What type of man, according to Glenn Frank, is the best American?
7. How does selective Americanism imply criticism of a part of American life?
8. Why is selective Americanism the only kind of sensible patriotism?
9. Is criticism incompatible with patriotism?
10. What is the logical weakness in the position of the hundred per cent American?
11. What does the worthiest kind of patriotism strive to do?
12. How has education affected the relation of the patriotic citizen to the state?
13. Why is no permanent definition of Americanism possible?
14. Why cannot timeless principles of life and government be set down in any nation?
15. Is Americanism a blind acceptance of all things American?
16. Do you judge a person's Americanism by his race?
17. Are the Nordics a superior breed?
18. Why cannot America ever be a nation of one racial stock?
19. Do you believe in the infallibility of the majority?
20. What are the rights of the minority? Why must these rights be protected?
21. Why must both the majority and the minority be sportsmanlike?
22. What are the differences between representative republicanism and pure democracy? Which did the framers of the Constitution intend our government to be?
23. Do changing conditions justify the revision of the Constitution?
24. What should be the twentieth century patriot's attitude toward the founders of the Republic?
25. Which is the better basis for government: the written constitution of America or the unwritten legal tradition of England?
26. Discuss: (a) "Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."—

Stephen Decatur. (b) "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel."—Dr. Samuel Johnson in *Boswell's Life of Johnson.*

WHY I AM NOT A HUNDRED PER CENT AMERICAN

I am not a hundred per cent American, in the first place, because I don't believe that there are, or that there could be, any real hundred per cent Americans. I suppose that when we consider hundred per cent Americans we are thinking of those people who are absolutely contented with things as they are at present in our country, and of those people who are too well satisfied to try to make conditions any better because they would have to exert themselves too much. I am very doubtful whether we could find many people who are absolutely contented with everything American. If we could find such an individual, would we like to think of him as a perfect American? It seems to me that we must seek another definition for a hundred per cent American.

The second reason why I am not a hundred per cent American is that I am a college student. After I leave an American institution of learning, I want the right to be critical of everything that America does or stands for. College students owe America this critical attitude. Every nation, as well as every individual, needs constructive criticism for success. If the educated people do not offer constructive criticism, where will it come from?

I am not a hundred per cent American, finally, because the people in the history of our country whom I respect were not. Many men could be named here, but we will take for example only one—Abraham Lincoln. Was he a hundred per cent American? Did Lincoln sing praises to America and disregard her faults? No, he did not. He was very much dissatisfied with the conditions of his own time. He loved his country too much to be blind to her obvious faults. It was the result of the critical attitude of Lincoln that slavery ceased to exist in America.

I should like to be considered as an American who is trying to improve his country, not by using drastic methods, but by weighing and criticizing America's standards.

B. U.

THEME SUBJECTS

1. Why I Am (or Am Not) a Hundred Per Cent American
2. Persons (or Things) in America I Admire (or Despise)
3. The Twentieth Century Patriot
4. Selective (Sentimental, Intelligent) Americanism
5. Honest Criticism: The Best Proof of Patriotism
6. Why I Am Proud to Be an American
7. Swallowing America Whole
8. The Highest Type of Patriot
9. My Country: Right or Wrong
10. Amendments I Would Add to (or Repeal from) the United States Constitution
11. Timeless (Tentative) Principles of Government

12. My Attitude Toward the Fathers of the Republic
13. School Patriotism: Selective or Sentimental?
14. Would America Be Better Governed Without a Written Constitution?
15. The Advantages (or Dangers) of Government by Dictator
16. Race Prejudice in America
17. The Indifference of the American Voter
18. Why I Do (or Do Not) Believe in Compulsory Voting
19. Patriotism: Big Talk or Right Living?
20. The Tyranny of the Majority
21. The Function of the Minority in Government
22. The Minority: The Source of Progressive Ideas
23. Why I Prefer to Belong to the Majority (or to the Minority)
24. Education and Patriotism
25. The Professional Patriot
26. Americanism: The Cloak of Fanaticism
27. On What Basis Should We Restrict Immigration?
28. The Nordic Myth
29. The Racial Future of America
30. Should We Have Laws Curtailing Personal Liberty?
31. Representative Republicanism (Pure Democracy) as a Form of Government
32. Americanism During the World War
33. What I Think the Attitude of George Washington (Benjamin Franklin, Abraham Lincoln) Would Be on Prohibition (Woman Suffrage, the League of Nations, Restrictive Immigration, Big Business, the Japanese Question, the Philippine Islands, Military Preparedness)

"HIGHBROW" AND "LOWBROW" [1]

VAN WYCK BROOKS

AT the time when he was trying to release humanity from the cross of gold on which, as he said, it was crucified, the Apostle of Free Silver—in this matter, at least, representing the old American frame of mind—announced that the opinion of all the professors in the United States would not affect his opinions in the least. Now this, plainly, was a very formidable dilemma. For on the one hand stood a body of supposed experts in economic theory, on the other a man whose profession it was to change and reform economic practice,—the one knowing, the other doing; and not only was there no compatibility between them but an openly avowed and cynical contempt of theory on the part of practice was a principal element in the popularity of a popular hero. Was Mr. Bryan, however, to blame for it? To know anything of the economic theory which is taught in American universities—in many cases compulsorily taught—is to confess that blame is not the right word. For this economic theory is at the least equally cynical. It revolves round and round in its tree-top dream of the economic man; and no matter how much the wind blows political economy never comes down. Incompatibility, mutual contempt between theory and practice, is in the very nature of things.

One might extend the illustration to literature, merely substituting one professor for another and putting any typical best-selling novelist in the place of Mr. Bryan. It is a peculiar twist in the academic mind to suppose that a writer belongs to literature only when he is dead; living he is, vaguely, something else; and an habitual remoteness from the creative mood has made American professors quite peculiarly academic. "Literature," as distinguished from excellent writing, is, in the Amer-

[1] From *America's Coming of Age*. Copyright, 1915, by B. W. Huebsch. Used by permission of The Viking Press, Inc.

ican universities, a thing felt to have been done, and while for all one knows it may continue to be done the quality in it which makes it literature only comes out, like the quality in wines, with age.

Now I suppose that most of the American novelists in our day are university men; they have learned to regard literature as an august compound of Browning, Ben Jonson, and Hesiod; and consequently when they themselves begin to write it is in a spirit of real humility that they set themselves to the composition of richly rewarded trash. I am sure of this: it is modesty that lies behind the "best-seller"; and there is an aspect in which the spectacle of writers regarding themselves as humble tradesfolk has a certain charm. But the conception of literature as something, so to speak, high and dry, gives to the craft of authorship in America a latitude like that of morality in Catholic countries: so long as the heavenly virtues are upheld mundane virtues may shift as they will. In a word, writers are relieved of responsibility, and while their ethical conscience remains quite sound they absolve themselves from any artistic conscience whatsoever. And the worst of it is that precisely these writers of immitigable trash are often the bright, vigorous, intuitive souls who *could* make literature out of American life. Has it ever been considered how great a knowledge of men, what psychological gifts of the first order their incomparable achievement of popularity implies?

These two attitudes of mind have been phrased once for all in our vernacular as "Highbrow" and "Lowbrow." I have proposed these terms to a Russian, an Englishman, and a German, asking each in turn whether in his country there was anything to correspond with the conceptions implied in them. In each case they have been returned to me as quite American, authentically our very own, and, I should add, highly suggestive.

What side of American life is not touched by this antithesis? What explanation of American life is more central or more illuminating? In everything one finds this frank acceptance of twin values which are not expected to have anything in common: on the one hand a quite unclouded, quite unhypocritical assumption of transcendent theory ("high ideals"); on the other a simultaneous acceptance of catchpenny realities. Be-

tween university ethics and business ethics, between American culture and American humor, between Good Government and Tammany, between academic pedantry and pavement slang, there is no community, no genial middle ground.

The very accent of the words "Highbrow" and "Lowbrow" implies an instinctive perception that this is a very unsatisfactory state of affairs. For both are used in a derogatory sense. The "Highbrow" is the superior person whose virtue is admitted but felt to be an inept unpalatable virtue; while the "Lowbrow" is a good fellow one readily takes to, but with a certain scorn for him and all his works. And what is true of them as personal types is true of what they stand for. They are equally undesirable, and they are incompatible; but they divide American life between them.

They always have divided American life between them, and to understand them one has to go back to the beginning of things,—for without doubt the Puritan Theocracy is the all-influential fact in the history of the American mind. It was the Puritan conception of the Deity as not alone all-determining but precisely responsible for the practical affairs of the race, as constituting, in fact, the State itself, which precluded in advance any central bond, any responsibility, any common feeling in American affairs and which justified the unlimited centrifugal expediency which has always marked American life. And the same instinct that made against centrality in government made against centrality in thought, against common standards of any kind. The imminent eternal issues the Puritans felt so keenly, the equally imminent practical issues they experienced so monotonously threw almost no light on one another; there was no middle ground between to mitigate, combine, or harmonize them.

So it is that from the beginning we find two main currents in the American mind running side by side but rarely mingling —a current of overtones and a current of undertones—and both equally unsocial: on the one hand, the current of Transcendentalism, originating in the piety of the Puritans, becoming a philosophy in Jonathan Edwards, passing through Emerson, producing the fastidious refinement and aloofness of the chief

American writers, and, as the coherent ideals and beliefs of Transcendentalism gradually faded out, resulting in the final unreality of most contemporary American culture; and on the other hand the current of catchpenny opportunism, originating in the practical shifts of Puritan life, becoming a philosophy in Franklin, passing through the American humorists, and resulting in the atmosphere of contemporary business life.

Thus the literature of the seventeenth century in America is composed in equal parts, one may fairly say, of piety and advertisement; and the revered chronicles of New England had the double effect of proving how many pilgrim souls had been elected to salvation and of populating with hopeful immigrants a land where heaven had proved so indulgent.

For three generations the prevailing American character was compact in one type, the man of action who was also the man of God. Not until the eighteenth century did the rift appear and with it the essential distinction between "Highbrow" and "Lowbrow." It appeared in the two philosophers, Jonathan Edwards and Benjamin Franklin, who share the eighteenth century between them. In their amazing purity of type and in the apparent incompatibility of their aims they determined the American character as a racial fact, and after them the Revolution became inevitable. Channing, Lincoln, Emerson, Whitman, Grant, Webster, Garrison, Edison, Mr. Rockefeller, Mrs. Eddy are all, in one way or another, permutations and combinations of these two grand progenitors of the American character.

Strange that at the very outset two men should have arisen so aptly side by side and fixed the poles of our national life! For no one has ever more fully and typically than Jonathan Edwards displayed the infinite inflexibility of the upper levels of the American mind, nor anyone more typically than Franklin the infinite flexibility of its lower levels.

The intellect of Jonathan Edwards was like the Matterhorn, steep, icy, and pinnacled. At its base were green slopes and singing valleys filled with all sorts of little tender wild-flowers—for he was the most lovable of men; but as soon as the ground began to rise in good earnest all this verdurous life came to an abrupt end: not one green or living thing could subsist in

that frozen soil, on those pale heights. It was the solitude of logic that led him to see in destiny only a wrathful tyrant and a viper's trail in the mischievous ways of little boys and girls.

I confess to an old-time and so to speak aboriginal affection for this man, so gently solicitous to make up in his daily walk and conversation for the ferocious impulsions of that brain of his. He was even the most romantic of men, as I thought once, and I well remember that immense old musty book of his theology, covered with mildew, with its desert of tiny print, which I carried out with me into the fields and read, in the intervals of birdnesting, under the hedgerows and along the borders of the wood: the sun fell for the first time on those clammy old pages and the pallid thoughts that lay in them, and the field-sparrows all about were twittering in a language which, to tell the truth, was no more unintelligible to me. But everything that springs from solitude shines by a light of its own, and Manfred among the Alps was not more lonely than this rapt scholar in his parsonage among the Indians.

There are, however, solitudes and solitudes. Great poets and fruitful thinkers live apart themselves, perhaps, but they have society and the ways of men in their blood. They recollect in tranquillity, as it were, gestate, live again, and reveal the last significance of active generations rich in human stuff, in experience, in emotion, in common reason. Nothing like this existed in the background of Jonathan Edwards, no profound and complex race-life. Intellect in him, isolated and not responsible to the other faculties, went on its way unchecked; and he was able to spin those inept sublimities of his by subtracting from his mind every trace of experience, every touch of human nature as it really was among his innocent countryfolk.

Notoriously, of course, our great Dr. Franklin simplified existence in precisely the opposite way; for the opposite of unmitigated theory is unmitigated practice. Who can deny that in *Poor Richard* the "Lowbrow" point of view for the first time took definite shape, stayed itself with axioms, and found a sanction in the idea of "policy"? It emerges there full-fledged, in its classical form, a two-dimensional wisdom, a wisdom

shorn of overtones, the most accommodating wisdom in the world.

Were ever two views of life more incompatible than these? What indeed could Poor Richard have in common with an Angry God?

And what can Mr. Bryan have in common with political economy?

"Our people," said Emerson, "have their intellectual culture from one country and their duties from another." In how many spheres that phrase can be applied! Desiccated culture at one end and stark utility at the other have created a deadlock in the American mind, and all our life drifts chaotically between the two extremes. Consider, for example, our use of the English language. Literary English in England is naturally a living speech, which occupies the middle of the field and expresses the flesh and blood of an evolving race. Literary English with us is a tradition, just as Anglo-Saxon law with us is a tradition. They persist not as the normal expressions of a race, the essential fiber of which is permanently Anglo-Saxon, but through prestige and precedent and the will and habit of a dominating class largely out of touch with a national fabric unconsciously taking form "out of school." No wonder that our literary style is "pure," that our literary tradition, our tradition especially in oratory and political prose, retains the spirit of the eighteenth century. But at what a cost! At the cost of expressing a popular life which bubbles with energy and spreads and grows and slips away ever more and more from the control of tested ideas, a popular life "with the lid off," which demands an intellectual outlet and finds one in slang, journalism, and unmannerly fiction.

After seventy years Carlyle's well-known appeal to Emerson still applies to the spirit of American culture: "For the rest, I have to object still (what you will call objecting against the Law of Nature) that we find you a speaker indeed, but as it were a *Soliloquizer* on the eternal mountain-tops only, in vast solitudes where men and their affairs lie all hushed in a very dim remoteness; and only *the* man and the stars and the earth

are visible—whom, so fine a fellow seems he, we could perpetually punch into, and say, 'Why won't you come and help us then? We have terrible need of one man like you down among us! It is cold and vacant up there; nothing paintable but rainbows and emotions; come down and you shall do life-pictures, passions, facts. . . .'"

And what a comment on the same utterance that at this very moment an amiable New Englander should have been painting in Parson Wilbur and Hosea Biglow, respectively, unconscious of any tragic symbolism of things to come, the unbridgeable chasm between literate and illiterate America! Morally, no doubt, in Jaalam, they understood one another and got along very well, as Yankees will. But in Chicago?

To pass now from the social to the personal question, since the question is at bottom a personal one, let us figure to ourselves how this divergence comes about and how it is that our educational system, instead of creating what President Eliot calls a "serviceable fellowship" between theory and practice, tends to set them apart and to confirm us all either in the one extreme or in the other.

Let us figure to ourselves a typical American who has grown up, as an American typically does grow up, in a sort of orgy of lofty examples, moralized poems, national anthems, and baccalaureate sermons; until he is charged with all manner of ideal purities, ideal honorabilities, ideal femininities, flag-wavings and skyscrapings of every sort;—until he comes to feel in himself the hovering presence of all manner of fine potentialities, remote, vaporous, and evanescent as a rainbow. All this time, it can fairly be said, he has not been taught to associate himself personally with ends even much lower than these, he has not been taught that life is a legitimate progress toward spiritual or intellectual ends at all, his instincts of acquisition, pleasure, enterprise, and desire have in no way been linked and connected with disinterested ends; he has had it very firmly embedded in his mind that the getting of a living is not a necessity incidental to some higher and more disinterested end, but that it is the prime and central end in things, and as a corollary to this he has been encouraged to

assume that the world is a stamping-ground for every untrained, greedy, and aggressive impulse in him, that, in short, society is fair prey for what he can get out of it.

Let us imagine that, having grown up in this way, he is sent to college. And here, in order to keep the case a typical one, we shall have to exercise a little discrimination in the choice of a university.

It will not be Harvard, because the ideal of Harvard, as I shall point out, is not a typically modern American ideal. Nor will it be one of the modern utilitarian universities, which have no ideal at all. It will be any one of the others; and when I say this I mean that each of the others is in one way or another a development of the old American country college; its ideal, its experience, its tradition spring out of and lead one back to that. Now among these old colleges Harvard might have been figured as an ever-developing, ever-liberalizing catholicism, of which they were all sectarian offshoots, established on a principle of progressive theological fragmentation, each one defending an orthodoxy its predecessors had outworn or violently setting up in defense of some private orthodoxy of its own. They founded themselves each on a remote dogma or system of dogma as their central and sufficient basis, and all their wheels turned in relation to the central theological dynamo. In a sense of course this was true also of Harvard, but with a marked difference. For the theologians who founded Harvard were men of action as well; in the seventeenth century a New England minister was also a politician, and the education of ministers for which Harvard was mainly established implied an education for public affairs as well, an education for society, so far as the word society can be used in connection with the early Puritans at all. Thus at the outset the founders of Harvard drove in the wedge of secularism: Harvard had from the beginning a sort of national basis, at least among New Englanders, and its dogmatic structure consequently reflected and shifted with and accommodated itself to the currents of national thought. Remaining in touch with society, it educated to a certain extent, relatively to an extraordinary extent, the social function of its students; and it is thus no accident that so large a proportion of the political, the literary, and the scientific

life of America has sprung from it. But in the eighteenth century the conditions under which Harvard was established had ceased to be true. The minister was no longer a man of affairs, —he was a stark theologian, and usually of a type which the majority of his flock had outgrown. Yale, Princeton, and virtually all the other typically American colleges were founded by men of this type. Jonathan Edwards may figure for them all: the motive which led him to become the president of Princeton being precisely that his flock in Connecticut could no longer see the anger of God eye to eye with him. Already in his time the fathers and mothers of young America had submitted to the charms of *Poor Richard's Almanac*—they had themselves for the most part become inveterately "Lowbrow"; but they seem to have believed that an Angry God might still be a good influence over young America himself.

To return now to the typical case with whom we began, let us imagine that he makes a typical choice and goes to a typical university. Having arrived there will he be confronted with an Angry God, or any sort of direct theological dogma? By no means. But there will have remained in the air a certain fragrance and vibration, as if an ideal had passed that way and not stayed, there will be intangible whispers and seductions, there will be a certain faint, rarefied, remote, but curiously pervasive and insistent influence—like the sound of an Æolian harp or the recollection of Plato in some uncouth slum; there will be memories and portraits of many an old metaphysician, white, unearthly, fragile. It will all seem very much as if, the significance of these remote dogmas having evaporated, only the remoteness, in a way, had remained.

One would have to be very insensitive not to feel the quite unbalancing charm of this quality—so different from its comparatively robust Oxford parallel—in the old New England colleges, as in Princeton, Yale, and the other universities which have developed out of them; but one cannot help feeling also, I think, something vaguely Circean in it. And in fact, given the preliminary method of bringing up which I have sketched, what will be its effect in the case we are considering? Suddenly confronted during four years with just this remote influence of ideals, out of which the intellectual structure has evaporated

and which never possessed a social structure, will he not find them too vague, too intangible, too unprepared for to be incorporated into his nature? Certainly ideals of this kind, in this way presented, in this way prepared for, cannot enrich life, because they are wanting in all the elements of personal contact. Wholly dreamlike and vaporous, they end by breeding nothing but cynicism and chagrin; and in becoming permanently catalogued in the mind as impracticable they lead to a belief in the essential unreality of ideas as well.

Indeed there is nothing so tragic and so ominous as the familiar saying that college is the happiest time of one's life. Yet perhaps a majority of college men think of their college life in this way. They deliberately put their Golden Age behind them —and, as things are, they know it is behind them. But consider what a comment this is on the American university itself,—a place, one can fairly say, where ideals are cherished precisely because they are ineffectual, because they are ineptly and mournfully beautiful, because they make one cynical, because they make life progressively uninteresting, because, practically and in effect, they are illusions and frauds and infinitely charming lies. There surely is the last and the most impenetrable stronghold of Puritanism, refined to the last degree of intangibility, which persists in making the world a world inevitably sordid, basely practical, and whose very definition of the ideal consequently is, that which has no connection with the world!

Thus far then for our typical university graduate. He has been consistently educated in twin values which are incompatible. The theoretical atmosphere in which he has lived is one that bears no relation to society, the practical atmosphere in which he has lived bears no relation to ideals. Theory has become for him permanently a world in itself, a kind of *Ding an sich;* practice has become simply a world of dollars.

Now supposing he has already become interested in the study, let us say, of economics, three paths are open to him: either he can give himself once for all to economics, or he can go the way of all flesh, i.e., into business, or he can hesitate between the two, becoming an economist for the time being and eventually going into business.

It is just here, at the moment of choice, that the want of

ballast in his education becomes manifest. There is nothing for him but to lurch violently to the one extreme or the other; and this, according as there is in his nature a crude preponderance either of intellect or of the sense of action, he does. If he is preponderantly intellectual he adopts the first course; that is to say, he dedicates himself to the service of a type of economic theory that bears no relation to this wicked world at all, leaving all the good people who are managing the economic practice of society (and, for the want of him, chiefly muddling it)—leaving all these good people to talk nonsense in the wilderness. If he is preponderantly a man of action, he adopts the second course; that is to say, he dedicates himself to the service of a private end which knows nothing of theory, which is most cynically contemptuous of ideals, flatulent or other, and which is precisely as indifferent to the economic life of society as the professor of economics himself.

Well, good riddance to both of them, one might be inclined to say, except that on second thought the professor and the business man between them hold in their hands so great a part of human destiny. It is the third case that is really interesting and really tragic. For just so far as our typical student is a normal man, just so far as he shares the twin elements of intellect and action in equal parts, just so far will he be on the fence. The probability is that in this case he will become a professor for as long as he can stand it and then burst into business and become a first-rate millionaire as quickly as possible. The sense of action in him will rebel against the sense of theory and finding in theory no basis for action, no relation to action, will press him into a fresh life where the theoretical side of his nature will at least be of some slight use in furthering his own aggrandizement, and that alone.

Naturally the question of economics is only typical. Any branch of human activity which is represented by professors at all—and which is not?—would serve as well. Human nature itself in America exists on two irreconcilable planes, the plane of stark theory and the plane of stark business; and in the back of its mind is heaven knows what world of poetry, hidden away, too inaccessible, too intangible, too unreal in fact ever

to be brought into the open, or to serve, as the poetry of life rightly should serve, in harnessing thought and action together, turning life into a disinterested adventure.

Argue which way you will, from the individual to society or from society to the individual, it is the same. Just as the American attitude toward the State has been the attitude of an oratorical and vague patriotism which has not based itself on a concrete interest in public affairs; just as, in consequence of this, the "invisible government" of business has swept in and taken possession of the field and become the actual government under which we live, overgrowing and supplanting the government we recognize: so also in the case of the individual; the cherishing of ideals that are simply unmapped regions to which nobody has the least intention of building roads, the baccalaureate sermons that are no just, organic comment on the educational system that precedes them—precisely these themselves strengthen the forces from below; the invisible government of self-interest, built up carefully from the beginning by maxim and example, fills the vacuum a disinterested purpose ought to have occupied.

Twenty, even ten years, ago, it would have been universally assumed that the only hope for American society lay in somehow lifting the "Lowbrow" elements in it to the level of the "Highbrow" elements. But that quickening realism which belongs to contemporary thought makes it plain on the one hand that the mere idealism of university ethics, the mere loftiness of what is called culture, the mere purity of so-called Good Government, left to themselves, not only produce a glassy inflexible priggishness on the upper levels which paralyzes life; but that the lower levels have a certain humanity, flexibility, tangibility which are indispensable in any program: that Tammany has quite as much to teach Good Government as Good Government has to teach Tammany, that slang has quite as much in store for so-called culture as culture has for slang—that the universities, while emphatically not becoming more "practical," must base their disinterestedness on human, moral social, artistic, and personal needs, impulses, and experience.

But society cannot become humane of itself; and it is for this reason that the movements of Reform are so external

and so superficial. The will to reform springs from a conviction *ex post facto,* and is strictly analogous to the frame of mind of business men who retire at sixty and collect pictures. Nothing so exemplifies it as the spectacle of Mr. Carnegie spending three quarters of his life in providing steel for battleships and the last quarter of it in trying to abolish war. He himself surely has not been conscious of any inward revolution; plainly with him as with others the will to create disorder and the will to reform it spring from the same inner condition of mind. The impetus of Reform is evidently derived from the hope that a sufficient number of reformers can be trained and brought into the field to match the forces of business—the one group canceling the other group. The ideal of Reform, in short, is the attainment of zero.

Nothing is more absurd than to attack business as such. But the motives and circumstances of business vary from age to age, and there is a world of difference between industry conceived as a social process and trade conceived as a private end. A familiar distinction between the nineteenth century and the twentieth is that the problem of civilization is no longer the problem of want but the problem of surplus. Roughly speaking, the hereditary American class—the prevailing class, I mean—is faced with the problem not of making money but of spending it; the prevailing American class is in a position of relative, but relatively great, economic freedom, and under these conditions it is plain that in them economic self-assertion ("enterprise") has become to a large extent a vicious anachronism. But force of habit, the sheer impetus and ground-swell of an antiquated pioneering spirit finds them with no means of personal outlet except a continued economic self-assertion on the one hand, and on the other a reckless and essentially impersonal overflow of surplus wealth which takes the form of doing what everybody else does, and doing it as much more so as possible.

Because it was for so long the law of the tribe economic self-assertion still remains to most Americans a sort of moral obligation; while self-fulfillment still looks like a pretty word for selfishness. Yet self-fulfillment through science, or literature, or mechanics, or industry itself—the working out of one's

own personality, one's own inventiveness through forms of activity that are directly social, as all these activities *are* directly social, gives a man, through his very sociality, through the feeling he has that as a good workman he is coöperating with all other good workmen, a life-interest apart from his rewards. And just as this principle becomes generally diffused and understood the incentive is withdrawn from economic self-assertion, a relative competence being notoriously satisfying to the man whose prime end is the fulfilling of his own creative instincts; and the wealth of the world is already socialized.

You cannot have personality, you cannot have the expressions of personality so long as the end of society is an impersonal end like the accumulation of money. For the individual whose personal end varies too greatly from the end of the mass of men about him not only suffers acutely and becomes abnormal, he actually cannot accomplish anything healthily fine at all. The best and most disinterested individual can only express the better intuitions and desires of his age and place;—there must be some sympathetic touch between him and some visible or invisible host about him, since the mind is a flower that has an organic connection with the soil it springs from.

The only serious approach to society is the personal approach, and what I have called the quickening realism of contemporary social thought is at bottom simply a restatement for the mass of commercialized men, and in relation to issues which directly concern the mass of men as a whole, of those personal instincts that have been the essence of art, religion, literature—the essence of personality itself—since the beginning of things. It will remain of the least importance to patch up politics, to become infected with social consciousness, or to do any of the other easy popular contemporary things unless, in some way, personality can be made to release itself on a middle plane between vaporous idealism and self-interested practicality; unless, in short, self-fulfillment as an ideal can be substituted for self-assertion as an ideal. On the economic plane that implies socialism; on every other plane it implies something which a majority of Americans in our day certainly do not possess—an object in living.

It is perhaps just as well that Cervantes lived and died in Spain three hundred years ago. Had he been born an American of the twentieth century he might have found the task of satire an all too overwhelming one. Yet his fable, which has its personal bearing in all men always, has in America a social bearing that is perhaps unique. Don Quixote is the eternal "Highbrow" under a polite name, just as Sancho Panza is the eternal "Lowbrow"; and if the adorable Dulcinea is not a vision of the night and a daily goal in the mind of our professors, then there is no money in Wall Street. One admits the charm of both extremes, the one so fantastically above, the other so fantastically below the level of right reason; to have any kind of relish for muddled humanity is necessarily to feel the charm of both extremes. But where is all that is real, where is personality and all its works, if it is not essentially somewhere, somehow, in some not very vague way, between?

QUESTIONS ON THE TEXT

1. Was Mr. Bryan right in saying that the opinions of the college professors would not change his beliefs?
2. Is conflict between theory and practice inevitable?
3. Are universities right in considering only the writings of dead authors as literature?
4. Is the American novelists' attitude toward literature the right one?
5. Why are the writers of "best-sellers" devoid of artistic conscience?
6. What gifts for writing real literature does their popularity imply?
7. Why are "highbrow" and "lowbrow" distinctively American words?
8. Is there a middle ground between "highbrowism" and "lowbrowism"?
9. Why are "highbrow" and "lowbrow" both derogatory terms?
10. How is Puritan Theocracy responsible for the lack of centrality in American government and thought?
11. What have been the two main currents of the American mind?
12. Do Jonathan Edwards and Benjamin Franklin symbolize the "highbrow" and "lowbrow" types among Americans? What has been their influence?
13. What is the difference between the English language in England and in America?
14. With what intellectual background does the typical American grow up?
15. To what higher end should earning a living be subordinated?
16. According to Mr. Brooks, why has so much of the political, literary, and scientific thought of America sprung from Harvard?
17. What inheritance has theological dogma left in most American colleges?
18. What does the average young American find at college in the way of workable ideals for later life?

19. Does impracticality of ideals lead to a belief in the unreality of ideas?
20. What is wrong with college if it is the best time of one's life?
21. Is the college hopelessly lost between ideals and dollars?
22. Can a man be a professor of economics and a business man at the same time?
23. Can you explain more fully than Mr. Brooks does how the poetry of life should harness thought and action together?
24. Why has patriotism failed to keep business from dominating the government in America?
25. What must the "highbrow" learn from the "lowbrow"?
26. Is the purpose of reform merely to offset the forces of business?
27. What is the difference between industry conceived as a social process and trade as a private end?
28. What are the dangers of surplus wealth in America?
29. Should one aim to amass wealth or to satisfy his creative instincts?
30. Can personality thrive unless it forgets the seeking of personal ends?
31. What hinders a man from becoming an isolated idealist?
32. What is lacking in the lives of the majority of present-day Americans?
33. How can Americans avoid living either fantastically above or fantastically below the level of right reason?
34. Why does an uneducated man often attain greater material success than an educated man?
35. Do rich men keep on accumulating wealth because they do not know what else to do?

THE WORLD'S DISTRUST OF THE THEORIST

The world looks askance at college professors, and maintains toward them an attitude of mistrust. The reason for this lies in the fact that college professors are incurably "highbrows," while the world at large is "lowbrow." By this I mean that professors are men who think, who would have the world run according to theory, and who are plainly aloof from the rest of the crowd. The world, on the other hand, admires men who do things. Many American fathers, solid substantial men who have acquired their means in the rough-and-tumble competition of the world—although they themselves are highly skeptical of the theorizing college professor—send their sons to college because they think it will somehow do them good. The sons often share their fathers' condescending attitude toward college professors, although there are some rare types of young men who do catch sight of the professors' pinnacled view, for a while, and who do have some awareness of the ideals and beauty lingering in the college atmosphere. Yet these same men, unless they become college professors themselves, will meet with disillusionment as soon as they go out into the world and attempt to do business in the way that they were taught by their professors.

The trouble is that the young American has grown up and been educated in a haze of noble examples, artificial standards, and impractical ideals. This haze has never been associated with his personal life or pleasures. As soon, then, as the young man feels himself capable and ready to do something, as all young men do, he is bewildered to find that his haze of fine examples is of no benefit to him, and that there is nothing in his past

experience which can be linked with his life in a workaday world. Chagrined and confused, the young man begins to entertain a doubt whether his college professors knew anything at all. On the one hand are his ideals; on the other is practice—the first represented by his college professor, and the second by the (no matter how!) successful business man. The professor talks; the business man acts. Since action is always much more appealing to human nature than words, our young man will probably follow the course of the business man.

This is only one example of the conflict between the "highbrow" and the "lowbrow." The college professor may be ever so right, but until he puts his ideas into harness and makes them work, the world will remain skeptically aloof from him; the "lowbrow" may be doing things ever so haphazardly or bunglingly, but as long as he is doing something, the world will give him its admiration—and most of its rewards!

D. H. V.

THEME SUBJECTS

1. Theory *vs.* Practice
2. The World's Admiration for the Man Who Does Things
3. Why I Prefer to Be a "Highbrow" (or a "Lowbrow")
4. The Thinker *vs.* the Doer
5. The World's Distrust of the Theorist
6. Why America Is Misjudged by Foreign Countries
7. The Reformer—the American "Highbrow"
8. The Business Man—the American "Lowbrow"
9. Benjamin Franklin: The Typical American
10. Why I Shall (or Shall Not) Devote My Life to Making Money
11. The Puritan Influence in America
12. A "Highbrow" (or "Lowbrow") I Have Known
13. "Highbrow" (or "Lowbrow") Tendencies in American Literature (Music, Theaters, Colleges, Manners, Sport)
14. The Intellectual Background of the Average American
15. College Days: Are They the Happiest of Life?
16. Slang—the "Lowbrow's" Native Language
17. America—the Land of Extremes
18. A Cultural or a Practical Education?
19. Does College Breed Idealists or Cynics?
20. Socialism—Curse or Blessing?
21. The Simple Life *vs.* the Strenuous Life
22. Keeping Up with the Joneses
23. The Stern Business of Making a Living
24. The Conflict Between American Ideals and American Practice
25. The Development of Personality—the Chief Aim in Life
26. Self-Assertion *vs.* Self-Development
27. Americans: Worshipers of the Golden Calf
28. The Value of Impractical Ideals
29. What the "Highbrow" and the "Lowbrow" Must Learn from Each Other
30. Surplus Wealth in America

31. The Dilettante
32. Why Do Reforms Fail?
33. Why I Am Glad My Professor Is a "Highbrow" (or a "Lowbrow")
34. The Ideal Individual: Neither "Highbrow" nor "Lowbrow"
35. The Best-Seller: "Lowbrow" Literature
36. "Highbrowism" (or "Lowbrowism") in the Colleges

BEYOND LIFE [1]

JAMES BRANCH CABELL

I ASK of literature precisely those things of which I feel the lack in my own life. I appeal for charity, and implore that literature afford me what I cannot come by in myself. . .

For I want distinction for that existence which ought to be peculiarly mine, among my innumerable fellows who swarm about earth like ants. Yet which one of us is noticeably, or can be appreciably different, in this throng of human ephemeræ and all their millions and inestimable millions of millions of predecessors and oncoming progeny? And even though one mote may transiently appear exceptional, the distinction of those who in their heydays are "great" personages—much as the Emperor of Lilliput overtopped his subjects by the breadth of Captain Gulliver's nail,—must suffer loss with time, and must dwindle continuously, until at most the man's recorded name remains here and there in sundry pedants' libraries. There were how many dynasties of Pharaohs, each one of whom was absolute lord of the known world, and is to-day forgotten? Among the countless popes who one by one were adored as the regent of Heaven upon earth, how many persons can to-day distinguish? and does not time breed emperors and czars and presidents as plentiful as blackberries, and as little thought of when their season is out? For there is no perpetuity in human endeavor: we strut upon a quicksand: and all that any man may do for good or ill is presently forgotten, because it does not matter. I wail to a familiar tune, of course, in this lament for the evanescence of human grandeur and the perishable renown of kings. And indeed to the statement that imperial Cæsar is turned to clay and Mizraim now cures wounds, and that in short Queen Anne is dead, we may agree lightly enough; for it is, after all, a matter of no personal concern:

[1] From *Beyond Life*. Copyright, 1919, by Robert M. McBride and Company. Used by permission of the publishers.

but how hard it is to concede that the banker and the rector and the traffic-officer, to whom we more immediately defer, and we ourselves, and the little gold heads of our children, may be of no importance, either! . . In art it may so happen that the thing which a man makes endures to be misunderstood and gabbled over: yet it is not the man himself. We retain the *Iliad,* but oblivion has swallowed Homer so deep that many question if he ever existed at all. . . So we pass as a cloud of gnats, where I want to live and be thought of, if only by myself, as a distinguishable entity. And such distinction is impossible in the long progress of suns, whereby in thought to separate the personality of any one man from all others that have lived, becomes a task to stagger Omniscience. . .

I want my life, the only life of which I am assured, to have symmetry or, in default of that, at least to acquire some clarity. Surely it is not asking very much to wish that my personal conduct be intelligible to me! Yet it is forbidden to know for what purpose this universe was intended, to what end it was set a-going, or why I am here, or even what I had preferably do while here. It vaguely seems to me that I am expected to perform an allotted task, but as to what it is I have no notion. . . And indeed, what have I done hitherto, in the years behind me? There are some books to show as increment, as something which was not anywhere before I made it, and which even in bulk will replace my buried body, so that my life will be to mankind no loss materially. But the course of my life, when I look back, is as orderless as a trickle of water that is diverted and guided by every pebble and crevice and grass-root it encounters. I seem to have done nothing with premeditation, but rather, to have had things done to me. And for all the rest of my life, as I know now, I shall have to shave every morning in order to be ready for no more than this! . . I have attempted to make the best of my material circumstances always; nor do I see to-day how any widely varying course could have been wiser or even feasible: but material things have nothing to do with that life which moves in me. Why, then, should they direct and heighten and provoke and curb every action of life? It is against the tyranny of matter I would rebel,—against life's absolute need of food, and books,

and fire, and clothing, and flesh, to touch and to inhabit lest life perish. . . No, all that which I do here or refrain from doing lacks clarity, nor can I detect any symmetry anywhere, such as living would assuredly display, I think, if my progress were directed by any particular motive. . . It is all a muddling through, somehow, without any recognizable goal in view, and there is no explanation of the scuffle tendered or anywhere procurable. It merely seems that to go on living has become with me a habit. . .

And I want beauty in my life. I have seen beauty in a sunset and in the spring woods and in the eyes of divers women, but now these happy accidents of light and color no longer thrill me. And I want beauty in my life itself, rather than in such chances as befall it. It seems to me that many actions of my life were beautiful, very long ago, when I was young in an evanished world of friendly girls, who were all more lovely than any girl is nowadays. For women now are merely more or less good-looking, and as I know, their looks when at their best have been painstakingly enhanced and edited. . . But I would like this life which moves and yearns in me, to be able itself to attain to comeliness, though but in transitory performance. The life of a butterfly, for example, is just a graceful gesture: and yet, in that its loveliness is complete and perfectly rounded in itself, I envy this bright flicker through existence. And the nearest I can come to my ideal is punctiliously to pay my bills, be polite to my wife, and contribute to deserving charities: and the program does not seem, somehow, quite adequate. There are my books, I know; and there is beauty "embalmed and treasured up" in many pages of my books, and in the books of other persons, too, which I may read at will: but this desire inborn in me is not to be satiated by making marks upon paper, nor by deciphering them. . . In short, I am enamored of that flawless beauty of which all poets have perturbedly divined the existence somewhere, and which life as men know it simply does not afford nor anywhere foresee. . .

And tenderness, too—but does that appear a mawkish thing to desiderate in life? Well, to my finding human beings do not like one another. Indeed, why should they, being rational creatures? All babies have a temporary lien on tenderness, of

course: and therefrom children too receive a dwindling income, although on looking back, you will recollect that your childhood was upon the whole a lonesome and much put-upon period. But all grown persons ineffably distrust one another. . . In courtship, I grant you, there is a passing aberration which often mimics tenderness, sometimes as the result of honest delusion, but more frequently as an ambuscade in the endless struggle between man and woman. Married people are not ever tender with each other, you will notice: if they are mutually civil it is much: and physical contacts apart, their relation is that of a very moderate intimacy. My own wife, at all events, I find an unfailing mystery, a Sphinx whose secrets I assume to be not worth knowing: and, as I am mildly thankful to narrate, she knows very little about me, and evinces as to my affairs no morbid interest. That is not to assert that if I were ill she would not nurse me through any imaginable contagion, nor that if she were drowning I would not plunge in after her, whatever my delinquencies at swimming: what I mean is that, pending such high crises, we tolerate each other amicably, and never think of doing more. . . And from our blood-kin we grow apart inevitably. Their lives and their interests are no longer the same as ours, and when we meet it is with conscious reservations and much manufactured talk. Besides, they know things about us which we resent. . . And with the rest of my fellows, I find that convention orders all our dealings, even with children, and we do and say what seems more or less expected. And I know that we distrust one another all the while, and instinctively conceal or misrepresent our actual thoughts and emotions when there is no very apparent need. . . Personally, I do not like human beings because I am not aware, upon the whole, of any generally distributed qualities which entitle them as a race to admiration and affection. But toward people in books—such as Mrs. Millamant, and Helen of Troy, and Bella Wilfer, and Mélusine, and Beatrix Esmond,—I may intelligently overflow with tenderness and caressing words, in part because they deserve it, and in part because I know they will not suspect me of being "queer" or of having ulterior motives. . .

And I very often wish that I could know the truth about just

any one circumstance connected with my life. . . Is the phantasmagoria of sound and noise and color really passing or is it all an illusion here in my brain? How do you know that you are not dreaming me, for instance? In your conceded dreams, I am sure, you must invent and see and listen to persons who for the while seem quite as real to you as I do now. As I do, you observe, I say! and what thing is it to which I so glibly refer as I? If you will try to form a notion of yourself, of the sort of a something that you suspect to inhabit and partially to control your flesh and blood body, you will encounter a walking bundle of superfluities: and when you mentally have put aside the extraneous things,—your garments and your members and your body, and your acquired habits and your appetites and your inherited traits and your prejudices, and all other appurtenances which considered separately you recognize to be no integral part of you,—there seems to remain in those pearl-colored brain-cells, wherein is your ultimate lair, very little save a faculty for receiving sensations, of which you know the larger portion to be illusory. And surely, to be just a very gullible consciousness provisionally existing among inexplicable mysteries, is not an enviable plight. And yet this life—to which I cling tenaciously,—comes to no more. Meanwhile I hear men talk about "the truth"; and they even wager handsome sums upon their knowledge of it: but I align myself with "jesting Pilate," and echo the forlorn query that recorded time has left unanswered. . .

Then, last of all, I desiderate urbanity. I believe this is the rarest quality in the world. Indeed, it probably does not exist anywhere. A really urbane person—a mortal open-minded and affable to conviction of his own shortcomings and errors, and unguided in anything by irrational blind prejudices,—could not but in a world of men and women be regarded as a monster. We are all of us, as if by instinct, intolerant of that which is unfamiliar: we resent its impudence: and very much the same principle which prompts small boys to jeer at a straw-hat out of season induces their elders to send missionaries to the heathen. The history of the progress of the human race is but the picaresque romance of intolerance, a narrative of how—what is it Milton says?—"truth never came into the world but,

like a bastard, to the ignominy of him that brought her forth, till time hath washed and salted the infant, declared her legitimate, and churched the father of his young Minerva." And I, who prattle to you, very candidly confess that I have no patience with other people's ideas unless they coincide with mine: for if the fellow be demonstrably wrong I am fretted by his stupidity, and if his notion seem more nearly right than mine I am infuriated. . . Yet I wish I could acquire urbanity, very much as I would like to have wings. For in default of it, I cannot even manage to be civil to that piteous thing called human nature, or to view its parasites, whether they be politicians or clergymen or popular authors, with one-half the commiseration which the shifts they are put to, quite certainly, would rouse in the urbane. . .

So I in point of fact desire of literature, just as you guessed, precisely those things of which I most poignantly and most constantly feel the lack in my own life. And it is that which romance affords her postulants. The philtres of romance are brewed to free us from this unsatisfying life that is calendared by fiscal years, and to contrive a less disastrous elusion of our own personalities than many seek dispersedly in drink and drugs and lust and fanaticism, and sometimes in death. For, beset by his own rationality, the normal man is goaded to evade the strictures of his normal life, upon the incontestable ground that it is a stupid and unlovely routine; and to escape likewise from his own personality, which bores him quite as much as it does his associates. So he hurtles into these very various roads from reality, precisely as a goaded sheep flees without notice of what lies ahead. . .

And romance tricks him, but not to his harm. For, be it remembered that man alone of animals plays the ape to his dreams. Romance it is undoubtedly who whispers to every man that life is not a blind and aimless business, not all a hopeless waste and confusion; and that his existence is a pageant (appreciatively observed by divine spectators), and that he is strong and excellent and wise: and to romance he listens, willing and thrice willing to be cheated by the honeyed fiction. The things of which romance assures him are very far from true:

yet it is solely by believing himself a creature but little lower than the cherubim that man has by interminable small degrees become, upon the whole, distinctly superior to the chimpanzee: so that, however extravagant may seem these flattering whispers to-day, they were immeasurably more remote from veracity when men first began to listen to their sugared susurrus, and steadily the discrepancy lessens. To-day these things seem quite as preposterous to calm consideration as did flying yesterday: and so, to the Gradgrindians, romance appears to discourse foolishly, and incurs the common fate of prophets: for it is about to-morrow and about the day after to-morrow, that romance is talking, by means of parables. And all the while man plays the ape to fairer and yet fairer dreams, and practice strengthens him at mimicry. . .

To what does the whole business tend?—why, how in heaven's name should I know? We can but be content to note that all goes forward, toward something. . . It may be that we are nocturnal creatures perturbed by rumors of a dawn which comes inevitably, as prologue to a day wherein we and our children have no part whatever. It may be that when our arboreal propositus descended from his palm-tree and began to walk upright about the earth, his progeny were forthwith committed to a journey in which to-day is only a way-station. Yet I prefer to take it that we are components of an unfinished world, and that we are but as seething atoms which ferment toward its making, if merely because man as he now exists can hardly be the finished product of any Creator whom one could very heartily revere. We are being made into something quite unpredictable, I imagine: and through the purging and the smelting, we are sustained by an instinctive knowledge that we are being made into something better. For this we know, quite incommunicably, and yet as surely as we know that we will to have it thus.

And it is this will that stirs in us to have the creatures of earth and the affairs of earth, not as they are, but "as they ought to be," which we call romance. But when we note how visibly it sways all life we perceive that we are talking about God.

QUESTIONS ON THE TEXT

1. What does the author ask of literature? What do you ask of literature?
2. Is it inevitable that human identity be lost in the long progress of the suns?
3. Is it too much to ask that our lives shall have symmetry and clarity?
4. Have you ever felt inclined to rebel against the tyranny of matter?
5. Do we lack a motive in living?
6. Is appreciation of beauty a satisfactory substitute for beauty itself in life?
7. Why is there so little tenderness in the world?
8. Why do grown persons instinctively distrust one another?
9. Why do we often grow apart from those who should be nearest to us?
10. Are human beings unworthy of admiration and affection?
11. Why is it easier to be tender to people in books than to real people?
12. Can we be sure that life is not an illusion?
13. Are we walking bundles of superficialities?
14. Why does the author agree with jesting Pilate in his search for truth?
15. What does the author think is the rarest quality in the world?
16. Why are we intolerant of other people's opinions?
17. Do you think romantic literature is the right refuge from the realities of life?
18. Is man led to higher things by the illusion of romance?
19. Are we but seething atoms in an unfinished world?
20. Do you agree that life, though inexplicable, is leading to something better?
21. What is the relation of romance to life "as it ought to be"?
22. In what way is Mr. Cabell's questioning of life different from Mr. Dreiser's?

LIFE—THE GLORIOUS ADVENTURE

Life is certainly not a glorious adventure, but if we can make ourselves believe that it is, it *will be* for us. There are certain types of people who will never find the adventure in life. There is the determined realist, who strips it of its glamour, its sweetness, and charm. There is the pessimist, who finds a peculiar joy in depressing others. There is that unfortunate person who is so closely tied by his many "duties" that his days are dull and austere.

Life is what we make of it. Life is interesting for the person who can build a little armor of friendly pretenses between himself and the starkness, the grimness, and the inevitability of existence. There are those who, when alone, live another life within themselves. Thus the most insignificant being may retain his individuality and his faith in himself.

I like life because I am not sure what it is. I am vaguely and insistently dissatisfied. There is a zest to living, a daily adventuring for me. This is partly, of course, because I am young. While I am young I want to learn to laugh, to enjoy, to appreciate, and to love—to impress these things firmly upon my inner self, or whatever it is that is revealed when one is old and

drops pretense. When I am too old in years to go adventuring, I shall be able to enjoy the adventuring of others—in fiction and in life. I have no desire to remain forever young. I shall not worry about my increasing years. I am not afraid now—why should I be then, when I shall know so much more? If I can laugh now, how much more I shall have to laugh about when I am old, watching the follies of youth. I am learning to fulfill my obligations honorably and to the best of my ability now, yet I am learning not to let them depress me. Shall I not be able to accept increasing responsibilities without permitting them to cramp and restrict the freedom of my life?

If our lives are uninteresting, uninspired, stupid, we are to blame. Although there is grief and trouble, there is also the glory of a sunset, the joy of a spring morning, and the thrill of the unexpected.

G. L. J.

THEME SUBJECTS

1. What Life Means to Me
2. My Place in an Unfinished World
3. Urbanity *vs.* Intolerance
4. Why I Wish Tenderness (Beauty, Reason, Tolerance, Geniality, Sincerity) to Be the Dominant Trait in My Character
5. A Book That Has Satisfied My Longing for Ideals
6. The Legacy I Hope to Leave to the World
7. The Greatest Obstacle to Human Progress—Fear of the Unknown
8. Life—the Grand Delusion (the Glorious Adventure)
9. The Symmetry of Life
10. Is There a Plan for My Life?
11. The Tyranny of Commonplace Things
12. Humanity's Need for Beauty
13. Tenderness in a Selfish Universe
14. Why I Distrust (or Do Not Distrust) My Fellowmen
15. My Favorite Character in Fiction
16. The Value of Urbanity
17. Romance Saves Us from Ourselves
18. The Spiritual Evolution of Man
19. Dreiser and Cabell: Questioners of Life
20. An Ordered or a Chaotic Universe?
21. Life a Day at a Time
22. My Philosophy of Life
23. Romance and the Ideal Life
24. Romance as an Escape from Routine
25. The Transitory Quality of Man's Greatness
26. Why I Am Glad I Do Not Understand Life

QUALITY[1]

John Galsworthy

I KNEW him from the days of my extreme youth, because he made my father's boots; inhabiting with his elder brother two little shops let into one, in a small by-street—now no more, but then most fashionably placed in the West End.

That tenement had a certain quiet distinction; there was no sign upon its face that he made for any of the Royal Family—merely his own German name of Gessler Brothers; and in the window a few pairs of boots. I remember that it always troubled me to account for those unvarying boots in the window, for he made only what was ordered, reaching nothing down, and it seemed so inconceivable that what he made could ever have failed to fit. Had he bought them to put there? That, too, seemed inconceivable. He would never have tolerated in his house leather on which he had not worked himself. Besides, they were too beautiful—the pair of pumps, so inexpressibly slim, the patent leathers with cloth tops, making water come into one's mouth, the tall brown riding boots with marvelous sooty glow, as if, though new, they had been worn a hundred years. Those pairs could only have been made by one who saw before him the Soul of Boot—so truly were they prototypes incarnating the very spirit of all foot-gear. These thoughts, of course, came to me later, though even when I was promoted to him, at the age of perhaps fourteen, some inkling haunted me of the dignity of himself and brother. For to make boots—such boots as he made—seemed to me then, and still seems to me, mysterious and wonderful.

I remember well my shy remark, one day, while stretching out to him my youthful foot:

"Isn't it awfully hard to do, Mr. Gessler?"

[1] From *The Inn of Tranquillity*. Copyright, 1912, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

And his answer, given with a sudden smile from out of the sardonic redness of his beard: "Id is an Ardt!"

Himself, he was a little as if made from leather, with his yellow crinkly face, and crinkly reddish hair and beard, and neat folds slanting down his cheeks to the corners of his mouth, and his guttural and one-toned voice; for leather is a sardonic substance, and stiff and slow of purpose. And that was the character of his face, save that his eyes, which were gray-blue, had in them the simple gravity of one secretly possessed by the Ideal. His elder brother was so very like him—though watery, paler in every way, with a great industry—that sometimes in early days I was not quite sure of him until the interview was over. Then I knew that it was he, if the words, "I will ask my brudder," had not been spoken; and, that, if they had, it was his elder brother.

When one grew old and wild and ran up bills, one somehow never ran them up with Gessler Brothers. It would not have seemed becoming to go in there and stretch out one's foot to that blue iron-spectacled glance, owing him for more than—say—two pairs, just the comfortable reassurance that one was still his client.

For it was not possible to go to him very often—his boots lasted terribly, having something beyond the temporary—some, as it were, essence of boot stitched into them.

One went in, not as into most shops, in the mood of: "Please serve me, and let me go!" but restfully, as one enters a church; and, sitting on the single wooden chair, waited—for there was never anybody there. Soon over the top edge of that sort of well—rather dark, and smelling soothingly of leather—which formed the shop, there would be seen his face, or that of his elder brother, peering down. A guttural sound, and the tip-tap of bast slippers beating the narrow wooden stairs, and he would stand before one without coat, a little bent, in leather apron, with sleeves turned back, blinking—as if awakened from some dream of boots, or like an owl surprised in daylight and annoyed at this interruption.

And I would say: "How do you do, Mr. Gessler? Could you make me a pair of Russia leather boots?"

Without a word he would leave me, retiring whence he

came, or into the other portion of the shop, and I would continue to rest in the wooden chair, inhaling the incense of his trade. Soon he would come back, holding in his thin, veined hand a piece of gold-brown leather. With eyes fixed on it, he would remark: "What a beaudiful biece!" When I, too, had admired it, he would speak again. "When do you wand dem?" And I would answer: "Oh! As soon as you conveniently can." And he would say: "To-morrow fordnighd?" Or if he were his elder brother: "I will ask my brudder!"

Then I would murmur: "Thank you! Good-morning, Mr. Gessler." "Goot-morning!" he would reply, still looking at the leather in his hand. And as I moved to the door, I would hear the tip-tap of his bast slippers restoring him, up the stairs, to his dream of boots. But if it were some new kind of foot-gear that he had not yet made me, then indeed he would observe ceremony—divesting me of my boot and holding it long in his hand, looking at it with eyes at once critical and loving, as if recalling the glow with which he had created it, and rebuking the way in which one had disorganized this masterpiece. Then, placing my foot on a piece of paper, he would two or three times tickle the outer edges with a pencil and pass his nervous fingers over my toes, feeling himself into the heart of my requirements.

I cannot forget that day on which I had occasion to say to him: "Mr. Gessler, that last pair of town walking-boots creaked, you know."

He looked at me for a time without replying, as if expecting me to withdraw or qualify the statement, then said:

"Id shouldn'd 'ave greaked."

"It did, I'm afraid."

"You goddem wed before dey found demselves?"

"I don't think so."

At that he lowered his eyes, as if hunting for memory of those boots, and I felt sorry I had mentioned this grave thing.

"Zend dem back!" he said; "I will look at dem."

A feeling of compassion for my creaking boots surged up in me, so well could I imagine the sorrowful long curiosity of regard which he would bend on them.

"Zome boods," he said slowly, "are bad from birdt. If I can do noding wid dem, I dake dem off your bill."

Once (once only) I went absent-mindedly into his shop in a pair of boots bought in an emergency at some large firm's. He took my order without showing me any leather, and I could feel his eyes penetrating the inferior integument of my foot. At last he said:

"Dose are nod my boods."

The tone was not one of anger, nor of sorrow, not even of contempt, but there was in it something quiet that froze the blood. He put his hand down and pressed a finger on the place where the left boot, endeavoring to be fashionable, was not quite comfortable.

"Id 'urds you dere," he said. "Dose big virms 'ave no self-respect. Drash!" And then, as if something had given way within him, he spoke long and bitterly. It was the only time I ever heard him discuss the conditions and hardships of his trade.

"Dey get id all," he said, "dey get id by adverdisement, nod by work. Dey dake it away from us, who lofe our boods. Id gomes to this—bresently I haf no work. Every year id gets less—you will see." And looking at his lined face I saw things I had never noticed before, bitter things and bitter struggle—and what a lot of gray hairs there seemed suddenly in his red beard!

As best I could, I explained the circumstances of the purchase of those ill-omened boots. But his face and voice made so deep impression that during the next few minutes I ordered many pairs. Nemesis fell! They lasted more terribly than ever. And I was not able conscientiously to go to him for nearly two years.

When at last I went I was surprised to find that outside one of the two little windows of his shop another name was painted, also that of a bootmaker—making, of course, for the Royal Family. The old familiar boots, no longer in dignified isolation, were huddled in the single window. Inside, the now contracted well of the one little shop was more scented and darker than ever. And it was longer than usual, too, before

a face peered down, and the tip-tap of the bast slippers began. At last he stood before me, and, gazing through those rusty iron spectacles, said:

"Mr. ————, isn'd it?"

"Ah! Mr. Gessler," I stammered, "but your boots are really *too* good, you know? See, these are quite decent still!" And I stretched out to him my foot. He looked at it.

"Yes," he said, "beople do nod wand good boods, id seems."

To get away from his reproachful eyes and voice I hastily remarked: "What have you done to your shop?"

He answered quietly: "Id was too exbensif. Do you wand some boods?"

I ordered three pairs, though I had only wanted two, and quickly left. I had, I do not know quite what feeling of being part, in his mind, of a conspiracy against him; or not perhaps so much against him as against his idea of boot. One does not, I suppose, care to feel like that; for it was again many months before my next visit to his shop, paid, I remember, with the feeling: "Oh! well, I can't leave the old boy—so here goes! Perhaps it'll be his elder brother!"

For his elder brother, I knew, had not character enough to reproach me, even dumbly.

And, to my relief, in the shop there did appear to be his elder brother, handling a piece of leather.

"Well, Mr. Gessler," I said, "how are you?"

He came close, and peered at me.

"I am breddy well," he said slowly; "but my elder brudder is dead."

And I saw that it was indeed himself—but how aged and wan! And never before had I heard him mention his brother. Much shocked, I murmured: "Oh! I am sorry!"

"Yes," he answered, "he was a good man, he made a good bood; but he is dead." And he touched the top of his head, where the hair had suddenly gone as thin as it had been on that of his poor brother, to indicate, I suppose, the cause of death. "He could nod ged over losing de oder shop. Do you wand any boods?" And he held up the leather in his hand: "Id's a beaudiful biece."

I ordered several pairs. It was very long before they came—but they were better than ever. One simply could not wear them out. And soon after that I went abroad.

It was over a year before I was again in London. And the first shop I went to was my old friend's. I had left a man of sixty, I came back to one of seventy-five, pinched and worn and tremulous, who genuinely, this time, did not at first know me.

"Oh! Mr. Gessler," I said, sick at heart; "how splendid your boots are! See, I've been wearing this pair nearly all the time I've been abroad; and they're not half worn out, are they?"

He looked long at my boots—a pair of Russia leather, and his face seemed to regain steadiness. Putting his hand on my instep, he said:

"Do dey vid you here? I 'ad drouble wid dat bair, I remember."

I assured him that they had fitted beautifully.

"Do you wand any boods?" he said. "I can make dem quickly; id is a slack dime."

I answered: "Please, please! I want boots all round—every kind!"

"I will make a vresh model. Your food must be bigger." And with utter slowness, he traced round my foot, and felt my toes, only once looking up to say:

"Did I dell you my brudder was dead?"

To watch him was painful, so feeble had he grown; I was glad to get away.

I had given those boots up, when one evening they came. Opening the parcel, I set the four pairs out in a row. Then one by one I tried them on. There was no doubt about it. In shape and fit, in finish and quality of leather, they were the best he had ever made me. And in the mouth of one of the town walking-boots I found his bill. The amount was the same as usual, but it gave me quite a shock. He had never before sent it in till quarter day. I flew downstairs, and wrote a check, and posted it at once with my own hand. A week later, passing the little street, I thought I would go in and tell him how splendidly the new boots fitted. But when I came to where his shop had been, his name was gone. Still there, in the window,

were the slim pumps, the patent leathers with cloth tops, the sooty riding boots.

I went in, very much disturbed. In the two little shops—again made into one—was a young man with an English face.

"Mr. Gessler in?" I said.

He gave me a strange, ingratiating look.

"No, sir," he said, "no. But we can attend to anything with pleasure. We've taken the shop over. You've seen our name, no doubt, next door. We make for some very good people."

"Yes, yes," I said; "but Mr. Gessler?"

"Oh!" he answered; "dead."

"Dead! But I only received these boots from him last Wednesday week."

"Ah!" he said; "a shockin' go. Poor old man starved 'imself."

"Good God!"

"Slow starvation, the doctor called it! You see he went to work in such a way! Would keep the shop on; wouldn't have a soul touch his boots except himself. When he got an order, it took him such a time. People won't wait. He lost everybody. And there he'd sit, goin' on and on—I will say that for him—not a man in London made a better boot! But look at the competition! He never advertised! Would 'ave the best leather, too, and do it all 'imself. Well, there it is. What could you expect with his ideas?"

"But starvation ——!"

"That may be a bit flowery, as the sayin' is—but I know myself he was sittin' over his boots day and night, to the very last. You see I used to watch him. Never gave 'imself time to eat; never had a penny in the house. All went in rent and leather. How he lived so long I don't know. He regular let his fire go out. He was a character. But he made good boots."

"Yes," I said, "he made good boots."

And I turned and went out quickly, for I did not want that youth to know that I could hardly see.

QUESTIONS ON THE TEXT

1. How was the shop of the Gessler brothers symbolical of the kind of work they did?

2. Why did Gessler take such pride in his work?
3. What is art? Can making boots—or automobile tires—be an art?
4. What mood did Gessler's shop induce in the customer? Why? Is the same true of a modern shoe store?
5. Why did Gessler love his leather? Do workmen in a modern shoe factory love their leather?
6. What was Gessler's policy concerning unsatisfactory work done for a customer? What is the practice to-day?
7. What is the effect of fashion upon modern machine-made articles?
8. Which is better—a national advertising campaign or quality?
9. How does machinery affect handcraftsmen?
10. Will people pay for hand-made articles nowadays?
11. How does the size of the shop indicate the fortunes of the Gessler brothers?
12. What is the artistic purpose of having the elder Gessler die first?
13. How has Mr. Galsworthy prepared the reader for the pathos of the bill with the last order of boots?
14. What is the theme of this story?
15. Why does the story of the Gessler brothers give the theme more strongly than an abstract essay on economics could do?
16. Was Gessler foolish to sacrifice himself to the art of making boots?
17. What was Gessler's compensation for his sacrifice?
18. Do you know to-day a craftsman who would die before he would sacrifice quality?
19. Are modern manufacturers striving to keep alive pride in craftsmanship?
20. Is accuracy a more fundamental asset than speed in modern industry?
21. Do you take a craftsman's pride in anything you do?
22. Can the small tradesman compete with modern business combinations?
23. Is it economy to buy something cheap?
24. Discuss: "Competition is the life of trade."

A DEFENSE OF MASS PRODUCTION AS A BLESSING TO THE MANY

The most popular and profitable article to-day is not necessarily the best product but the most cleverly advertised one. Fabulous sums of money are expended in order to familiarize people with the name of a certain article. We deplore such conditions, saying that real value is better than catch slogans and brilliantly colored billboards. But when we make a purchase we buy not the obscure but the well-known product. The familiar trademark is our guarantee of value.

Before manufacturing was so widespread there was little or no advertising; it was unnecessary because there was no competition. With increased production there came increased rivalry, and in this way the whole system developed into a hectic and often unprincipled race for business.

The careful, conscientious craftsman seems to have disappeared, or to have been submerged, in the rush and scuffle of our fast-moving but rather near-sighted lives. We seem to be striving for quantity rather than for

quality. Is this not also a result of our widespread prosperity? Years ago there was a distinct line drawn between the rich and the poor. The poor were easily distinguished by their ragged clothing, unattractive homes, and lack of education. To-day the difference still exists but in a lesser degree. The great majority of the American people are well dressed, well housed, and well educated.

In the early days the tradesman catered to a very few customers. He made very little money. To-day such business principles are not practical. Large numbers of people wish to buy and are able to buy, but hand-labor is too slow to meet their demands. There is, of course, a great difference between the well-made, expensive article, and the cheaper one. Nearly everyone can appreciate fine workmanship and good material, and for those who can afford it, the purchase of quality goods is much more satisfactory. However, many are unable to buy first-class things, and for them the machine-made articles are put out in great quantities at low prices. Such articles are only imitations of the better products, but they enable the poorer people to be decently clothed and to have cheerful, attractive homes.

The master craftsman has not entirely disappeared; he still exists for those who appreciate—and can afford—his services. But I think it is infinitely better that many people have ordinary, possibly inferior, shoes, than that a very few people have the finest of Russia leather boots so admired by Mr. Galsworthy.

J. G.

THEME SUBJECTS

1. Mass Production *vs.* Quality Products
2. Should Everyone Be an Aristocrat in Taste?
3. Hand-Made *vs.* Machine-Made Goods
4. The Place of the Artistic Workman in Modern Life
5. Why I Do (or Do Not) Attend Bargain Sales
6. Does Price Indicate Quality?
7. The Best Is the Cheapest in the Long Run
8. Quantity *vs.* Quality
9. Do Cheap Articles Ruin One's Appreciation of the Best?
10. Why I Would (or Would Not) Sacrifice Myself for an Ideal of Good Workmanship
11. Is Craftsmanship a Vanishing Ideal?
12. The Thrill of Perfect Workmanship
13. Handcraftsmen I Have Known
14. The Economic Necessity of Mass Production
15. How Does Modern Industry Preserve Quality in Its Products?
16. The Quality Ideal as Stressed in Modern Advertising
17. Taste as the Creator of the Demand for Quality
18. The Guilds of the Middle Ages
19. "It Pays to Advertise"
20. Advertisements and the Gullible Public
21. The Passing of the Small Shop Owner
22. Can We Have Both Quality and Quantity?
23. Will Pains with One's Work Always Bring Success?
24. The Joy of Exactness in Work

25. Quality *vs.* Cost
26. Is It Possible for One Man to Compete with a Huge Firm?
27. Advertising Encourages the Sale of Cheap Products
28. Advertising as a Guarantee That the Product Is Good
29. Why I Enjoy Five-and-Ten-Cent Stores
30. Why I Should Patronize My Neighborhood Store
31. A Defense of Mass Production as a Blessing to the Many

SCIENCE AND RELIGION [1]

ROBERT ANDREWS MILLIKAN

THERE seems to be at the present time a strange recrudescence of a point of view which is completely out of keeping with the developments of the age in which we live, a point of view which thoughtful leaders of both science and religion have in all ages realized never had any basis for existence. In the time of Galileo it is perhaps understandable, in view of the crudity of the sixteenth century, that certain misguided religious leaders should have imagined that the discovery of the earth's motions might tend to undermine in some way the basis of religion and who, therefore, attempted to suppress Galileo's teachings. Yet it is to me not a little surprising that men even of such opportunities as Galileo's persecutors could have got religion upon such an entirely false basis in their thinking as to make its fundamental verities, its very existence, dependent in any way upon any scientific discovery. It is not a question of whether Galileo was right or wrong, whether the earth actually revolves about the sun or the sun about the earth. That is a scientific matter with which religion as such has nothing whatever to do, and which should not have given it the slightest concern. Science could be counted upon to take care of that. It is its business to doubt, and it always does so as long as there is any room left for uncertainty. That even those inquisitors were far behind their own times in supposing that there could be any real contradiction between religion, properly understood, and the findings of astronomers cannot perhaps be better demonstrated than by the following quotation from St. Augustine, who lived twelve hundred years earlier, about 400 A. D., and is probably recognized as the most influential authority, next to Jesus and St. Paul, of the early Christian church.

"It very often happens," says Augustine, in commenting upon

[1] From *Science and Life*. Copyright, 1924, by The Pilgrim Press. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

the entire distinctness from his point of view of the two great lines of thought, the natural and spiritual, "that there is some question *as to the earth or the sky, or the other elements of this world* . . . respecting which one who is not a Christian has knowledge derived from most certain reasoning or observation: and it is very disgraceful and mischievous, and of all things to be carefully avoided, that a Christian, speaking of such matters as being according to the Christian scriptures, should be heard by an unbeliever talking such nonsense that the unbeliever, perceiving him to be as wide from the mark as east from west, can hardly restrain himself from laughing."

That this same controversy that Augustine thus saw nearly sixteen hundred years ago had no basis for existence, because it is outside the proper field of religion, but which nevertheless flared up so violently in Galileo's time, and then died out as men grew in intelligence, should have appeared again in as enlightened a country as America, in the year 1922, is one of the most amazing phenomena of our times. But it is not less amazing than it is deplorable, for the damage which well meaning but small visioned men can do to the cause of organized religion as represented in the Christian church through the introduction inside the organization of such a disintegrating influence is incalculably greater than any which could possibly be done by attacks from outside. Indeed, should the movement succeed the church would inevitably soon lose all its most vital elements and society would be obliged to develop some other agency to do the work which the church was organized to do, which in the main it has always done, and which to a very large extent it now does, namely, the work of serving as the great dynamo for injecting into human society the sense of social responsibility, the spirit of altruism, of service, of brotherly love, of Christlikeness and of eliminating as far as possible the spirit of greed and self-seeking.

But I am not going to place the whole blame for the existence of this situation upon misguided leaders of religion. The responsibility is a divided one, for science is just as often misrepresented as is religion by men of little vision, of no appreciation of its limitations, and of imperfect comprehension of the real rôle which it plays in human life—by men who lose sight

of all spiritual values and therefore exert an influence upon youth which is unsettling, irreligious, and sometimes immoral. The two groups, the one in the religious field, the other in the scientific, are in reality very much alike. They represent essentially the same type of mind, or perhaps I should say, the same stage of intellectual development. Each interprets the Bible, for example, essentially literally, instead of historically, the one to support, the other to condemn. Both may be assumed to be sincere, but the one is wholly unacquainted with science, while presuming to judge it; the other is in almost complete ignorance of what religion is, while scoffing at it. I am ready to admit that it is quite as much because of the existence of scientists of this type as of their counterparts in the field of religion that the fundamentalist controversy has flared up to-day, and it is high time for scientists to recognize their share of the responsibility and take such steps as they can to remove their share of the cause.

I do not suppose that anything which I may say will exert much influence upon the groups whose prejudices have already been aroused, and who are therefore not interested in an objective analysis of the situation, but I may perhaps hope that some of the youth whose minds have been confused by the controversy may profit somewhat from a restatement of what seem to me the perfectly obvious and indisputable facts.

The first fact which seems to be altogether obvious and undisputed by thoughtful men is that there is actually no conflict whatever between science and religion when each is correctly understood. The simplest and probably the most convincing proof of the truth of that statement is found in the testimony of the greatest minds who have been leaders in the field of science, upon the one hand, and in the field of religion, upon the other. Suppose, for example, that we select the greatest names in the last two centuries of the history of British sciences, or, for that matter, of world science. Everyone would agree that the stars that shine brightest in that history, as one's glance sweeps down from 1650 to 1920, are found in the names of Newton, whose life centered about 1680; Faraday, living about 1830; Maxwell, 1870; Kelvin, 1890, and Lord Raleigh, who died in 1921. No more earnest seekers after truth, no in-

tellects of more penetrating vision, can be found anywhere, at any time, than these, and yet every one of them has been a devout and professed follower of religion. It was Kelvin who first estimated the age of the earth at something like a hundred million years without seeing the least incompatibility, in spite of the first chapters of Genesis, between that scientific conclusion and his adherence to the church, of which he was a lifelong member and a constant attendant. Indeed, in 1887, when he was at the very height of his powers, he wrote: "I believe that the more thoroughly science is studied the further does it take us from anything comparable to atheism." Again in 1903, toward the end of his life, he wrote: "If you think strongly enough you will be forced by science to the belief in God, which is the foundation of all religion. You will find it not antagonistic, but helpful, to religion." His biographer, Silvanus P. Thompson, says: "His faith was always of a very simple and childlike nature, undogmatic and untainted by sectarian bitterness. *It pained him to hear crudely atheistic views expressed by young men who had never known the deeper side of existence.*" Just as strong a case of the same sort can be made by turning to the biographies of any of the other men mentioned, and these were chosen, let it be remembered, not because they were religious men, but because they are universally recognized as the foremost of scientists. Indeed, I doubt if the world has ever produced in any field of endeavor men of more commanding intellects than two of them, Sir Isaac Newton and James Clerk-Maxwell.

If someone says that I am calling only on the testimony of physicists and of Englishmen, then listen to the man whom the French nation has repeatedly voted the foremost of all Frenchmen, and who is also easily the peer of any biologist who has ever lived anywhere, Louis Pasteur, of whom his biographer says, "Finally, let it be remembered that Pasteur was a deeply religious man." Over his tomb in the Institute Pasteur are inscribed these words of his: "Happy is he who carries a God within him, an ideal of beauty to which he is obedient—an ideal of art, an ideal of science, an ideal of the fatherland, an ideal of the virtues of the Gospel."

Or, again, if I am accused of calling merely on the testimony

of the past, on the thinking which preceded the advent of this new twentieth century in which we live, I can bring the evidence strictly up to date by asking you to name the dozen most outstanding scientists in America to-day and then showing you that the great majority of them will bear emphatic testimony, not only to the complete lack of antagonism between the fields of science and religion, but to their own fundamental religious convictions. One naturally begins with the man who occupies the most conspicuous scientific position in the United States, namely, the president of the National Academy of Sciences, who is at present both the head of the Smithsonian Institute of Washington and the president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Dr. Charles D. Walcott, one of the foremost of American students of the evolution of life in the early geologic ages. He is personally known to me to be a man of deep religious conviction and has recently written me asking that he be described for the purposes of this address, which he has seen, as "an active church worker." The same is true of Henry Fairfield Osborn, the director of the American Museum of Natural History of New York, and one of the foremost exponents of evolution in the country. Another rival for eminence in this field is Edwin G. Conklin of Princeton, who in recently published articles has definitely shown himself a proponent of the religious interpretation of life. In the same category I know, also from direct correspondence, that I may place John C. Merriam, president of the Carnegie Institution of Washington and America's foremost paleontologist; Michael Pupin, the very first of our electrical experts who has "approved every word" of this address and recently delivered a better one at Columbia University on this same subject; John Coulter, dean of American botanists; A. A. and W. A. Noyes, foremost among our chemists; James R. Angell, president of Yale University, an eminent psychologist, with whom I have had an exchange of letters on this subject; James A. Breasted, our most eminent archeologist, who served with me for years on the board of trustees of a Chicago church, upon which also T. C. Chamberlin, dean of American geologists, was a constant attendant; Dr. C. G. Abbot, home secretary of the National Academy of Sciences, eminent astronomer and active church-

man; and so on through the list of a large number of the scientists of eminence in this country.

Turn now to the other side of the picture and ask what have been the views of the most outstanding and most inspired religious leaders upon the relations of science to religion, and you obtain altogether similar testimony. Was it not Jesus himself, who said, "You shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free"? There is not one syllable in all that he taught nor one idea which he introduced into human life which would justify one in arraying him on the side of those who would see antagonism between any scientific truth and the deepest of spiritual values. There were no creeds in Jesus' teaching, no verbal inspirations of any sort. Religion was to him a life of love and duty, the simple expression of the Golden Rule.

Turning next to great religious personalities since Jesus' day, I have already quoted Augustine to show how he warned against religious leaders of such narrow insight as to make religion a laughing-stock by the presentation of an antagonism which did not exist. John Wesley, the founder of the Methodist church, in the chapter of his Compendium of Natural Philosophy on "A General View of the Gradual Progression of Beings," has a passage which speaks of "the ostrich with the feet of a goat which unites birds to quadrupeds," and then continues, "By what degrees does Nature raise herself to man? . . . How will she rectify this head that is always inclined toward earth? How change these paws into flexible arms? What method will she make use of to transform these crooked feet into skilful and supple hands? Or how will she widen and extend this contracted stomach? In what manner will she place the breasts and give them a roundness suitable to them? The ape is this rough draft of man, this rude sketch, an imperfect representation which nevertheless bears a resemblance to him, and is the last creature that serves to display the admirable progression of the works of God. . . . But mankind have their gradations as well as other productions of our globe. *There is a prodigious number of continued links between the most perfect man and the ape.*" (Italics mine.) I am not here asserting that Wesley's point of view was correct. For our present purposes that is quite immaterial. But he was a supreme re-

ligious leader and the quotation shows that he saw too clearly to allow his scientific thinking to be trammeled by any man-made religious dogmas.

Again, in our own time, there has been no more spiritual religious leader than Henry Drummond, whose most inspiring work was in showing the contribution of science to religion, and I think I might name practically all of the outstanding religious leaders now living and say that there is not one in ten of them who would not take his place beside Jesus and Augustine and Drummond and Beecher and Lyman Abbott and Fosdick and Soares and King and Brown and Burton and Mathews and a host of other *men of broad vision and deep experience who have seen science and religion as twin sisters which are effectively coöperating in leading the world on to better things.*

My argument thus far has been merely this, that there can be no conflict between science and religion if the greatest minds in the two fields, the minds to which we look for our definitions of what both science and religion are, have not only not seen such a conflict but have clearly seen and clearly stated that there is none.

But now let me go to my second obvious fact and show why in the nature of things there can be no conflict. This appears at once as soon as one attempts to define for himself what is the place of science and what the place of religion in human life. *The purpose of science is to develop without prejudice or preconception of any kind a knowledge of the facts, the laws, and the processes of nature. The even more important task of religion, on the other hand, is to develop the consciences, the ideals, and the aspirations of mankind.*

The definition of science I think all will agree with. The definition of religion is in essence that embodied in the teachings of Jesus, who, unlike many of his followers of narrower vision, did not concern himself at all with creeds, but centered his whole teaching about a life of service and the spread of the spirit of love. It is of course true that the scientific and the religious sides of life often come into contact and mutually support each other. Science without religion obviously may become a curse, rather than a blessing to mankind, but science

dominated by the spirit of religion is the key to progress and the hope of the future. On the other hand, history has shown that religion without science breeds dogmatism, bigotry, persecution, religious wars, and all the other disasters which in the past have been heaped upon mankind in the name of religion, disasters which have been so fatal to organized religion itself that at certain times and in certain countries the finest characters and the most essentially religious men have been found outside the church. In some countries that is the situation to-day, and *wherever this is true it is because the essence of religion has been lost sight of, buried under theologies and other external trappings which correspond exactly to the "mint, the anise, and the cummin" of Jesus' day.* If anyone wishes to see what disaster these excrescences can bring upon the cause of real religion let him read the history of the church in Asia Minor for the first six centuries and see for himself what sects and schisms and senseless quarrels over the nature of the person of Jesus can do in the way of sucking the life-blood out of the spirit of his teachings and out of the effectiveness of the organization which was started for the sole purpose of spreading that spirit.

Yet in America, at least, it is not primarily those inside the church who thus misinterpret and misunderstand it, though we must sorrowfully admit that such a group does exist here. It is, however, for the most part the outsiders, the critics who have never seen the inside of church walls, and many of whom know so little about the church in America as to actually believe that Christianity is to be identified with mediæval theology, when the fact is so obvious that he who runs may read, that all that is vital in Christianity has remained altogether untouched by the most complete revolutions in theology, such as have gone on, for example, during the past hundred years. Many of us were brought up under creeds and theologies which have now completely passed on, as such things will continue to do as the world progresses, and yet, as we look back, we see that the essential thing which the churches of our childhood were doing for us and for our neighbors then is precisely what they are doing now, namely, stimulating us to right conduct, as each of us sees it, inspiring us to *do as we know*

we ought to do, developing our ideals and our aspirations. There is a very simple and a very scientific way of finding out for yourself what is the heart and center of the Christian religion, the fundamental and vital thing which it stands for in human society, and that is to get far enough back so that details are lost sight of and then to observe what is the element which is common to all Christian churches in the United States. He who does that will see at once that *it is the life and the teachings of Jesus which constitute all that is essential to Christianity, that the spread of his spirit of unselfishness, of his idealism, and of his belief in the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God is the great purpose of the Christian religion.* In other words, that religion exists, as stated above, for the sake of developing the consciences, the ideals, and the aspirations of mankind.

My third obvious fact is that *both science and religion have reached their present status through a process of development from the crudest beginnings.* This will be universally recognized in the case of science, and in the case of religion the most superficial study of history shows that this is true. The religious ideals and practices of the American Indians and of all other primitive tribes, with their totem-poles and incantations, have obviously been of the most primitive type. The ideas of duty, of responsibility, have always been involved in these religions, but the motives of right conduct, as primitive man conceived it, have been, from our present point of view, of the most unenlightened and even unworthy sort.

But is it not altogether obvious that religion cannot possibly rise higher than the stage of development of the people of whose ideals it is the expression? Nothing could show that process of development better than the Bible itself, for the early books of the Old Testament reveal the conception of God, characteristic indeed of the age, but not at all satisfying to us, for it was a God who was indeed benevolent and just toward his own chosen people, but vindictive and cruel and utterly regardless of the welfare of those outside this chosen group. This imperfect conception is developed and refined through the history of the Jews as portrayed in the Bible until it culminates in the all-embracing love and fatherhood preached by Jesus. He

who would deny this developmental process going on in both science and religion and clearly revealed in all the records of the past which we have, must shut his eyes to the indisputable facts as they are presented in all history, including sacred history.

To me it has always been of the utmost interest and profit, especially when I was disposed to judge severely great religious leaders of the past, like Paul or Moses, to try to conceive myself living in their surroundings, with their lack of scientific knowledge, interpreting life from the limited point of view which they had, formulating rules of conduct relating, for example, to matters of hygiene, such as those dealt with in Deuteronomy, trying to interpret mysterious phenomena of nature like eclipses, the possession of evil spirits, etc., and when I do this my wonder always is that these men saw as clearly as they did, and succeeded as well as they did in separating the fundamental from the incidental. Difficult as it is to judge the great leaders of the past by their standards rather than by ours, it is imperative that we do so if we are to form any just appreciation of them and of their contributions to the development of the race. Indeed, this is the essence of the whole problem. Once get this point of view and you will never think of asking whether Genesis is to be taken as a modern textbook of *science*. It was written long before there was any such thing as science. It is of the utmost importance from every point of view to realize that the Bible itself makes no claims whatever of *scientific* correctness or, for that matter, of verbal inspiration. It is rather the record of the *religious* experiences and development of a great race.

My fourth obvious fact is that *every one who reflects at all believes in one way or another in God*. From my point of view, the word atheism is generally used most carelessly, unscientifically, and unintelligently, for it is to me unthinkable that a real atheist should exist at all. I may not, indeed, believe in the conception of deity possessed by the Congo negro who pounds the tom-tom to drive away the god whose presence and influence he fears; and it is certain also that no modern religious leader believes in the god who has the attributes which Moses, Joshua and the Judges ascribe to their deity.

But it seems to me as obvious as breathing that every man who is sufficiently in his senses to recognize his own inability to comprehend the problem of existence, to understand whence he himself came and whither he is going, must in the very admission of that ignorance and finiteness recognize the existence of a Something, a Power, a Being in whom and because of whom he himself "lives and moves and has his being." *That Power, that Something, that Existence, we call God.* Primitive man, of course, had anthropomorphic conceptions of that being. He was not able to think of a god who was very different from himself. His god became angered and had to be appeased, he was jealous and vindictive and moody; but man's conceptions have widened with the process of the suns, and as he has grown up he has slowly been putting away childish things.

I am not much concerned as to whether I agree precisely with you in my conception or not, for "can men with thinking find out God?" Both your conception and mine must in the nature of the case be vague and indefinite. Least of all am I disposed to quarrel with the man who spiritualizes nature and says that God is to him the Soul of the universe, for spirit, personality, and all these abstract conceptions which go with it, like love, duty, and beauty, *exist* for you and for me just as much as do iron, wood and water. They are in every way as real for us as are the physical things which we handle. No man, therefore, can picture nature as devoid of these attributes which are a part of your experience and mine, and which you and I *know* are in nature. If you, then, in your conception identify God with nature, you must perforce attribute to him *consciousness* and *personality,* or better, *superconsciousness* and *superpersonality.* You cannot possibly synthesize nature and leave out its most outstanding attributes. Nor can you get these *potentialities* out of nature, no matter how far back you go in time. In other words, materialism, as commonly understood, is an altogether absurd and an utterly irrational philosophy, and is indeed so regarded by most thoughtful men.

Without attempting, then, to go further in defining what in the nature of the case is undefinable, let me reassert my conviction that although you may not believe in some particular conception of God which I may try to give expression to,

and although it is unquestionably true that many of our conceptions are sometimes childishly anthropomorphic, every one who is sufficiently in possession of his faculties to recognize his own inability to comprehend the problem of existence bows his head in the presence of the Nature, if you will, the God, I prefer to say, who is behind it all and whose attributes are partially revealed to us in it all, so that it pains me as much as it did Kelvin "to hear crudely atheistic views expressed by men who have never known the deeper side of existence." Let me then henceforth use the word God to describe *that which is behind the mystery of existence and that which gives meaning to it.* I think you will not misunderstand me, then, when I say that I have never known a thinking man who did not believe in God.

My fifth obvious fact is *that there have been two great influences in the history of the world which have made goodness the outstanding characteristic in the conception of God.* The first influence was Jesus of Nazareth; the second influence has been the growth of modern science and particularly the growth of the theory of evolution. All religions, including Christianity, have impersonated the spirit of evil and the spirit of good, and in many instances the former has been given the controlling influence. All of us see much in life which tends to make us pessimists. The good does not always prevail. Righteousness does not always triumph. What is the meaning of existence? Is it worth while? Are we going anywhere? Jesus and modern science have both answered that question in the affirmative—Jesus took it as his mission in life to preach *the news of the goodness of God.* He came in an age which was profoundly ignorant of modern science. He used the terms, in dealing with disease and evil, which were appropriate to his day, the only terms which his audiences could have understood, but he saw a God who was caring for every sparrow and who was working out through love a world planned for the happiness and well-being of all creatures. Similarly science in the formulation of the theory of evolution has seen the world developing through countless ages higher and higher qualities, moving on to better and better things. It pictures God, however you may conceive him, as essentially good, as providing a reason

for existence and a motive for making the most of existence, in that we may be a part of the great plan of world progress. No more sublime conception of God has ever been presented to the mind of man than that which is furnished by science when it represents him as revealing himself through countless ages in the development of the earth as an abode for man and in the age-long inbreathing of life into its constituent matter, culminating in man with his spiritual nature and all his godlike powers.

But let me go a step further. Science in bringing to light the now generally admitted, though not as yet obvious and undisputed fact, that this is not a world in which things happen by caprice, but a world governed throughout by law, has presented the most powerful motive to man for goodness which has ever been urged upon him, more powerful even than any which Jesus found. That "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap" is no longer merely a biblical text; it is a truth which has been burned into the consciousness of mankind by the last hundred years of the study of physics, chemistry and biology. Science, then, not only teaches that God is good, but it furnishes man with the most powerful of motives to fit in with the scheme of goodness which God has provided in nature. It teaches him not only that disease breeds disease, but also, by inference at least, that hate breeds hate, that dishonesty breeds dishonesty, that the wages of sin is death, and on the other hand that love begets love. *It teaches him that the moral laws and the physical laws alike are all laws of nature, and that violations of either of them lead to disaster and to misery.*

In closing this brief statement of the faith of the scientist, let me present a situation and a question. In the spring of 1912 the great ship *Titanic* had collided with an iceberg and was doomed. She was about to sink. The lifeboats were insufficient. The cry went up, "The women first!" The men stepped back. The boats were loaded and the men sank with the ship. You call it an heroic act. Why did they do it? Perhaps you answer, because it was the law of the sea and the men preferred to die rather than to live after having broken that law. Then take a simpler case, for I want a more fundamental answer. Two men were clinging after the wreck to a floating piece of timber.

It would not support them both. One of them voluntarily let go and sank. Heroisms of just this sort happened thousands of times during the war. *Men threw away their lives for a cause.* Such events happen every day in times of peace. Why do they happen? Because men and women prefer to die rather than to live in the consciousness of having played the coward, of having failed to play their part worthily *in the great scheme of things.* It is true that not all men are like that, but I am optimist enough to think that most men are. But now come back to the question. Why are most men like that? Simply because *most men believe that there is such a world scheme; that they are a part of it, that their deaths are going to contribute to its development, in short, because most men believe in God.* This is the obvious inference from the fact that men are willing to die for a cause. They may not know whether there is personal immortality for them or not, but they *do know with absolute certainty that they live on in memory and in influence;* many of them, too, have faith to believe that they live on in consciousness, but in either case they are a part of a plan of development *which gives meaning to life.* In other words, men who have the stuff in them which makes heroes all believe in God, in "a power in the world which makes for righteousness." Without that belief there is no motive for heroism or for self-sacrifices of any sort, nor any such thing as "the development of the consciences, the ideals, and the aspirations of mankind," which I said above, was the task of religion, for there is then no basis for ideals or for aspirations. This is why Kelvin said that "belief in God is the foundation of all religion."

If there be a man who does not believe, either through the promptings of his religious faith or through the objective evidence which the evolutionary history of the world offers, in a progressive revelation of God to man, if there be a man who in neither of these two ways has come to feel that there is a meaning to and a purpose for existence, if there be such thoroughgoing pessimism in this world, then may I and mine be kept as far as possible from contact with it. If the beauty, the meaning and the purpose of this life as revealed by both science and religion are all a dream, then let me dream on forever!

QUESTIONS ON THE TEXT

1. What were the relations of science and religion in Galileo's time?
2. Is religion in any way based upon scientific discoveries?
3. What is the business of science? Of religion?
4. What has been the great service of the church?
5. What are the dangers of narrowness on the part of the clergy? On the part of the scientists?
6. Why is there no conflict between science and religion?
7. Are you impressed by the fact that great scientists have found no clash between science and religion?
8. What did Jesus Christ consider the fundamentals of religion?
9. Are you convinced by the examples of religious leaders who have accepted science?
10. What does Mr. Millikan give as the true purpose of religion? Of science?
11. How do science and religion aid each other?
12. What disasters do the externals of religion bring upon it?
13. What critics are harming the church most?
14. What is the vital part of Christianity?
15. What has been the parallel development of both science and religion?
16. Why cannot religion rise higher than the development of the people whose ideals it expresses?
17. Why cannot the Bible be taken as a textbook of science?
18. Why does every thoughtful man believe in some idea of God?
19. Is atheism an intellectual impossibility?
20. Why must our conception of God be indefinite?
21. In what sense is materialism absurd?
22. What are the two main influences for goodness in the history of the world?
23. How do Jesus Christ and science preach the same gospel of future progress?
24. What is the relation of the evolutionary theory to God's plan for the universe?
25. How do moral laws parallel physical laws?
26. How is human heroism a proof of immortality?
27. How do science and religion unite to give man hope for the future?
28. Why should one be tolerant of the religious beliefs of others?
29. Do you believe in religious revivals?
30. Discuss: The spiritual person rather than the materialist is best qualified to speak authoritatively on religious matters.

RELIGION AND THE COLLEGE STUDENT

One of the great problems of the colleges of to-day is that of compulsory church attendance. Some very serious-minded people of the present generation believe the college student is godless. In so far as the younger generation refuses to bow blindly to authorities, its members are in a sense living spiritual lives of their own.

Churches persist in fighting over dry bones, and youth recognizes this fact. Youth realizes that Christ did not spend his time on earth criticizing the prophets who had gone before him. Instead, he accomplished a great deal in meeting the problems of his day.

One of the dry bones that the church and scientists pick over is that of the creation of the universe. The Bible states that God made the world and everything it contains, but scientists assert that the world evolved from a protoplasmic globule—or something just as difficult to spell. If the college students were to take one side or the other, they would be outcasts from the side they did not uphold. The controversy is one that can never be decided, and youth realizes that this is so.

I know many students in colleges where compulsory church attendance is required, but their lives do not seem to have been made better by religion than the lives of others. It takes more than the ringing of church bells to overcome a student's natural objection to compulsion in religious matters. I believe, to write frankly, the quicker college authorities understand that a student will have more of the true spirit of religion when he is allowed to express his own free will and follow his own beliefs, whatever they may be, the better will be the accomplishment in this phase of college life.

Nevertheless, religion should be included in the curricula of colleges, and courses should be offered in all related subjects, and should be taught by men who have a spiritual outlook on life. Such courses, however, ought not to be compulsory.

Sunday is recognized by all college students as a day of rest. What would be better than to spend part of the day on a long walk into the country? For my part, I am sure this association with the beauties and mysteries of nature would do more good *spiritually* for the young folks than many of the sermons in churches I have known. Nor does this mean that I am against churches or sermons; but a student is justified in withdrawing from both when they have nothing vital to offer to him.

In conclusion I would reiterate a statement made by Clarence C. Little, president of the University of Michigan, in commenting on the trend of college men, "I think they are nearer the truth about religion than we are."

H. L. S.

THEME SUBJECTS

1. Why I Believe in God
2. Changes in My Religious Beliefs
3. Why I Support the Church as an Institution
4. Why I Believe (or Disbelieve) in Evolution
5. Is There Any Substitute for Religion?
6. My Attitude Toward the Bible
7. Why I Am a Conservative (or a Radical) in Religion
8. Why I Approve (or Disapprove) of Religious Revivals
9. The Bible as Literature
10. The Essence of Religion
11. Bigotry: A Denial of Religion
12. The Scientific Habit of Mind

13. Through Science to Faith
14. The Parallel Evolution of Religion and Science
15. Science and the Miracles
16. The Absurdity of Pure Materialism
17. Evolution: God's Plan for the Universe
18. The Unity of Moral and Physical Law
19. Fundamentalism *vs.* Modernism in Religion
20. Atheism: An Untenable Belief
21. The Weakness of Scienceless Religion
22. The Weakness of Religionless Science
23. What Religion Has Done for Me
24. Religion Before the Development of Science
25. Popular Misconceptions about Evolution
26. Should Evolution Be Taught in American Schools?
27. Religion as a Cause for War
28. A Great Religious Leader
29. Evolution *vs.* the Book of Genesis
30. Should Religion Be Taught in the Public Schools?
31. Religion and the College Student
32. Why Does Each Person Have His Own Conception of God?
33. Why I Do Not Quarrel with My Neighbor about His Religion
34. Should We Be Afraid of the Light on Religious Questions?

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